WEEK
ENDING
MAR. 28, 1931

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Liberty

A Weekly for E ly

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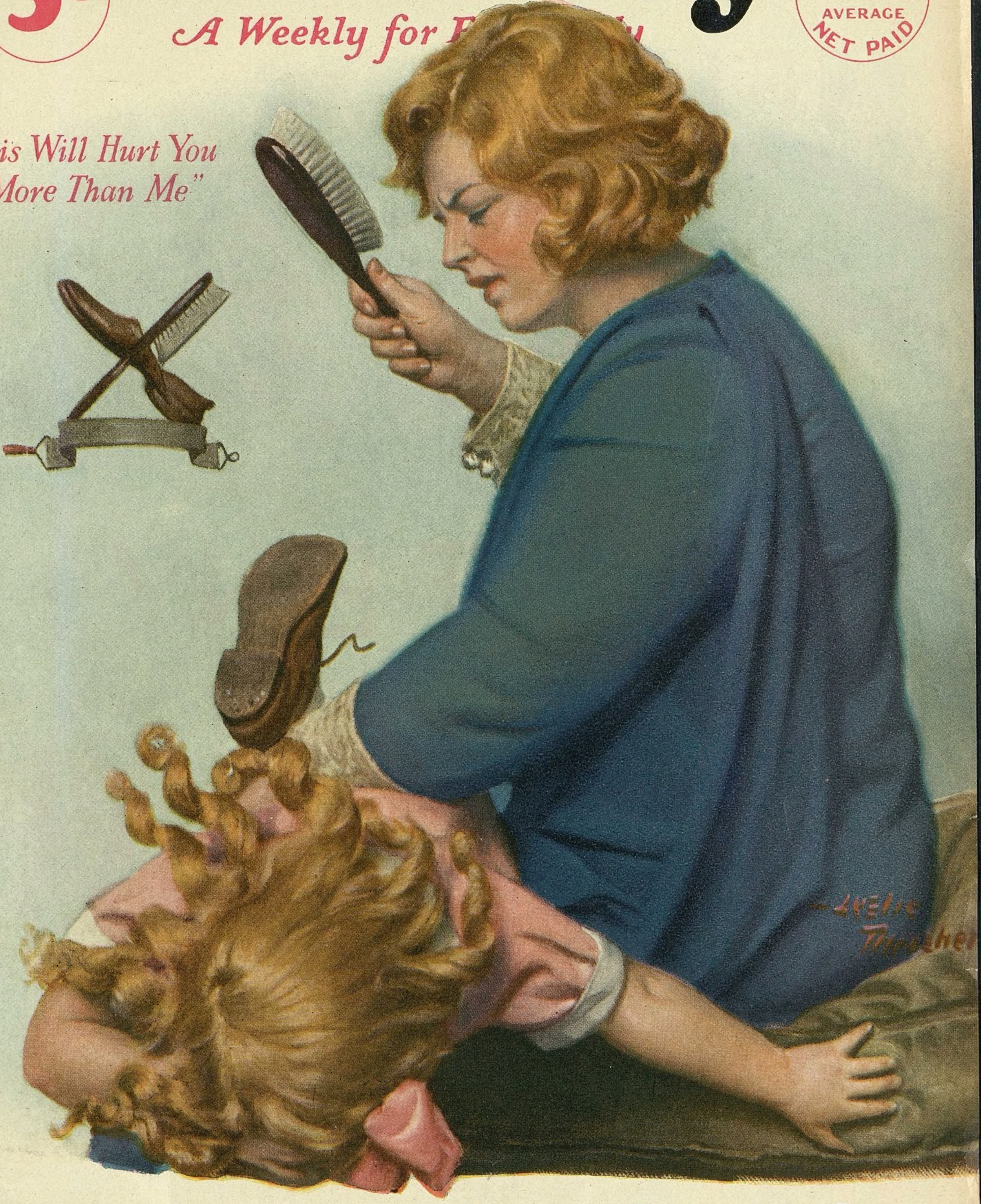
*"This Will Hurt You
More Than Me"*



ALAN **RINEHART** - ANNA STEESE **RICHARDSON** - ALEXANDER **STODDART** - KONRAD **BERCOVICI** - ROBERT **BENCHLEY**

DRAIN

"WINTER-WORN" OIL

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WITH *NEW* TEXACO

Scotties after an etching by Morgan Dennis

then LISTEN!

TO THE IMPROVEMENT IN YOUR ENGINE

WINTER is dead! The glorious months of open windshields are near at hand. Let your car welcome spring unhampered by the dangers of diluted "winter-worn" motor oil.

Winter-grade oil will never do for the warmer days that are here. Drain it off. Fill with the correct grade of the new crack-proof Texaco! In every drop of this longer-lasting golden oil is new life, new power, new quietness for your motor. Listen to the difference!

Free from paraffin wax, and hard-carbon-forming elements, the new crack-proof Texaco sheathes every moving part of your engine, smoothing the action, quieting the sound. Heat cannot pierce it! Friction dwindles away before it! Perfectly protected, your engine purrs over the steepest hill and hums along the straightaway.

Begin long months of driving pleasure today at a Texaco Service Station. Drain—Fill—then Listen! A smoother, quieter engine immediately forecasts the finer, trouble-free performance that crack-proof longer-lasting Texaco Motor Oil always assures.

THE TEXAS COMPANY

Texaco Petroleum Products

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MOTOR OIL
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The perfect pair

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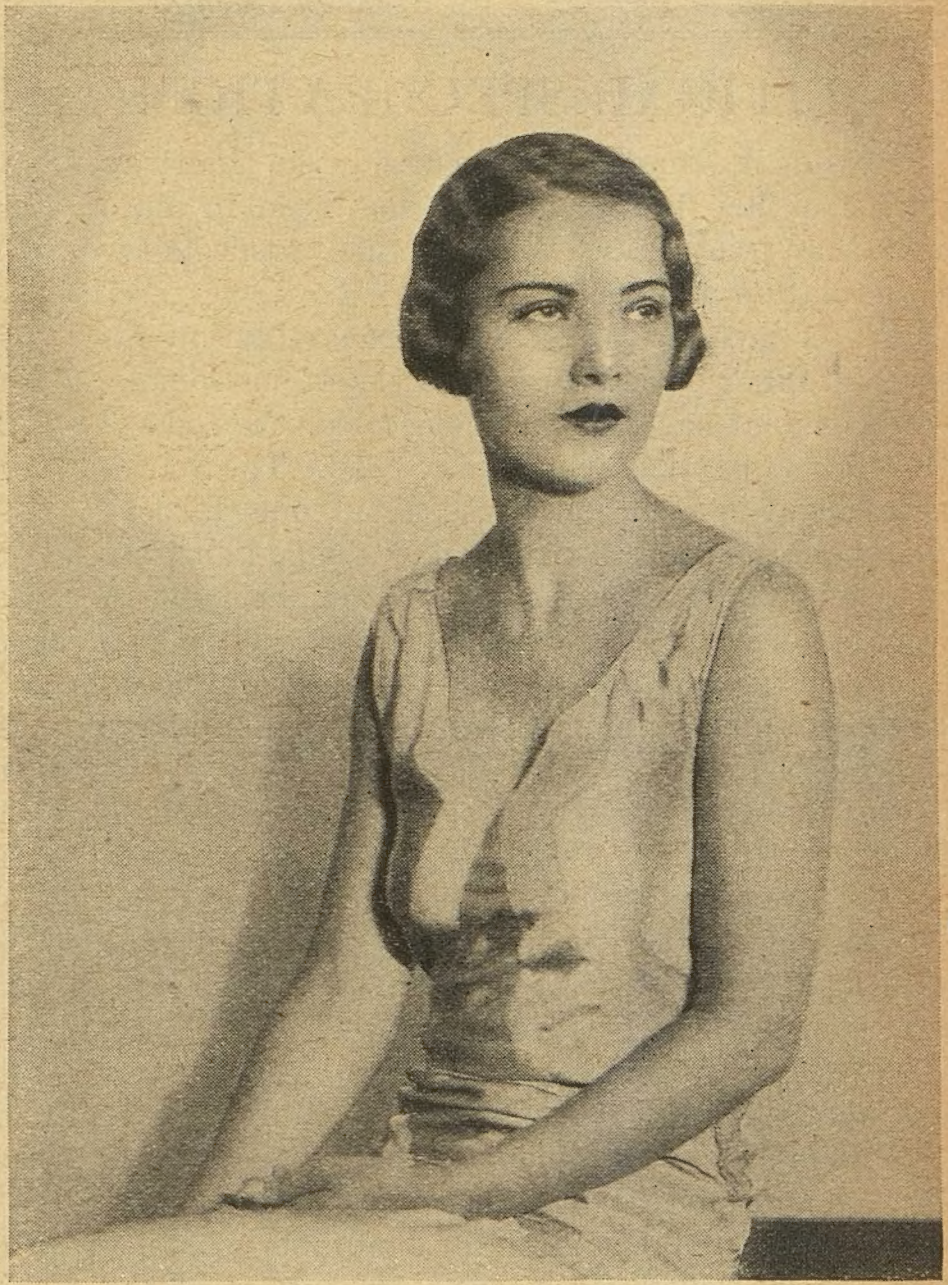
TEXACO MOTOR OIL

"CRACK-PROOF". LONGER-LASTING

A phrase of growing significance in the language + + +

FEMININE HYGIENE



Some may doubt its meaning . . .
Some may be embarrassed . . . . . .
No need to be . . . . . .
Just read this small booklet
and clear your mind
on the whole subject

The Newer Knowledge of Feminine Hygiene

"Feminine hygiene," even though the term was recently coined, has been the practice of women everywhere and for many years. And it is in perfect accord with a woman's viewpoint, that she demands absolute daintiness and real surgical cleanliness. In the past, the whole trouble has been that this cleanliness was purchased at a terrible risk. The only antiseptics strong enough for the purpose were bichloride of mercury and compounds of carbolic acid—*both deadly poisons*.

Use Zonite for feminine hygiene

Zonite has changed the whole meaning of the phrase "feminine hygiene." Until the discovery of Zonite, there was no antiseptic to fill the place that Zonite now holds. This wonderful antiseptic-germicide meets the exact requirements of feminine hygiene. It is non-caustic. It is non-poisonous. It is as safe to use as pure water.

Yet Zonite is actually far more powerful than any dilution of carbolic acid that can be allowed on the human body. Think what a blessing this is to all women! A strong and effective germicide that can be used without fear of desensitizing the vaginal tract or injuring delicate membranes, that cannot cause mercurial poisoning or areas of scar-tissue, that is not harsh in its action and will do no damage even if accidentally swallowed.

You will find that doctors and trained nurses, who do not approve of the old-fashioned methods with poisons, will certainly endorse the Zonite method of feminine hygiene.

Information and directions

"The Newer Knowledge of Feminine Hygiene" is a booklet of complete information based upon the latest and most authentic findings on the subject. Proper directions are included. Every woman should have a copy for her guidance. It is frank and modern in its way of discussing this intimate, personal matter. Don't wait. Mail the coupon today. You will find this booklet invaluable, inasmuch as it gives you the correct point of view on feminine hygiene. Zonite is sold in bottles, at 30c, 60c and $1. Zonite Products Corporation, Chrysler Building, New York, N. Y.

Zonite has remarkable qualities as a deodorant

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Chrysler Building, New York, N. Y.

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☐ The Newer Knowledge of Feminine Hygiene
☐ Use of Antiseptics in the Home

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MARCH 28, 1931 **Liberty** VOL. 8, NO. 13

A Weekly for Everybody

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"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong." —*Stephen Decatur.*

POLITICAL SPECULATION

President Hoover has passed the halfway station of his first term. He has been in office more than two years. What are his prospects for renomination and reëlection?

We believe his prospects for renomination are very strong. Owing to his power of patronage, the President has great influence over the federal "machine," particularly in the South. The Southern delegates, who constitute about one-third of the whole Republican convention, depend entirely for their political existence on appointment to federal office by Presidential power. They will "come in" in a solid block, and the President needs only about one-sixth of the other delegates to have a majority.

So, unless he withdraws, there is not much chance of Mr. Hoover's failing to be renominated.

How about reëlection?

Well, at this writing times are bad, and have been bad for more than a year. When election time comes round they may be better. We hope they will be. In that case the blight of hard times may not fall on the gentleman in the White House.

During the hard times, it must be admitted that the administration did a considerable amount of running around in circles. A number of statements were issued saying that the bottom of the depression had been reached, but these statements were untrue. A great deal of to-do was made about vast construction of public works, but not much was actually accomplished by the federal government.

As a matter of fact, the administration wasn't ready for hard times, and didn't have work ready to be done. Instead, they began making blue prints at Washington for construction work which couldn't be launched for a year, and this wasn't of any great immediate help.

And of course there was the glaring case of the navy, where construction work and employment were actually reduced during the hardest of the hard times.

We presume this happened because Mr. Hoover is apparently a very sincere and devoted pacifist. He is of a Quaker family, and both he and Mrs. Hoover attended Leland Stanford University when that most celebrated of all our pacifists, David Starr Jordan, was its president.

It is said by those who were there at the time that Mrs. Hoover was a rather devoted disciple of Dr. Jordan.

Dr. Jordan was a most interesting character—a man of strong personality, incisive, forthright in manner, and candid about saying what he thought. We believe it was he who proved in 1913 that there couldn't be another war because modern economics made it impossible.

Whatever impression Dr. Jordan made upon the student, Herbert Hoover, President Hoover's only apparent zeal for our navy has been to reduce it.

We think that's too bad. As we have said before, pacifism is more dangerous and menacing than prohibition, though not quite so apparent in its immediate effects. And a good navy is more important than a good army to our country, because in the event of war it will bear the first brunt of attack.

Mr. Hoover used all the powers of his office to establish the principle of naval parity with England, but when it came to building up to parity on the water instead of in blue prints he didn't seem interested.

If the Democrats choose wisely they have an excellent chance to beat Mr. Hoover for President. If they choose a dry from the South or West we don't believe their prospects will be so good, but if they nominate a man like Roosevelt of New York or Ritchie of Maryland, such a man, we think, would carry the East and hold the South, and ought to beat Mr. Hoover.

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Gargle LISTERINE *every 2 hours* when you have a COLD or SORE THROAT

In your mouth, a fierce and continuous battle is being waged. The forces of Health against those of Sickness. Nature against Germs—dangerous bacteria that lodge and multiply in the mouth by millions, striving to cause illness.

Surely you can appreciate the necessity of using, every day, a mouth wash fatal to germs, yet harmless to tissue!

Physicians have long urged a night and morning gargle with full strength Listerine, the safe antiseptic with the pleasant taste. For Listerine kills germs of all types in 15 seconds. No faster killing time has ever been accurately recorded by science.

Gargle every 2 hours

The morning and night gargle is deemed sufficient, in time of normal health, to keep germs under control and maintain a cleanly condition of the mouth.

But when infection is actually under way, which is the case when you have a cold, sore throat, or inflamed condition of the oral tract, authorities urge that the gargle be repeated every two hours.

By so doing you give the body, now at lower resistance, the extra attacking force it needs to combat the ever-multiplying germs in the mouth.

Mouth germs reduced 98%

If you could look into your mouth with a microscope before and after gargling with Listerine, you would behold a remarkable transformation.

Before the gargle you would see millions and millions of germs, alive, wriggling, darting to and fro. After, you would see the same germs dead and powerless to cause harm.

Repeated tests, following the technique employed at Great Universities, show that full strength Listerine actually reduces bacteria on the surfaces of the mucous membrane 98%.

The Truth About Mouth Washes

203 mouth washes, old and new, examined, analyzed, and tested under standard laboratory methods.

94 utterly unable to kill germs in five minutes, and hence non-antiseptic. 107 unable to kill in three minutes. 143 unable to kill in one minute. Dozens of them without the slightest deodorizing effect. Others poisonous, or harmful to tissue.

Contrast their sorry performance with that of Listerine, the safe, non-poisonous, deodorizing antiseptic, which kills germs in 15 seconds (fastest killing time accurately recorded by science).

Take this precaution

At the first symptom of trouble in the oral cavity, begin gargling with Listerine and consult your physician.

Do not be afraid to use Listerine undiluted. Only in this way can you get the full benefit of its germicidal action. Remember that Listerine is non-poisonous, absolutely safe to use, and actually healing to tissue. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

SAFE · NON-POISONOUS · PLEASANT TO USE

KILLS GERMS IN FASTEST TIME ACCURATELY RECORDED BY SCIENCE

World-Famous beauty experts tell why they recommend Palmolive Soap

Olive and palm oil beauty cleansing is advised by more than 20,000 specialists as the way to keep that schoolgirl complexion

GOOD looks may be yours to begin with. You may have had to acquire beauty. In either case, you know that one can't just take natural loveliness for granted. Beauty must be *cared* for, if one wants to hold it.

World-famous treatment

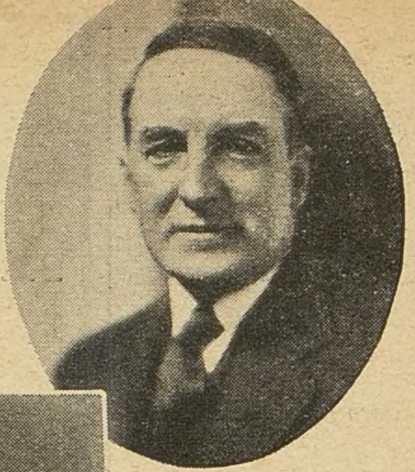
Thousands of the world's professional beauty culturists realize that fact. They have adopted a definite practice which helps clients to keep that schoolgirl complexion. More than 20,000 of them advise the regular use of Palmolive Soap.

Palmolive is a pure soap . . . a vegetable oil soap. Into Palmolive go the oils of olive and palm—no other fats whatever. No artificial coloring matter. Here is an undeniably wholesome soap to use on your face!

Your particular problem

Six of the world's more prominent specialists are quoted on this page. Thousands of others have told us why they advise Palmolive.

Read the advice of Carsten, Seiler, Jacobson and their colleagues. Take it seriously, for this is a serious matter. The soap which touches your face can do *so* much to make or mar your loveliness. It should be pure. It should be made of vegetable oils. It should be Palmolive!



CARSTEN, of Berlin (the famous "Figaro")

"Is your skin uninviting? The fault is probably in the soap you use. Modern beauty specialists advise a soap made of vegetable oils . . . oils of olive and palm. Palmolive Soap is safe for the most sensitive complexion."

NIRAUS, of Madrid

"Don't use 'just any soap' . . . particularly if your skin happens to be rough. Use Palmolive. It is made of cosmetic oils of olive and palm. Substitutes may be harmful. Don't experiment with them."

SEILER, of Geneva

"Oily, unattractive complexions—the fault may be in the soap you use. Begin to use Palmolive Soap regularly, night and morning. You will notice the difference at once."

SCHAANNING of Copenhagen

"Pimples and other similar outbreaks on the surface of the skin too often are encouraged because care is not taken to use the right kind of soap. That is why I lay so much stress on the use of Palmolive."

PESSL, of Vienna and Budapest

"I warn my clients against the irritation produced by ordinary soaps. Palmolive is made of pure vegetable oils. That is why I recommend only this one soap."

JACOBSON, of London

"Some soaps may cause coarse pores and an unpleasant feeling of roughness. Palmolive, on the other hand, leaves the skin delightfully smooth. It is refreshing, pure, safe. Your skin needs its gentle lather, for true cleanliness, twice daily."

PALMOLIVE RADIO HOUR—Broadcast every Wednesday night—from 9:30 to 10:30 p. m., Eastern time; 8:30 to 9:30 p. m., Central time; 7:30 to 8:30 p. m., Mountain time; 6:30 to 7:30 p. m., Pacific Coast time—over WEAF and 39 stations associated with The National Broadcasting Company.

Keep that Schoolgirl Complexion

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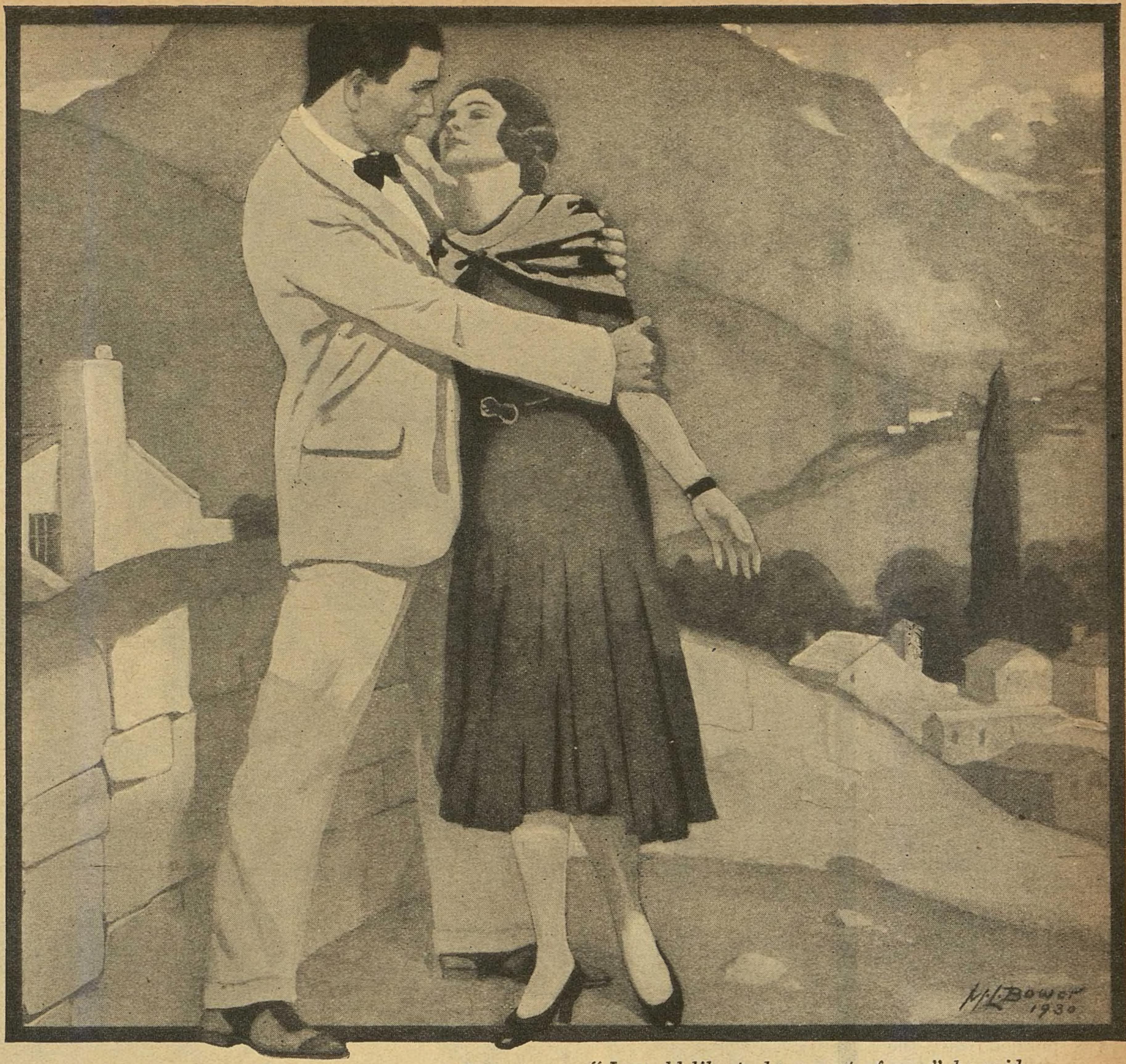
Retail Price 10c



"I would like to be a part of you," he said.

Volcano

A Story of Love in the Shadow of Death

By

ALAN RINEHART

who was born in Pittsburgh in 1900, the son of Mary Roberts Rinehart. He studied mining engineering, but after serving in the marines got into newspaper work and later joined a book-publishing house. He is now devoting himself to fiction, and this is the second story he has written for Liberty.

Pictures by MAURICE L. BOWER

(Reading time: 31 min. 30 sec.)

SOMETIMES the din was terrific, and again it became solemn and rumbling, as if kettledrums were being played by mad priests in the basement. The trouble was, of course, that there was no basement; the long white house had been constructed directly on the rock in whose bowels the upheaval was taking place.

In the living room, whatever its formal name was, they discussed the volcano endlessly. Morrison felt the talk getting on his nerves even more than the eruption itself. The voices were so tense and unnatural. After all, a volcano was a natural phenomenon, and if one chose to live near the thing, or visit it as a tourist, one had no right to hysterics if it provided more than had been paid for. Mrs. Wales, whose house they had taken shelter in,

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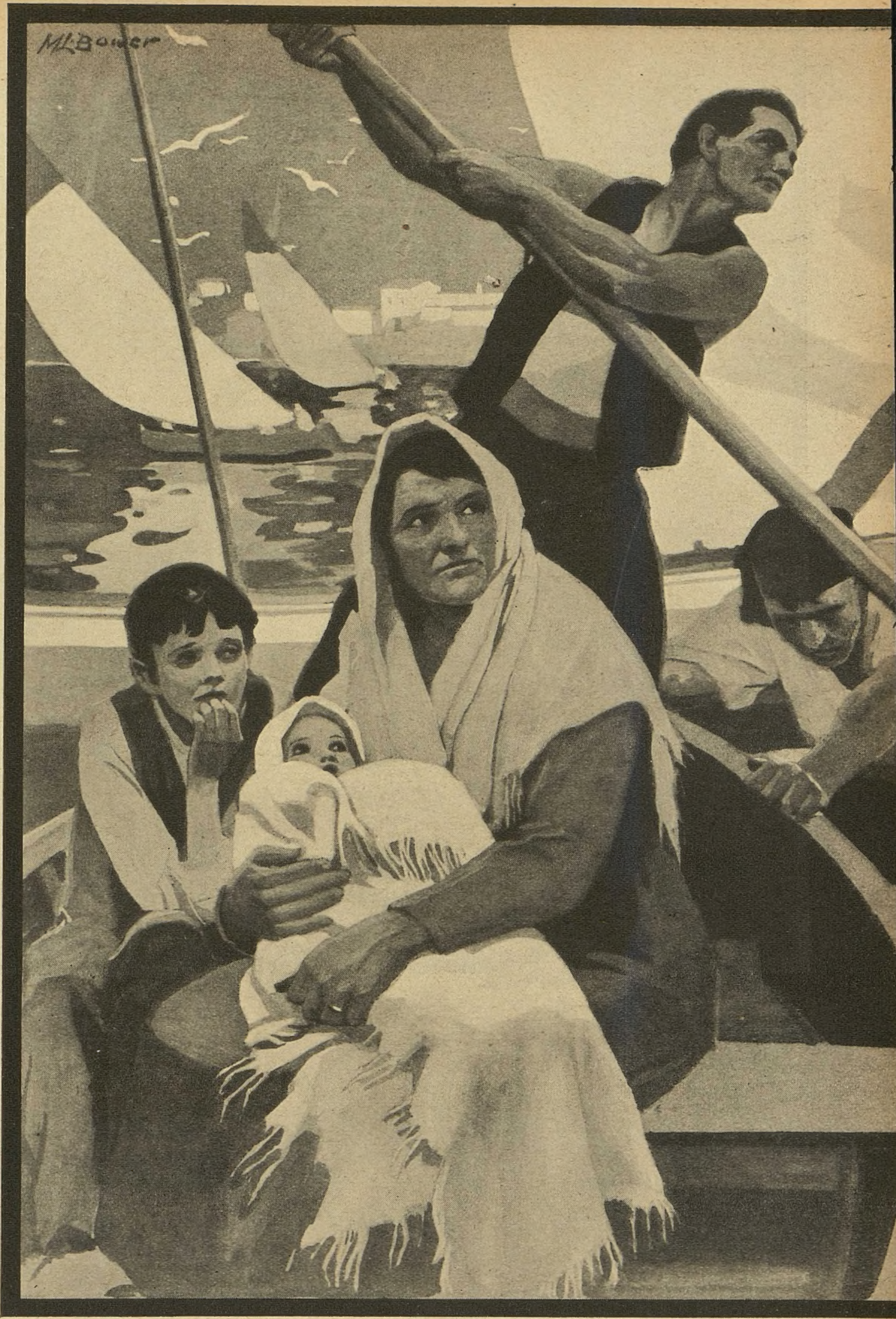
VOLCANO
Cont'd from page 7



The populace had fled; they had taken all the boats, and now no rescuer

carried on her share of the conversation in the melancholy tones of a deacon at a funeral; her doom was sealed, her hands folded; she went about with melancholy eyebrows raised to her white hairnet as if she were wondering which of them to leave her money to.

"She's pituitary," confided the doctor, Dr. Merriam, to Morrison. "Whereas you're thyroid. You're lean, nervous, hungry; eat a lot of meat. That is, I'll wager it. A dinner at the Savoy." He laughed sadly, apparently unhappy that his knowledge should come to such an early grave, yet always the philosopher. It was his pose. Morrison dodged him—philosophers are valuable only after a disaster—and sat down by the school-teacher from the States.

"Mrs. Wales is pituitary," he announced. The rumbling made his deep voice sound childish and shrill, and the girl, Miss Howard, looked quickly at him as if he were hysterical. "She's got too much of the one that puts weight on you," he explained, finding some explanation necessary. Blast the girl; she'd appeared to have some sense of humor!

WHILE she frowned in a puzzled way, the doctor followed over to them and stood bashfully at their feet, holding out a case of cigarettes.

"How are your endocrines?" shouted Morrison, feeling silly by this time, but still finding it incumbent upon him to prove that he was sane.

"Very upset," said the doctor earnestly. "I'm pineal, you know — lethargic—and this sort of thing excites me in the wrong way. I dare say we're all upset emotionally more than we know. Violence breeds violence!" He smiled wistfully. "I shouldn't be surprised to see us murdering each other before morning. Really!"

Morrison could stand it no longer. The doctor, in whites like the rest of them, now creased and wrinkled and gray with the fine volcanic dust, made him think of a silly gray bird, preferably duck or dodo. He heaved himself up and interposed a rude shoulder before the doctor's face. Mrs. Wales halted her nervous pacing and pulled her short pink jacket about her shoulders as if she were cold. The thermometer was drowsing somewhere in the eighties.

"My metabolism is all gone to hell," said Morrison viciously to Miss Howard. "Come on for a walk."

She got up obediently, but with a question in her eyes. Walking carried some slight risk, for the empty town had been several times subjected to a bombardment of rocks;

troubled, and she asked half a question:

"What time—"

"Six," said the doctor loudly, rising on his toes to toss his message over Morrison's shoulder. Across the room the third man, a middle-aged Englishman with heavy shoulders and no neck, thrust an argumentative jaw from behind a newspaper.

"Six twenty-two," he announced. "I've kept this thing absolutely on the dot since the riot started. Better set your watches, you people."

"SIX is good enough for me," stated Morrison. All their voices were unnaturally loud. He did not intend to be rude, but the self-approval of the other irritated him. "What if our watches don't jibe when we're found? Who gives a damn what time of day it happened in Pompeii?"

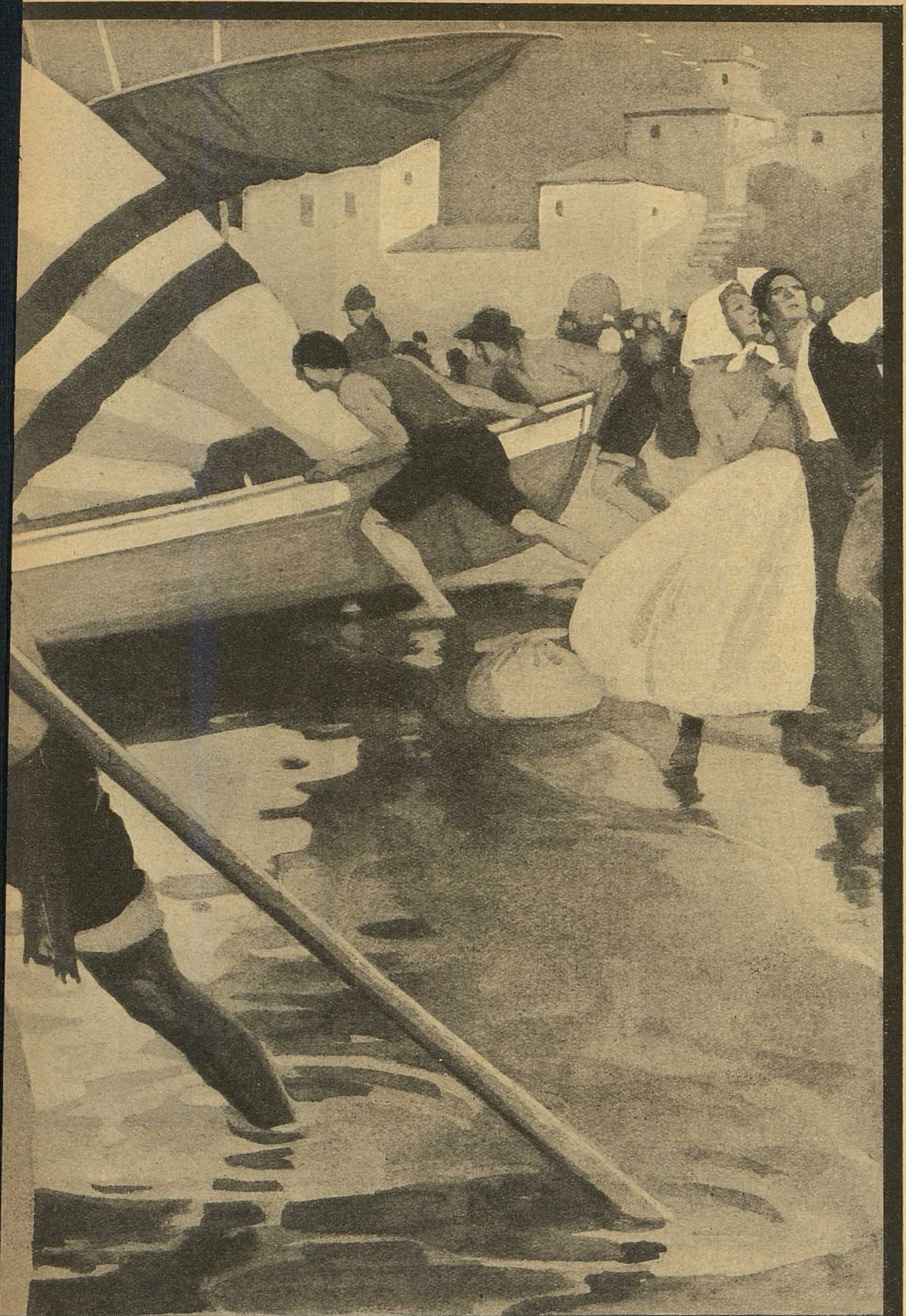
"Oh!" cried Miss Howard plaintively. Morrison was astonished and had his first soft impulse of the dreadful two days. He took her hand and tucked it over his arm, patting it. The contact made him realize that she was flesh and blood, and sent a wavering thrill over his brain. He had not thought of them as living people at all, in the last hours at least; but only as explosive minds loose in a ghastly white villa. The fact that they were real made death suddenly seem quite horrible.

The Englishman was watching him through steel-rim spectacles. A perceptible compression of the atmosphere made the dozen candles flicker and glint on his lenses.

"Where are you going?" demanded the fellow.

"Out to catch a hatful of pumice," said Morrison, "and to see if the well has boiled dry!"

Hearing that dreadful possibility, Mrs. Wales gave a cry and dashed for the rear of the house.



would venture within four or five miles of the shore to take them off.

but she was acquiescent. It was the first thing Morrison had noticed about her; and it made his overstrung perversity speculate as to where she would begin to resist. Her face was always faintly troubled, in sad lines; the yellow light from the candles made her skin appear darker than her straw-colored hair. She was pretty in a soft, tentative way, but her tentativeness made all her movements seem incomplete. She appeared only partly

There were no servants; in fact, very few of the native inhabitants were left in the town. The populace had fled while the foreigners were collecting their luggage and valuables; they had taken all the boats, and now no rescuer would venture within four or five miles of the shore to take them off. The whole stupid adventure was the result of Mrs. Wales' attempt to show off to her guests

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[VOLCANO
Continued from page nine]

at dinner: people had abandoned them while she insisted on the terrifying formalities of a seven-course meal.

Morrison led Miss Howard through the echoing house, where she halted at the foot of the stairs.

"I oughtn't to leave Esther," she said, in the tone of one who knows she might just as well. Morrison made some remark and drew her on.

"Anyway," he said, "what's the use of fighting a case of hysterics when we've all got to take what's coming? She's all right; she's probably asleep by now. I'd rather die in my sleep than stew in a stream of lava, after jumping from one rock to another until I fell in."

He did not know what made him talk that way; there was scarcely any relief in doing so, but something impelled him. When they came on to the terrace and started down the steps into the gloomy street, he saw that a tear or two had run down her cheeks, making tracks in the impalpable dust which settled constantly on them all. As if she were a child he drew out his handkerchief and wiped them off.

Lang, the Englishman, appeared at the window and watched the proceeding with the silent disapproval of a bishop; but Morrison, grinning at him over Miss Howard's shoulder, saw that the hand holding the newspaper shook perceptibly. As they went toward the harbor he asked:

"Is Lang crazy?"

"He's upset," she replied, studying their footprints in the dust. "He's got something on his mind—it may be his family. I'm alone in the world, so I don't have to worry for anybody but Esther and myself. Are you?"

"Yes," said Morrison; and then with wonder at himself, "Of course I'm not. I don't know what got into me to say that. I've got a mother and father and two sisters at home. It's very difficult, though, to remember anything except the last two days. Don't you find that?"

She shook her head wistfully.

"No. It's different with me. I keep remembering things—things I won't see again. The kids I've taught, and some girls I went to college with, and some boys I used to know. I remember how I looked forward to this trip and how everybody came to see me off. . . ."

Her voice was gentle and warm. It had the tone of her body instead of the dissociated irritability of the others, his own included. Morrison saw a vivid picture of her life and surroundings, her friends and her little affairs, and was overcome with wonder that she of all people should have been chosen to die in a volcanic eruption. Obviously her lot was to live to be a hundred, have seventy children and grandchildren to mourn her, and go to oblivion with a lily on her breast. Instead of which she was going to arrive in hell as a bit of cinder.

HIS compressed emotions all became pity and made his voice quiver.

"Poor kid!" he said. "We'll have to get you out of this! Good God, isn't there any way to get to the other side?"

"We've been over it all," she said dully. But there was a faint smile for him in her eyes. "It will either blow up or cool off, and if it does we're gone, and if it doesn't we're all right."

"If it doesn't," said Morrison grimly. There was small chance of that. The noise had been growing louder steadily for twenty-four hours, until it was almost a visible thing; sharp pat-pats of the ground against his feet told of grumblings to which his ears were too tired to listen. The harbor ahead was invisible in gray cloud, and the mountain on their right, eight miles away, glowed over them like a lighted torch against a low smoky ceiling. The street was empty, almost shockingly so; there was in its undisturbed dust the appearance of having been forgotten for centuries, and the yellow glow from the sky was the golden light of antiquity.

The air hung incredibly still, yet subject to compressions and rarefactions as if it were being squeezed like a sponge. The leaves of the trees were limp, their green pallid and dusty; over Mrs. Wales' wall and down the road to the harbor they languished, with here and there a native palm spreading its fronds like the fingers of a man under anæsthetic. The vacant houses, as they descended toward the town, gave Morrison a queer sensation that he and Miss Howard were the last persons living in the world. There were queer odors in the air, too; odors which pinched his nose but which he could no longer smell.

THEY saw no one. When Morrison looked up at the volcano he had an instant's panic. Nothing in the world could protect them from that force. The thought constricted his breathing and bumped in his throat. He stopped in the road and drew his muscles taut, with Miss Howard's fingers caught in the crook of his arm.

"Lord!" he said, with a sudden, explosive breath. As he relaxed he felt the fingers stir and withdraw, but he offered no apology. It had been their own fault. Until they touched him he had been a dead man, a brain without a body; and then Miss Howard had taken his arm and he had remembered that he still had life and that life was a fierce necessity in his blood. He looked down at her, hot-eyed and tormented, to say a brutal thing. And then her candid acceptance of him and whatever he chose to do or say wilted him and made him suddenly tender.

He took the hand and kissed it, sorry now that he had hurt her. "If we go," he said gently, with a curious plea in his words, "will you let me be with you? Can we stay together until the finish? I'd be so grateful."

"There's Esther," she said doubtfully.

"She can have Lang."

It was a silly and rather sardonic speech, but it seemed to satisfy her completely. She nodded in a grave manner.

"And Mrs. Wales and the doctor," she remarked.

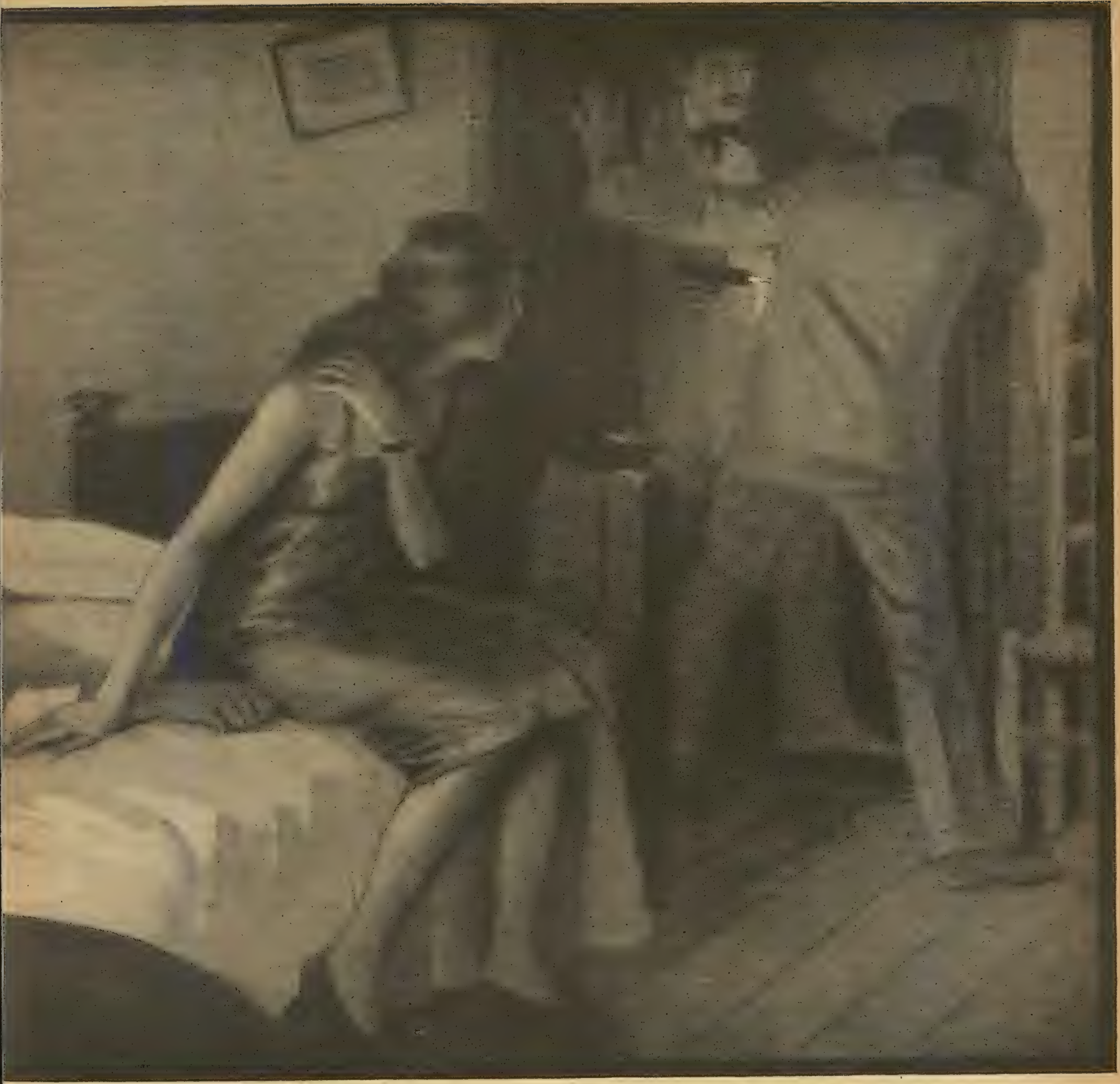
Morrison watched her with a trace of wonder. A curious world, hers, all matched off in pairs. . . .

In the gray light that was thickening to a red-lit night he drew her against him and kissed her on the lips, feeling the warm pressure of her response. She was so gentle and sweet in this violence that Morrison kissed her again and again, turned her into the crook of his arm and tilted her face up to his. She smiled quietly at him, with a soft light in her eyes; except that when he kissed her the smile faded and the light became serious. The response seemed to come from within her. She never moved nor gave him anything but her breath and the faintest pressure of her mouth.

Morrison looked down at her for a long time.

"I would like to be a part of you," he said gravely. "It would make me feel safe. I'd like to be an earwig in

He thrust back the



bolt of the door and flung it wide. Four explosions ripped out as if the bullets were strung on a wire.

your ear, or a hairpin in your hair, or a string of beads round your throat. Or maybe a youngster holding your hand. It would be rather wonderful."

There was laughter in her eyes.

"You're sweet," she said.

"No," said Morrison. There was a queer note to his chuckle. "I'm not even being sweet. I'm just a baby, and I'm scared. And I guess I want my mother."

HE released her, and they stood in silence. He had an odd feeling that she understood, perhaps even better than he did himself. Yet for a moment she said nothing, but looked at him gravely until he wondered what she would do. And then she took his face unexpectedly between her soft palms and drew it down to the curve of her throat.

That was all, yet as they went back toward the house Morrison marveled at the divinity of women; that she could comfort him under the bombardment of flame. The dust fell more thickly now, it seemed, or else this night was to be blacker than the two before. The sulphur gave his tongue a metallic taste and made his throat dry. He had a sudden craving for whisky and soda and something to eat.

They looked up at him when he and Miss Howard returned to the living room.

"How is it?" asked the doctor. Morrison shrugged and looked cheerful.

"Any ships?" demanded Mrs. Wales querulously. She had many friends on the mainland, and as a resident of some years' standing and considerable wealth she was entitled to some consideration, yet no one had come for her. She could not understand it.

Miss Howard sat down near her and with the gift women possess told her in minute detail of the condition of the elements, appearance of the volcano, and the size of the occasional volcanic bomb they had seen in the road. Morrison crossed to a wall table and picked up a glass.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[VOLCANO
Continued from page eleven]

"Who else?" he called. "Whisky and sulphur for anybody?"

The doctor shuffled over and Lang grunted from his chair. Morrison mixed the three drinks and handed them around. Lang did not even nod when his was placed in his hand, but merely went on reading that interminable newspaper. Morrison made up his mind to startle the fellow.

"I have an announcement and a toast," he said loudly, to be heard over the grumble of the earth. Everyone looked at him. "Miss Howard and I are announcing a temporary engagement—only it may last through all eternity. Otherwise, if the old stove cools, it probably isn't for very long."

Their startled faces caused him to run down without getting as far as the toast. He gulped the drink, looking from one to another. Miss Howard was merely surprised, although her smile was tentative. She was wondering how the others would take it. Mrs. Wales was astounded and shocked, quite unable to gush the sentiments of her age and class. The doctor was pleased, saying, "Well, well, now!" again and again.

Lang reacted oddly. Morrison was sure he had gone perfectly white, although dust and weariness had grayed the faces of all of them. He half rose from his chair and then sat down again, crumpling the newspaper against his thigh. It was the wanton destruction of the paper which told Morrison how much he was affected.

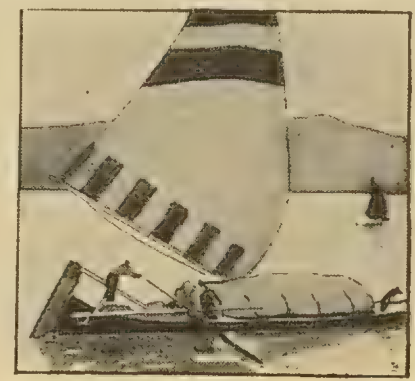
"Don't be a fool," said Lang at last, suddenly and sharply.

"On the contrary, I think I'm a very clever fellow," said Morrison amiably. "Of course, while Miss Howard and I have only known each other a few days, yet we've been through a volcanic eruption together, and the doctor here will tell you that such things greatly stimulate the emotional life. I feel that I ought to be congratulated and that my fiancée ought to be wished better luck next time, and so on. . . ."

The doctor drew him from his inanities on the pretense of refilling his glass.

"Don't tease him," he pleaded in a whisper. "He's very highly strung—suprarenal type—domineering and vindictive. In fact, if it weren't for the—ah—vulgarity of the remark, I would say he was sitting on an emotional volcano!" The doctor tittered, then grew serious again. "But a man like that can't spend two days sitting still without blowing up sometime. It's the waiting. I assure you he's in a dangerous mood!"

"Oh, hell, let him blow!" said Morrison crossly. He was irritated that his humor had fallen flat. "I hope a piece of him breaks a mirror."



MRS. WALES and Miss Howard were whispering together. The announcement seemed to have been regarded by them as nonsense, and they were discussing Esther, whom Mrs. Wales had just been to see. As Morrison was about to seat himself on the arm of Miss Howard's chair he heard Lang behind him.

"Morrison, I want a word with you in the hall."

The ladies glanced up curiously, their talk vanishing. Something in the man's tone sent a warning to Morrison's senses, stimulating them to unusual acuteness. The guttural noises of the earth impinged sharply on his hearing; the thinly reflected flashes on the walls fluttered in his eyes as if they were a novelty. As Lang swung and went out the door Morrison saw the bulge of his trousers sway pendulously. The fellow carried a pistol.

Morrison sauntered after him to the hall and across to a small library.

"I didn't bring mine," he said cheerfully, his eyes alert.

"Your what?"

"Gun."

Lang reached his hand back and touched his pocket. Just then the two ladies followed into the hall.

"I'm sure I can't even lie down there," Mrs. Wales was saying. "Of course none of us will sleep. But that room—especially now that it's so noisy. It seems to get worse by the minute. Are you sure you don't mind?"

"Quite. You're very kind—"

"Not at all, not at all. Oh, if we only hadn't had that soufflé! Just think—but we'd best fix the beds while there's still some light. I don't suppose it really matters who sleeps with whom tonight. The chances are we'll none of us waken in this world, and this world is a much severer judge of conduct than the next, they say. Oh, just listen to that . . ."

Her voice trailed away up the stairs, puffing and querulous. Morrison grinned at Lang.

"Stout-hearted old girl," he said.

"She ought to have been a man." This came unexpectedly from the doctor, who stood pallidly in the doorway; he had his eyes fastened on Morrison's. He seemed to be trying to force a warning on the younger man. "A fearful thing like this brings out everyone's true characteristics, terribly magnified." It was as if he were telling Morrison in so many words that Lang was dangerous, a man beyond control, and begging him to soothe rather than excite him. And Morrison, in his glance of contemptuous knowledge, was replying just as concisely that what Lang might do couldn't matter a bit: they were all of them bound for hell on the night express.

LANG took a sudden step forward. Morrison saw his neck bulge at the sides.

"If you don't mind," said Lang thickly, as if his mouth were full of saliva, "we want to talk privately. Like gentlemen. Get out, you scum!"

Morrison was astonished to see, when the doctor scuttled away, that Lang's face was blazing red; his eyes looked moist, as if the pressure in his skull had squeezed out tears. When the fellow spoke his lips moved clumsily, as though they were calloused.

"D'you know what he is?" he cried. "A drug addict! He's been giving them drugs, the swine! Every time he goes up to see that girl he takes her a shot, and then he and the old lady have one! It's sickening. I think he's Mrs. Wales' lover!"

Morrison was more astonished at his violence than at the absurd announcement.

"What of it?" he asked. "Surely the only harm in drugs is the likelihood of forming a habit. None of us is likely to form any habits we haven't got already." He grinned, trying to make Lang see the folly of the idea. "And who the devil cares about morals at a time like this? We may blow to hell at any second!"

Lang rumbled; something like a deep explosive sigh. Morrison could not tell whether the suffused eyes were focused on him or not. He tried a friendly and confidential manner.

"Look, Lang, there's no use letting it get to us. We're all in the same boat, and I'll agree it's nerve-racking as the devil. But we've just got to take it easily and sit tight. No hebe-jebes. Everything depends on whether the weak spot on this side goes before the one on the other side; unless, of course, the whole island blows up. We've just got to wait. Shall we have a drink on it?"

"I don't give a damn what the old lady does, or the doctor either," said Lang sullenly. Morrison's speech seemed not to have penetrated his mind. The internal turmoil appeared to have stifled his senses; Morrison realized with his first twinge of alarm that the man was in effect deaf and blind.

"It's you," went on Lang heavily, "and that girl. Miss Howard. I want to tell you—you're going to leave her alone."

He was breathing like a tired bull.

"Why?"

"I'll—kill you if you don't."

Morrison's own nerves flashed. His impulse was to make a few pointed remarks. But the instinctive pity for the crazed, more than the thought that Lang was armed and irresponsible, held his tongue.

"That's rather a stiff one," he said at last. "Why should I? I may as well tell you I don't intend to follow your instructions."

"I've told you!" cried Lang, suddenly striking the top of a small table with such violence that a lamp tottered; he gave it an angry push. There was a crunch of pottery on the floor. "You stay away from her! I'll see that you do! If you don't I'll kill you!"

Morrison eyed him curiously, his own temper surging up. If Lang were a little mad, he could not be held responsible; but here was the obvious implication that he wanted Miss Howard for himself.

Instinctively Morrison responded to the challenge. He had never thought of Miss Howard in that way. Indeed, the idea of a love affair under existing circumstances was ridiculous. Nerve weariness and apprehension simply canceled passion.

On Lang, however, fear seemed to have a different effect. Morrison laughed a little sharply.

"I'll be with her as much as I choose," he stated. "Get that into your thick head, Lang. And, furthermore, I'll protect her if necessary."

As the other gazed at him in utter silence, in perfect immobility save for a twitching of the cheek, he began to fear that he had said too much for Lang's balance to bear. When at last the reply came, it was stammering and doubtful, almost inaudible against a grumble from the core of the island.

"Good God, man, you don't think—I want her for myself!

"You beast!" he suddenly screamed. "You filthy swine! That's all you are—a filthy swine! No woman's safe with you and your kind. You paw all over them, kiss their lips, play with them, pull their ears! God! If I ever catch you pulling any of your tricks on her—I'll kill you! See? I've got it here. I'll shoot you so full of holes that you'll run water. Just lay a finger on her—you unutterable beast!"

"Stop it. Shut up!" Morrison was crying. "Put that thing away; they're coming downstairs. You utter damn' fool! Shut up, now; pretend nothing's happened."

Lang's face was working angrily. He put the weapon back in his pocket, but his eyes were full of hatred and incredulity. Morrison, wheeling and making for the door in disgust and amazement, ran into Mrs. Wales at the foot of the stairs. She looked at him with melancholy wonder in the dark and remarked that they might best eat what they could find. Speechlessly they trooped after her to the kitchen.

Throughout the stand-up meal of bread and wine and tinned fish he puzzled over the strange seizure. They ate silently, helping themselves, but whenever Morrison chanced to come close to Miss Howard he could see in the candlelight Lang's eyes burning on him with their threat undimmed. The sensation made him irritable, and he tried to shrug it off. After all, with twelve hours or twelve minutes or a day or two to live, it was silly to squabble over a girl like two schoolboys. Outside the open door the upper part of the flaming cone could be seen, with its fires playing on the clouds. The sight was lurid and maddening. Lang was mad. Morrison began to wonder if he were mad too.

When they finished, Miss Howard said she would take some food to Esther.

"I'll take it," said Morrison.

"She's not dressed, and she may be asleep."

Morrison flung Lang a reckless and angry glance.

"I'll carry it up for you, then."

Lang rose from the corner of the table and set his plate down uncertainly. At that instant Mrs. Wales handed him a jug and asked him to get water from the well. Morrison laughed sneeringly; a devil of anger had got hold of him and he was resolved to smash the whole insane situation. As they went into the pantry he looked back over his shoulder.

Upstairs the hall was lighted by a single candle. For some reason the noise here seemed louder than below. When Miss Howard had tiptoed in and out of the other girl's room he caught her by the hands and held her so that the light shone on her face.

"What's your first name?" he inquired.

"Aline."

"Aline, may I stay with you tonight?"

He could not keep the trace of brutality out of his tone. Miss Howard's eyes were wide and clear, with the candle flame burning in them. She did not hesitate, but her voice was slow and deep.

"Yes. If you want."

He was strangely touched. It was as if he had blundered on to a beauty marvelous and rare. He felt ashamed. He said: "I'll make any promises you like."

She looked at his hands, then at his eyes.

"Whatever you say." . . .

It made it thrilling, as he waited in his own room, to plan this last, futile adventure. He was amused. There was a sense of the fitting in meeting death this way, and a sense of conquest in the thought of Lang. And beneath these a vague happiness that his last love affair should be one of such deep sweetness, even if there should be no more to it than sitting together while they waited for the end. She understood, in a way he could only call mystical, not only his need but the desperation of his challenge to his rival.

Lang was mad about her, he was certain. Lang's repressions had driven him insane.

The household had retired. It was impossible in the continuous rumbling of the island to judge how many were awake, but all of them had agreed to try to sleep. After the first night spent huddled in the living room, the second in ceaseless discussion and twittering, they were tired to the point of not caring. Yet it was inconceivable not to care.

The volcano seemed more active tonight. The rumblings were more localized, sounded nearer the surface. Now and then a minor explosion made the glass jingle against the pitcher on the bedside table.

He waited impatiently. When the hour was up he opened the door softly into the hall; the candle still burnt, lighting the corners feebly. As far as he could be certain, all the other doors were shut. Walking carefully, lest a board cry out above the deeper sounds, he made for the head of the hall. His knees tingled and his breath came lightly; he was smiling to himself. He tapped lightly with a fingernail on the heavy panel.

There was no response, and a moment later in a lull of the noise, he tapped again. Turning the handle, he found it bolted. But the handle squeaked, and a second later he heard the bolt slide back and felt the door give. There was no light inside except the flicker from the clouds.

At that moment he heard a click behind him. He swung sharply. Lang was there, a dozen feet away. Lang's voice came in a hoarse whisper.

"You bastard! Get away from that door!"

He stood beyond the candle, which cast inverted shadows on his face. He looked like a mask. Morrison felt an uncontrollable hatred rising within him. He wanted to kill the evil thing.

"Come here!" spat out Lang. He gestured with the pistol.

"Put it away!" said Morrison sharply. "I'm going in and you won't stop me."

"I warned you!"

His face was contorted and twitching, but the weapon pointed steadily enough. Morrison turned his head slowly and saw the girl silhouetted against the light, caught in a rigid pose. He gave a quick leap; at the same instant he heard the shot and felt a biting stab in his arm. Then he was in and had slammed the bolt.

"Hit!" he said, and swore viciously. "Stand away from the door! He may fire again."

"Oh, oh!" cried Miss Howard. She helped his rapid pulling off of the coat. They saw the blood spreading slowly on his sleeve, a little on one side, a larger patch where the bullet had come out. The wound was a neat puncture of the fleshy part of his forearm.

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

VOLCANO
Continued from page thirteen

Morrison turned back the cloth, his fingers trembling a little. He had never been shot before, and although the wound did not hurt, merely felt numb and ached in his shoulder, the shock had affected him. After a moment, while they watched the droplets of blood running down to his fingers a faintness came over him and he sat down on a chair.

"It isn't anything at all," he announced in some surprise. "I don't know why it should affect me like this; it's only a pin prick."

She slipped an arm about his shoulders as she stood beside the chair. Just then the wound began to hurt. The torn nerves sent a jangle of emotions through his body. Looking up at Miss Howard, he saw that her eyes were full of pain, her lips pursed with pity.

"Really, it's nothing!" he protested.

"You poor boy!" Even her voice was low and wounded. "I'll get the doctor. Does it hurt terribly?"

A growling explosion shook the house. As it died away the door was kicked sharply.

"Morrison!"

Lang.

"Miss Howard! Open this door! Morrison, if you're alive, open this door or I'll shoot it down!"

"Stand away—let's get into the corner," whispered Morrison.

They moved over to the edge of the bed by the window. Out of the circle of candlelight they saw the flickering fires of the mountain reflected on the drapery; through the curtain the night gleamed and reverberated weirdly, thick and sulphurous. Miss Howard pressed his shoulders back on to the pillow and placed something, he thought her nightdress, under the wounded arm. Little sounds came from her lips, caressing and sympathetic.

"Lie still," she said. "I'll keep him out."

She kissed him on the forehead as Lang set up another outcry.

"I'll give you one minute to open that door! Then I'll shoot the bolt off!"

Miss Howard crossed to the door and rapped on the panel.

"Mr. Lang, you've shot him!" she cried. "Go away! You've done harm enough. You ought to be thankful you didn't wound him dangerously. Go away and get the doctor!"

Morrison was surprised at the fierce quality of her soft voice. The only reply she received was a shrill raving. He had no idea what to do. There was nothing in the room that would serve as a weapon.

"The beast!" screamed Lang. "Let me in—you don't know what you're doing—I tell you he's a beast not fit to live! You mustn't let him stay there with you—"

AN explosion, seemingly under their feet, rocked the house. Morrison sat upright and pulled the curtain from the window to see the inferno of the mountain. To his intense astonishment the doctor interposed head and shoulders in the frame.

"Lord!" he exclaimed. "Good man! Doctor, you're right on the job. Is there a ledge out there? Have a look; it's only a nick."

The doctor crawled in, ghastly pale and shaking. His fingers trembled as he examined the wound.

"We'll tie it up," he said. "It isn't much use, but we'll bandage it. Later, if there's time, we'll wash it. The house is going. I know the explosion isn't far off! But I'll bandage it. I'll do it just as if we were going to live forever. Lang's crazy now; he's mad as a hatter! We're all going to die in the explosion. Hold still!"

"Morrison! Damn you!"

The doctor slit the nightdress and made a fumbling bandage. Miss Howard came back to the bed and held Morrison's hand, her eyes on the door. When the job was finished the doctor straightened up, swaying like a drunkard.

"I'm done!" he gasped. "I can't stand it any longer."

He looked old and sunken, suddenly tragic. His face was tortured. His lips trembled and tricked his speech.

"What's the use?" he cried. "He'll come in here in a moment and you'll be beyond bandaging! In another minute we'll all be crisp. I can't breathe, I tell you—that dust has stopped my lungs! I think I'm going crazy. Lang will pump us full of lead and then he'll be all right, but I'm going crazy!"

Miss Howard gazed at him in horror. Morrison put out his good hand and took the doctor firmly by the arm.

"What's the matter?" he demanded. "Out of morphine?"

The doctor looked at the shadows on the other side of the bed. He nodded twice, in jerks. He seemed to be considering something, or making up his mind. Then he got up shakily and peered out the window.

"It's coming," he said ominously. "See the light . . ."

A shot splintered through the door, and Morrison swung his legs to the floor to be ready; but a staccato rattling by Lang indicated that it had missed the bolt. That ceased, and Lang apparently peered through the hole. By now the house was being continuously shaken by upheavals; the explosions had become a bombardment. The effect on the senses was terrific; Morrison felt himself succumbing to a wild desire to leap out the window and run, run madly, until he would be exhausted.

"IT'S coming!" whispered the doctor, harshly sibilant. He crept round the wall toward the door. Morrison sat up.

"Look out!" he cried. "He'll shoot again."

The house seemed to rock. He caught Miss Howard's hand and clung to it tightly; she dropped down beside him and he felt her quick breathing on his hair.

"Let him go," she whispered. He could scarcely hear. The doctor was standing beside the door; he blew his nose on a handkerchief which he replaced in his breast pocket. Then with a quick motion he thrust back the bolt of the door and flung it wide, standing squarely in the opening. Four explosions ripped out as if the bullets were strung on a wire. The doctor made a vague motion with his arm and his body collapsed, one part after another, and folded up on the floor.

The pistol came hurtling through the doorway, its crash on the wall punctuating Miss Howard's shuddering cry. Lang's heavy footsteps sounded on the stairs, slow and old. In an extraordinary silence, or what seemed like a silence, Morrison felt the bed under him give a mighty heave.

The explosion came.

A double, gigantic, shattering roar. Lights beat in his brain. The house seemed to disappear in the trumpeting of a wind. Utter darkness was instantaneous. For immeasurable seconds the world seemed to shudder in nausea. Morrison was on his back in the dark. The night was void of everything except the tornado of sound—and a hand. Miss Howard was gone. Only her hand was left. Time passed. Strangest noise of all, the light falling of rain. He was still alive.

Stones. He heard them crash in the street, on the roof. That was the rain. There was still a street, then, and a house. He was suffocating. The girl's body lay across his chest inanimate and crushing. A little light touched the cracked ceiling, cherry red and faint, but growing stronger. He tasted plaster in his mouth. Blood, too. Plaster had cut his face. It was a bitter mixture, but it had the salty taste of life.

Time passed. He could count his heartbeats.

The rain ceased to crack and bounce and crash; even the mutterings of the earth seemed to have diminished. The worst of the eruption was over; and they had thought they were going to die. Morrison tried ever so gently to raise himself to where he could see the mountain, but the window seemed to have shifted. There was a pain in his hand. "Don't move," said Miss Howard in a whisper. "I'm here. I'll keep my arms about you."

Morrison could not help it. He began to laugh. With his good hand he reached out and stroked her hair.

THE END

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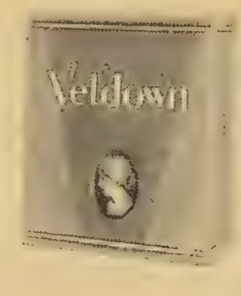

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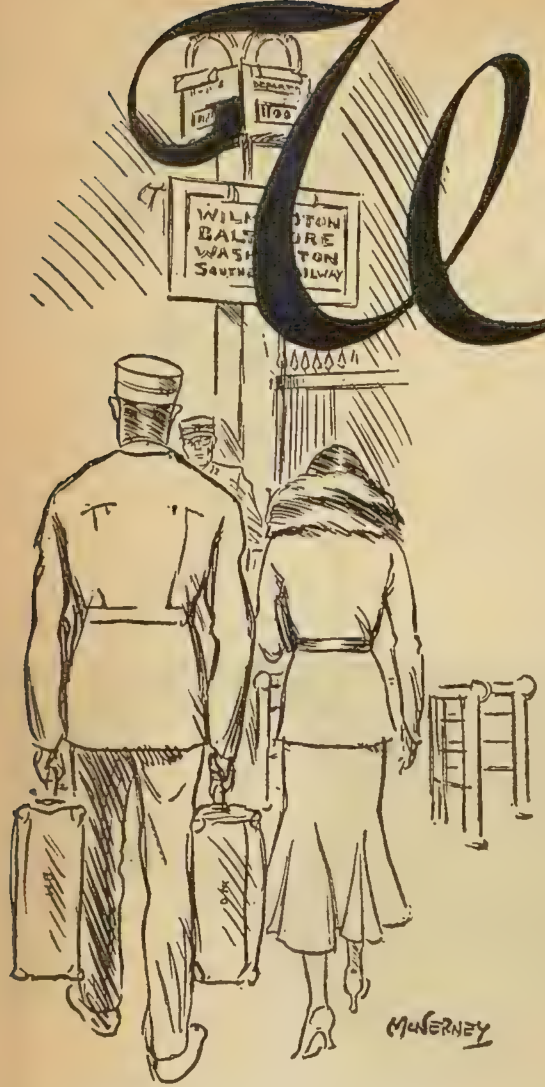


And carry her liquor she did—in two suitcases.

A Survey of One Situation Which Has Arisen Under Prohibition, Not Featured in the Report of the Wickersham Commission

By

ANNA STEESE RICHARDSON

who was born in Massillon, Ohio, and graduated from the Philadelphia Normal School for Girls before beginning a career that has included four children, newspaper work in Iowa and New York, and travel to practically every place of importance in the United States. She is the author of books on babies, thrift, marriage, and etiquette.

Pictures by EUGENE MCNERNEY, JR.

(Reading time: 12 minutes 29 seconds.)

PROHIBITION has created a new group of steady drinkers. It is composed of women, eminently respectable women, wives who are faithful to their husbands, mothers who are devoted to their children, public-spirited citizens who support good works in their communities, members of society who obey all laws except the Eighteenth Amendment.

Previous to the enactment of the Prohibition law, these same women—and their mothers—looked with scorn upon their sisters who drank. Drinking was the hall mark of ignorance and poverty, the diversion of the social outcast. Today it belongs in practically the same social class as bridge, teas, and sports.

These statements are based, not on observation of life as it is lived in New York, where I maintain a legal residence and pay taxes, but on notes, factual records, gathered during ten years of leisurely, almost continuous traveling from one end of this country to the other. To California by the southern route and home again through the northern tier of states. Doubling on my tracks through Illinois, Indiana, Nebraska, Missouri, and Kansas.

Not seeking evidence for or against Prohibition, but just studying people, folks, as they live in the cities, towns, and rural centers of the United States. Attending national and state conventions of this organization and that; speaking before women's clubs; making surveys of women's interests inside and outside the home.

I watched the smart married set dance and play bridge, and I heard members of a dozen mother clubs discuss the organization of junior dances. I attended luncheons given by Rotarians, Kiwanians, and chambers of commerce where the talk ranged from exploiting factory sites to opening camps for boys. I heard groups of church women plan membership and attendance drives, and I saw the daughter of a clergyman teaching tap dancing in one small city. And everywhere I saw women drinking.

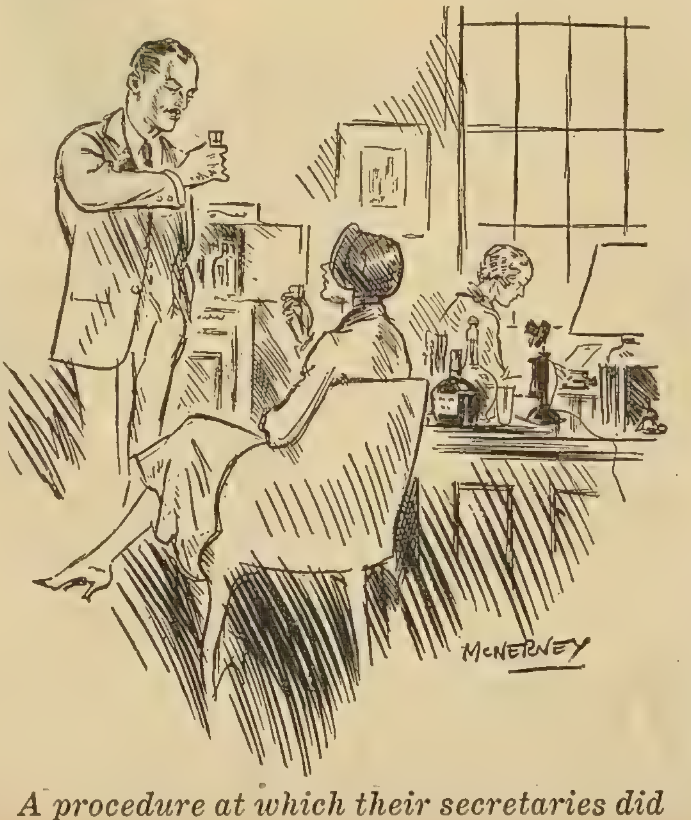
Women who drink may be divided into three groups: women of leisure who drink because it is the fashionable thing to do; women gainfully employed who drink because drinking is as commonplace in the business world as high-pressure salesmanship; and women who drink because they like liquor.

The smallest of these groups is the last.

The social climber and the woman who prides herself on being in the mode drink for the same reason they play contract instead of auction bridge, wear pyjamas instead of chiffon negligées, show the toes of their dancing slippers instead of their knees. It is being done.

The business or professional woman drinks because drinking is expected of her. The new world in which she has made a place for herself assumes that she will drink within reason, no more, no less, than the man who sits at the adjoining desk.

I would not say that all women drink. Possibly millions do not touch liquor, but they are not segregated in any one section of the country, in any one economic or social group. Some belong to the W. C. T. U. or the Committee on Law Enforcement. Some are connected with religious denominations which class drinking among the mortal sins. Many are conservatives who have not changed the length of their skirts an inch in twenty years.

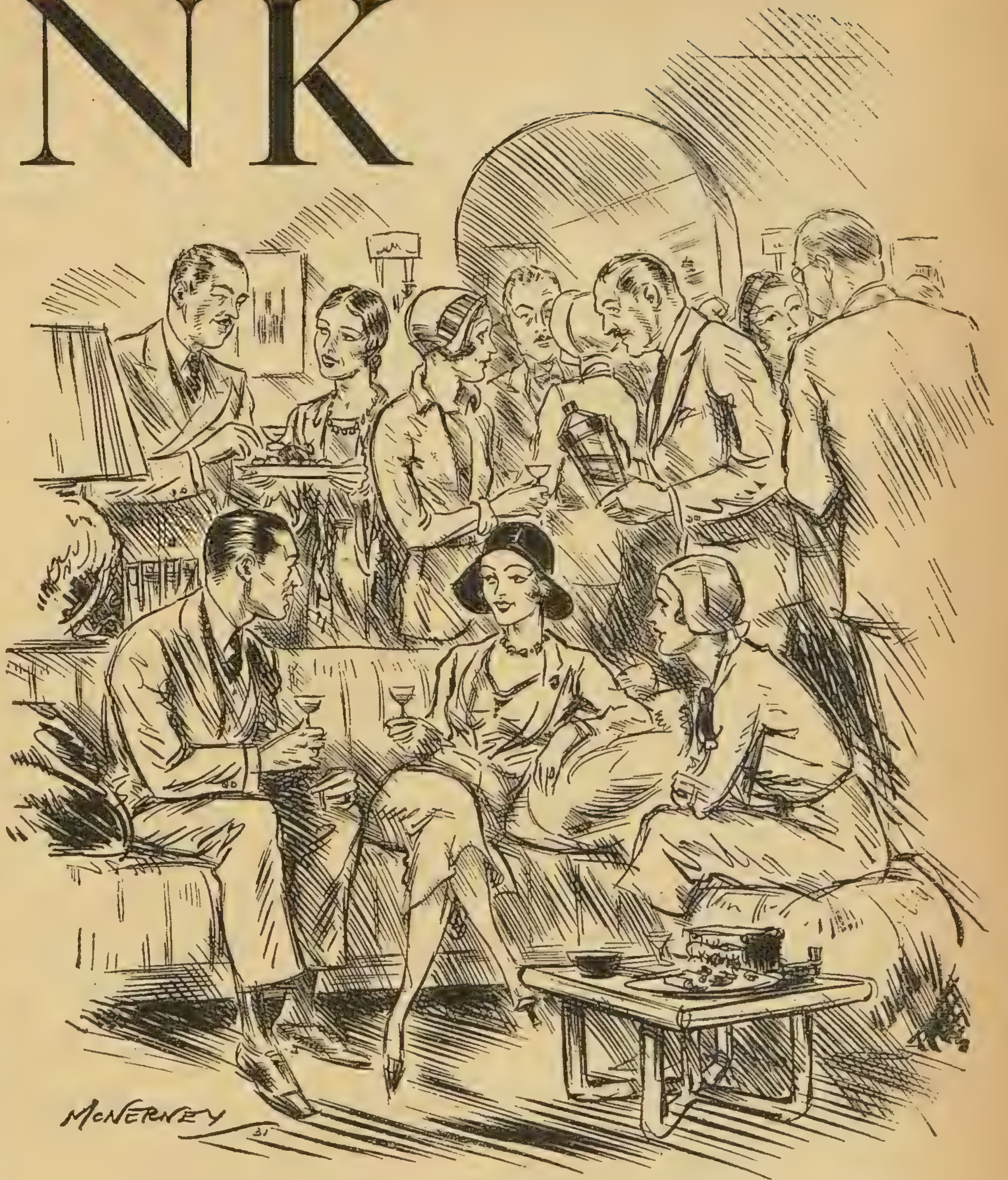


A procedure at which their secretaries did not even raise their heads.

BUT just as an increasing number of women prefer membership in a country club to that in a church aid society, just as the tango has been replaced by tap dancing, and entertaining in one's own home by dinner-dancing at a smart hotel, so has open drinking by women taken its place in the social picture in every state of the Union.

Unquestionably there is less drinking, and therefore less brawling, among what we like to term " the laboring classes," because the high cost of good liquor is prohibitive and the dangers of bad liquor with death and blindness lurking in its dregs have been widely exploited. In practically every other group which can afford to import liquor from Europe or to have the stock of local bootleggers analyzed,

DRINK



Another hospitality extended by business men was the invitation to have cocktails in their homes.

drinking is more popular and more general than it was ten years ago.

But no feature of life under Prohibition is so startling as the increase in drinking among business women. When I joined the staff of a New York newspaper thirty years ago a woman reporter did not dare drink. The men drank freely, but even the slightest evidence of a taste for liquor in a woman would have resulted in dismissal.

Today, in most establishments, the personal habits of a woman employee are considered no more the affair of her employer than the personal habits of the men among whom she works. So long as she reports for business in good condition, performs her duties satisfactorily, and increases the profits of her firm, her views, wet or dry, are of no concern to those who employ her.

ON my trips ten years ago, business men received me politely and our interviews were conducted with dispatch. On my last few trips, I found myself quite generally accepted on the same basis as a man calling on a similar errand. Some business men unlocked the " cellars " in their offices and offered me a drink, a procedure at which their private secretaries did not even raise their heads or their eyebrows. Others who were entertaining me at luncheon offered to mix a cocktail before we started or they carried the " makings " to the club where we were to meet other guests. In one city in the west, six business men of good repute, doubtless of excellent social standing in the community, showed me this courtesy without referring to my sex or residence in what is presumably the wettest of all cities, New York.

Another hospitality extended by business men in midwest cities was the invitation to have cocktails in their homes.

" Mrs. M— and I are dining out tonight, but we'd be glad to have you drop in for cocktails at six."

And in her living room Mrs. M— would be serving savories where once she served sandwiches or cakes and tea, and Mr. M— or his butler (according to their style of living) would be shaking cocktails. Their guests would include Mrs. M—'s women friends pausing on their way home from bridge parties, Mr. M—'s men friends stopping off between club and home, and perhaps half a dozen visiting business acquaintances or clients, both men and women.

It was in Boston, however, that I had the shock of my long and varied business life. At 9 A. M. a man with whom I had an important appointment telephoned me that he had been called out of town by a family emergency. He had made arrangements for me to interview his associate, and meantime he would drop off at my hotel for a word with me on his way to the train. Would I be waiting for him in the lobby?

At the conclusion of our brief interview, he handed me a large and bulky newspaper, with the caution: " Be careful. This is a heavy editorial, but I think you will find it good reading in our New England climate."

When I unrolled the newspaper, I found a flask filled with unimpeachable Scotch!

In three different inland cities business women declined my invitation for afternoon tea at my hotel on the ground that they had a previous engagement with their bootleggers. One woman added plaintively:

" It is so hard to get good liquor here that you just have to be polite to your bootlegger, otherwise you won't get your share. In the towns along the border it's so much simpler."

BUT the most amazing story I have heard about the part which liquor plays in the business careers of women concerns a woman with whom I have very close relations. She had put over a very delicate deal at the national capital. The negotiations had covered several months, during which time she had become popular with the wives of the men she had been interesting in the project. In fact, one of her assets is her popularity with her own sex.

Her firm agreed that the signing of the contract should be followed by a dinner of no ordinary sort. She was given carte blanche, arrangements were made with the steward of a famous Washington hotel, acceptances had been received, and all things pointed to a big night. Just before she left New York her chief called her into his private office:

" Where are you getting your wine? "

" I'm carrying it down in my suitcases."

The man demurred.

" It's safer than getting it through local bootleggers," she insisted.

And carry it she did, packed among raiment in two suit-

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SEVENTEEN]

cases—the ingredients for cocktails, bottles of champagne, and enough fine liqueurs to supply twelve dinner guests. Across four state lines, through New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Maryland, and into the District of Columbia it went safely. In relating the story she added: "But I needn't have bothered, because the day of the dinner three of my guests called me up and each offered to supply any liquor I needed through his club or private bootlegger. Your Washington man takes no chances on sitting down to a dry dinner in a private dining room."

What I saw on my business trips was confirmed during my last vacation, spent cruising in Canadian waters.

The most vivid pictures stamped on my memory are not the fiordlike majesty of the Saguenay, the breathtaking, ineffable beauty of Murray Bay bathed in moonlight, but of women drinking. My countrywomen on the deck or in the salon of the steamer, on hotel terraces or in quaint cafés when we went ashore.

The ship was a British liner, filled with vacationists and pleasure seekers. The women on board outnumbered the men two to one and outclassed them in capacity. Palm room and card room were equipped with bars, tables, and easy-chairs, and were crowded morning, noon, and night. Liquor was also served at table, for profits are higher on liquor than on steamer tickets. The program of the conservative woman drinker ran something like this: Before both lunch and dinner, a cocktail. At table, port, sauterne, Burgundy or Rhine wines, according to inclination. And back in the palm room, a liqueur or cordial with the coffee. A highball as a nightcap closed the day.

But at least fifty per cent of the women did not limit their drinking to mealtime. Various groups foregathered in one lounge or another to play bridge and to drink highballs as early as ten in the morning, as late as twelve at night. But the surprising feature was the fact that comparatively few women showed any ill effects.

NEXT WEEK—

The Rest Must Perish

An absorbing tale of adventure based on Thomas A. Edison's famous "desert question"

By

Philip Wylie

"AH," exclaims the inland reader, "a lot of roistering New Yorkers who went to sea for this express purpose."

No! Eighteen states were represented on the long passenger list, ranging from Maine to Washington, from Louisiana to Wisconsin. They looked and probably were eminently respectable men and women, doubtless of good reputation in their own communities.

There were middle-aged couples and professors from colleges aboard that boat, the associate director of a famous foundation; smart young matrons taking their children, governesses, and maids to Canadian camps or lodges; tired business men with their bridge-playing wives; half a dozen women buyers from as many cities; private secretaries to men who stand high in financial circles; trained nurses, school-teachers, bookkeepers, a woman authority on chemistry; a dozen stenographers who had saved their vacation fund out of a year's earnings; several bond saleswomen and three interior decorators.

Perhaps the lack of romance in their lives drives some economically independent women to drink. But that is another story and leaves us still facing the drinking by wives of the white-collar class—or in the more prosperous groups.

There was Mrs. E— grieving because she could not accept the invitation to act as matron of honor for one of her closest friends. Her husband is the most successful automobile dealer in the suburb where they live, yet she could not afford to buy the frock, hat, and accessories which a wedding attendant requires.

"Hooch. Hooch and bootleggers! That's where Tom's money goes. Not because we drink when we are alone —not because either of us really craves liquor; but because in this man's town you are completely out of everything if you don't drink—and, more important, if you do not serve liquor.

"TWO years ago I paid anywhere from forty-nine fifty to ninety dollars for an evening frock. Now my top price is twelve fifty. With Jersey applejack at thirteen dollars a gallon, the liquor we serve our guests costs more than my clothes, almost as much as our food, more than I used to pay for help."

"Are there many wives like you in Beechmont?"

"I should say so. And how we love Prohibition!"

More mob psychology setting shoddy standards of living.

A successful young salesman in an upstate town took me to inspect his cellar and still. The house is heated with oil, and the space usually occupied by coal bins is filled with racks touching the ceiling. On these, bottles were laid, sidewise as in French wine cellars, hundreds of them, each rack dated. All around us were huge stone jars, kegs, and carboys, all containing wine in different stages of manufacture.

"In my line entertaining is necessary. Five years ago I decided we were paying too much to bootleggers. I learned wine making thoroughly and then the making of cordials. I make good stuff. Our guests are crazy about it. I give wine instead of whisky to customers at Christmas. I have got the cost down to about eighteen and one-half cents a bottle for good claret, and twenty-five cents a pint for excellent cordials. I don't sell a drop, and the law cannot touch me. Until the Prohibition drinking craze passes—if ever—I am going right on. I have wine five years old, and I can snap my fingers at bootleggers."

A force stronger than Prohibition officers and Prohibition fanatics is abroad in the land. It is dissatisfaction with the tribute demanded by bootleggers, the grumbling of women who must deny themselves lovely clothes, luxuries, and leisure to meet the demands of rapacious venders of poor liquor. Women are not yet addicts. They drink to be fashionable. And when they decide that something more desirable shall replace drinking, they will work the miracle which neither laws nor oratory can work. Drinking will become unfashionable. But, until this happens, the life of the bootlegger will be a profitable one and merry. Women make it so.

THE END

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, Liberty Weekly, 220 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.

1—In what state is Natural Bridge?
2—What is fire damp?
3—To what country does Greenland belong?
4—What is opsomania?
5—What Presidents have been recipients of the Nobel Peace Prize?
6—What is the medical meaning of syncope?
7—In what state is Yosemite National Park?
8—What is a female peafowl called?
9—What is the source of "And fools, who came to scoff, remained to pray"?
10—What is a brochure?
11—What does verisimilar mean?
12—What is the annual salary of the Vice President?
13—What is a rhombus?
14—What is a *soirée?*
15—Where is Mandalay?
16—What does coeval mean?
17—Isis and Osiris were gods of what ancient people?
18—Bassanio is a character in what Shakespearean play?
19—What is the common name of the game of draughts?
20—In what states are the Black Hills?

(Answers will be found on page thirty)

DOES EXCITEMENT ACCELERATE YOUR CIGARETTES?

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When life steps up to a thrill-a-minute speed . . . do your cigarettes keep pace with your pulse? That's a great time to find out about Spud's cleaner taste! In these straight-through-the-pack sessions, you'll find Spud's cooler smoke keeps your mouth always moist-cool and clean and comfortable. You'll find you can experience no end of Spud's lusty tobacco fragrance ...and still be mouth-happy. Calm smoker or speed smoker... you ought to discover Spud's cleaner taste... the grand new freedom in old-fashioned tobacco enjoyment!

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THE AXTON-FISHER TOBACCO COMPANY, INC., LOUISVILLE, KY.

THRILLS and TRIANGLES

And a Little of Everything in a Quintet of Pictures

Two Pages of Movie Reviews by

KATE CAMERON

(Reading time: 8 minutes 30 seconds.)

1 star means fairly good.
2 stars, good.
3 stars, excellent.
4 stars, extraordinary.

★ ★ ★ HONOR AMONG LOVERS

CAST

Julia Traynor	Claudette Colbert
Jerry Stafford	Fredric March
Philip Craig	Monroe Owsley
Monty Dunn	Charles Ruggles
Doris Blake	Ginger Rogers
Maybelle Worthington	Avonne Taylor

Produced by Paramount.
Directed by Dorothy Arzner.

THE title of this sophisticated love story is satirical, but the piece itself is not a satire. It is a story of business, love, and dishonor. The first half of it is amusing and light and the balance melodramatic.

It is well directed and creditably acted by Fredric March, Monroe Owsley, and Claudette Colbert. Charles Ruggles staggers in and out of the picture in his inebriatic way and adds much to the fun of the earlier sequences. Ginger Rogers has a small part which she plays very well.

The familiar triangle is given a touch of variety in that the sheep is introduced to us in wolf's clothing and it isn't until the picture is half unreeled that we realize that Jerry Stafford is not only harmless but something of a hero. Monroe Owsley gives a drunken imitation that is as effective as his famous drunk scene in Holiday.

The sets are interesting and Claudette Colbert's clothes are stunning.

Claudette Colbert and Fredric March, who make up two sides of the triangle in Honor Among Lovers.

★ ★ DRACULA

CAST

Count Dracula	Bela Lugosi
Mina Seward	Helen Chandler
John Harker	David Manners
Renfield	Dwight Frye
Dr. Van Helsing	Edward Van Sloan
Dr. Seward	Herbert Bunston
Lucy Weston	Frances Dade
Martin	Charles Gerrard

Produced by Universal.
Directed by Tod Browning.

Bram Stoker's weird tale of a vampire has been made into a movie that may, if you are very susceptible to suggestions of horror, make you shudder and shake.

Bela Lugosi, who created the part of Count Dracula on the stage, impersonates him on the screen and he envelops the character with all the sinister ugliness of the vampire.

Helen Chandler is a lovely and pathetic figure as the innocent victim and David Manners is an attractive but not very active hero.

The photography and the direction help too, as far as they can, to maintain an illusion of horror, but the story is so fantastic that there is very little sense of reality about it. If you believed in the story it would be too horrible to contemplate.

★ ★ THE SEAS BENEATH

CAST

Com. Bob Kingsley	George O'Brien
Anna-Maria von Steuben	Marion Lessing
Lug Kaufman	Warren Hymer
Mugs O'Flaherty	William Collier, Sr.
Chief Mike Costello	Walter C. Kelly
Chief Joe Cobb	Walter McGrail
Lieutenant McGregor	Larry Kent
Ensign Dick Cabot	Gaylord Pendleton
Butch Wagner	Nat Pendleton
Ernst von Steuben	Henry Victor
Franz Schiller	John Loder
Adolph Brucker	Ferd. Schumann-Heink

Produced by Fox.
Directed by John Ford.

An exciting pursuit of a raiding German submarine by a mystery ship commanded by U. S. naval officers furnishes the thrills in this war picture. George O'Brien makes a creditable naval commander and he is ably assisted by a large male cast.

The fight between the German sub-

rances Dade and Bela Lugosi in a shivery scene from Dracula.

marine and the mysterious schooner is interesting and probably authentic, as the director had the help of a naval expert in making the battle sequences. The action takes place in and off Tenerife.

There is a love story that might just as well have been left out, since it adds nothing much of interest to the picture. Marion Lessing, as the German spy, photographs well, but the technique of her acting is not suited to the screen.

This is a picture that will appeal more to men and boys than to feminine fans.

★ THE SOUTHERNER

CAST

Jeffry	Lawrence Tibbett
Antonia	Esther Ralston
Doc	Roland Young
Snipe	Cliff Edwards
Rodman	Purnell B. Pratt
Christine	Hedda Hopper
Mrs. Farraday	Emma Dunn
Hokey	Stepin Fetchit
George	Louis John Bartels
Carter Jerome	Theodore von Eltz

Produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.
Directed by Harry Pollard.

Two authors put this story together, and without having had a peek behind the scenes I have come to the conclusion that this was no happy collaboration. Miss Meredyth evidently held out for her own line and Mr. Root for his, so that the story wanders in several directions and never seems to be going anywhere in particular.

It opens on a domestic drama, the usual triangle theme, but before you can settle down to shedding an emotional tear over the misunderstood wife the story suddenly blossoms into a comedy, and a slapstick one at that. Lawrence Tibbett and Emma Dunn, as mother and son, indulge in some horseplay that you would never expect from either of them, and before you are quite used to this, the triangle again appears, and later is distorted into a quadrangle, leaving you precisely nowhere in your calculations.

Since Lawrence Tibbett is the star, there must be music. His glorious voice is not denied us, although the songs are awkwardly introduced. There are several varieties of synthetic southern accents. Only the Negroes seem to be in their native element.

Dorothy Mackaill in Bright Lights.

★ BRIGHT LIGHTS

CAST

Louanne	Dorothy Mackaill
Wally Dean	Frank Fay
Miguel Parada	Noah Beery
Windy Jones	Eddie Nugent
Peggy North	Inez Courtney
Mame Avery	Daphne Pollard
Tom Avery	Tom Dugan

Produced by Warner Brothers.
Directed by Michael Curtiz.

A story of back-stage love that is slightly reminiscent of Burlesque furnishes the theme for this photoplay. It is done in Technicolor, which process seems to be losing favor with the producers, as fewer and fewer colored pictures are being released these days. The story lacks originality and no one in the cast makes much of an effort to give a good performance. It is on the whole a mediocre production.

Do you know that—

Greta Nissen, who will play the leading feminine rôle in Women of All Nations, is noted for her smart wardrobe on and off the screen, and her mother designs and makes all her clothes? . . . Adolphe Menjou has been assigned to the rôle of the managing editor in the forthcoming release of The Front Page? This is the rôle that the late Louis Wolheim was working on when he was stricken. He had just completed a featured part in Gentlemen's Fate and was scheduled to appear in Scarface, an original story by Ben Hecht, work upon which had not yet been started. The screen has lost a fine actor.

Four- and three-star pictures of the past month

★★★★—City Lights.

★★★—Trader Horn, Rango, Stolen Heaven, Cimarron, Fighting Caravans, Illicit.

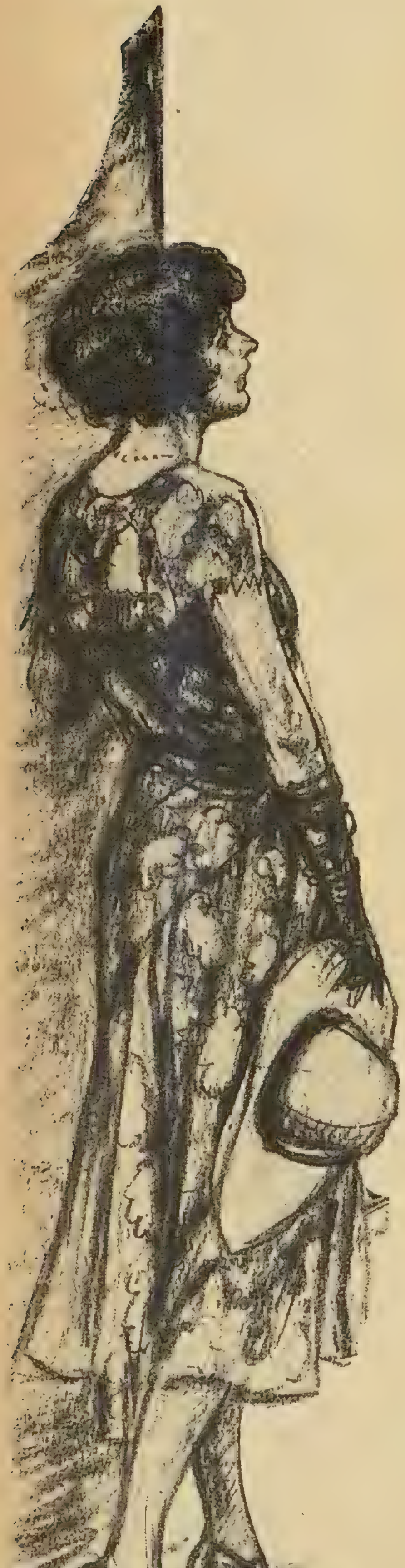
George O'Brien and Marion Lessing in The Seas Beneath.

Money Ma

The Story of a Girl's Gamble for Happiness

By REX BEACH

Pictures by ARTHUR D. FULLER



"It's beautiful!" Florida murmured. "How can you bear to leave such a paradise?"

(Reading time: 26 minutes 15 seconds.)

THIS is the story of beautiful Florida Morgan. One day, while fishing together, she and her father rescued a flyer forced to land in the sea. She told the stranger she was a rumrunner's daughter. He introduced himself as Falconer, made irresistible love to Florida, and then disappeared, leaving money for her. Further humiliation awaited her at home. Her father was vice president of a bank of which the father of her fiancé, Tom Clairborne, was president. The bank failed disastrously. You can begin here and still understand what follows.

PART FOUR—A FORLORN HOPE

JUDGING by the trend of current literature, there seems to be a general belief that the sex impulse is man's dominant emotion, his strongest motivating force. But fashions in fiction are often as frivolous and as unsound as styles in dress.

As a matter of fact, love, hatred, revenge, ambition, the sex urge, even religious faiths, are of light weight when balanced against avarice. The common man's greed, his love of money and his respect for its importance, rules him at the expense of his physical appetites and his spiritual yearnings. Otherwise he would soon convict himself of decadence.

Henry Morgan had enjoyed a very great personal popularity among his friends and neighbors; they had loved him as much for his shortcomings as for his virtues. They had called him generous, approachable, human, and he had counted the praise well earned.

It surprised and it dismayed him to discover how quickly those friends fell away and how bitterly he was blamed for the very qualities they had admired in him. He was too easy-going for a banker. He was soft-boiled, weak-willed, and anybody could work on his sympathies. He was a poor judge of character, he stuck to his worthless friends and they always imposed upon him. He was a poker player, too, a born gambler. A fine person to occupy a position of trust. Remarks like these got back to him and he winced.

"It looks like people think I made a good fellow of myself just to get their money into the bank," he told Florida a week or so after the collapse.

"Nonsense! Nobody questions your honesty," she asserted.

"Honesty alone is mighty poor capital for a banker. He's got to have sense—money sense. Of course they don't all have it—a lot of successful bankers carry their honesty in their wives' names and get by with a good bookkeeper. That's what's wrong with the business. The banking laws should be framed to exclude incompetents like me."

"Pappy! You're not incompetent."

"Trouble with me is I never could look on a bank as a money-making enterprise, the same as a grocery or a meat market or a—a race track. It always seemed to me like they were mere depositories, guardians of the public wealth, and that they should be compelled to keep it safe."

"Why—naturally."

Morgan shook his gray head. "You're as simple as I used to be. A bank is just a store. Its aim is to pay profits to the owners and it does so by selling the money of its customers. It's the softest business in the world, for it carries no stock on its shelves and it operates entirely on the other fellow's capital. People think it's run on a small margin of profit—three or four per cent. As a matter of fact, the standard bank profit is a hundred per cent, for it pays four per cent for its money and sells it for eight—that being the legal rate down here. Suppose a customer wants to borrow ten thousand dollars. His average balance must be two thousand dollars to entitle him to such a loan and of course the bank gets its steady rental on the deposit itself; but it doesn't pay him ten thousand dollars. It deducts eight per cent in advance and keeps that sum at work for its own account.

"Properly managed, a bank's profits pile up like a wet snowball, and if the insiders make no mistakes it becomes known as a good bank. If they're obliging and neighborly it busts. I married Babaloo's stock in the Merchants and Growers,

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-FOUR]

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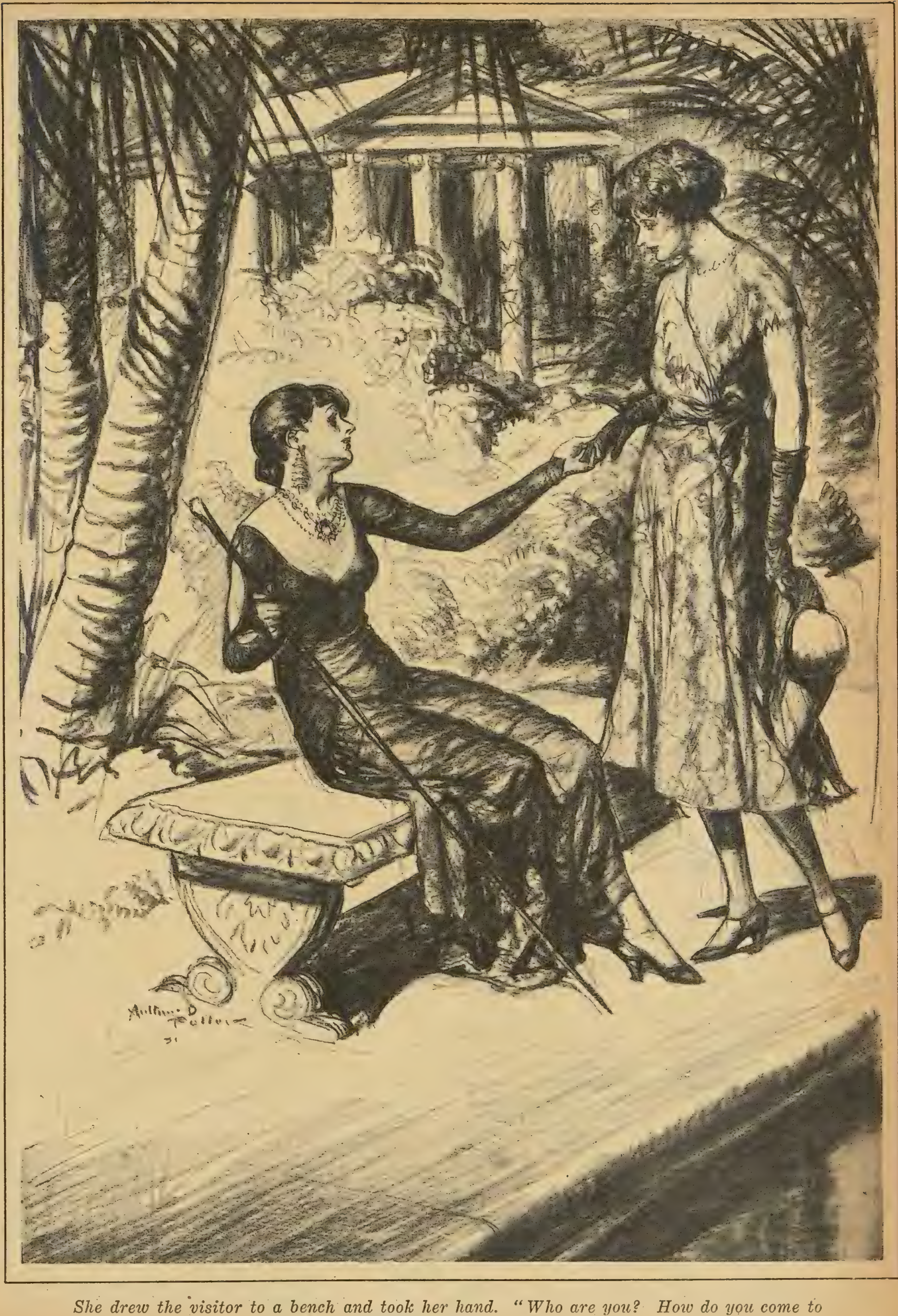
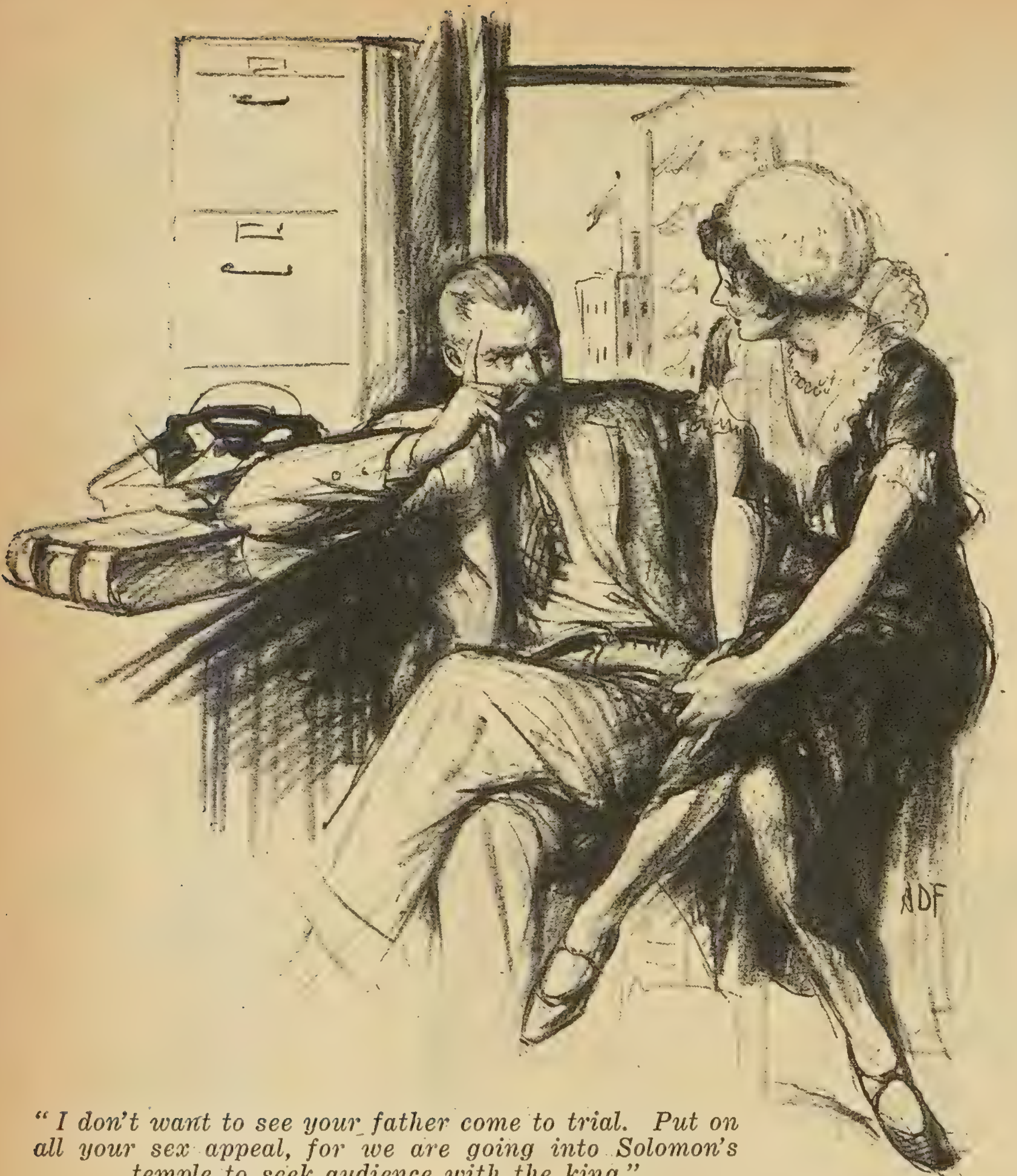

Arthur D. Fuller '31

She drew the visitor to a bench and took her hand. "Who are you? How do you come to be here? Why have I never seen you?"



" I don't want to see your father come to trial. Put on all your sex appeal, for we are going into Solomon's temple to seek audience with the king."

MONEY MAD
Continued from page twenty-two

and when I finally got the theory of banking operations into my thick skull I let Claiborne and the others run things. I made a rubber stamp of myself. That's why I find it so hard to make heads or tails out of the present situation."

" Surely the bank is solvent? "

" Who knows? Figures mean a lot to Fletcher and Tom; to me they're just things to juggle with. Some people can keep three or four balls in the air at a time. I can't."

" But—where did the money go to? Surely it wasn't spent or stolen."

" I KEEP telling you," Morgan asserted, " that in a bank you don't deal with real dollars; you handle figures, and figures are the dirtiest liars in the world. There must be something mighty wrong with a financial system that has permitted over five thousand bank failures in the last nine years. That's what we've suffered in this country—more than five hundred failures a year on the average. About fifty a month. And those busted banks had almost two billion dollars in deposits. Dissipated. Swept away. Lost. Mismanagement, or bad guessing, or dishonesty caused it.

" If the fault doesn't lie in our banking system, then the laws are to blame. How you going to estimate the misery, the hardships, the despair involved? It can't be done, for it was mostly poor people who owned that two billion. The whole thing is rotten."

" Is all our money tied up in those shares of Babaloo's? "

" It might as well be. Somebody was smart enough to fix a double liability on bank stocks. I reckon the bankers let it pass so as to scare off the public."

" It's all very bewildering. I wish I knew something about business so I could help—"

" If I'd had my way you would have known, but Babaloo wouldn't listen to your learning anything useful. The idea of a granddaughter of General Fairfax Craig—"

" Of the Confederate Army."

"—engaging herself in anything except wedlock. Well, it scandalized her. I don't know but she's right, at that. Marriage is probably as much a business as banking. . . . Have you returned that money of Falconer's? "

Florida shook her head. " He's unknown in Palm Beach. Tom is trying to locate him in New York. I'm beginning to think it was an assumed name."

Morgan sighed. " My! Looking back it seems a long while since we were out in the Stream together. Maybe one of these days Baldy and I will have to go to guiding for a living. It's where I belong."

" Don't be silly! " Florida drew her father's face down and kissed it. " You're blue and we're in a bad squall, but we'll make land."

" I hope so, honey, but—the glass is mighty low."

THOSE weeks during which the investigators were at work on the bank's books were the most trying that Florida Morgan ever had experienced. Her closest friends were furious at her for not warning them of the impending calamity, and those less intimate made her feel that, as Henry Morgan's daughter, she shared in the general wrath provoked by any and everybody even remotely connected with the unfortunate Merchants and Growers. People ceased coming to the house; the Morgans were not invited out; social enemies openly snubbed mother and daughter, which was a unique experience for both.

Babaloo did not stand up well under the strain and, being childishly ignorant of practical affairs, she was, of course, the more voluble in denouncing her husband's incompetence. It took her some time to grasp the incredible fact that the family fortune—her fortune—was actually in jeopardy, and thereafter she could find little else to talk about. Morgan endured her reproaches with a patience that excited Florida's sympathy and induced her to maintain a show of optimism not wholly genuine. She began to hear rumors that the bank examiners were uncovering records of questionable transactions, and those worried her far more than the threat of bankruptcy which so thoroughly appalled Babaloo.

The widespread impatience at delay was reflected in the newspapers, which clamored for action and continued to hint at disclosures that would wreck the reputations of more than one prominent citizen. Under the circumstances, Florida felt much as if she were living over a mine.

The explosion came when the grand jury indicted Fletcher Claiborne, Henry Morgan, and three other officials of the Merchants and Growers.

Babaloo took to her bed, for once with something like a genuine heart attack. Dismay, apprehension, shame had indeed depressed that healthy organ until it acted erratically. She prophesied that she would die from the humiliation. Florida was more angered than alarmed at the reflection upon her father's honesty, every atom of her loyalty was quickened, and the violence of her indignation proved quite a comfort to him.

He tried to tell her something about the charges against him, but he made rather poor work of it, due, no doubt, to the fact that he was more than a little confused by them and that the transactions under fire were not only complicated but also more than a little vague in his mind.

It seemed that he had acted as an officer in certain companies organized for various purposes: there were land companies, a cattle company, a real estate holding company. He had lent them his name, he had served as a figurehead, and had taken little heed of their affairs. As a matter of fact, he had done about as Fletcher Claiborne and the others in the bank had instructed him to do, and had never bothered about details. This trouble had something to do with them—Florida wouldn't understand if he told her, and anyhow it made his head ache to think about it.

IN an effort to obtain a clearer understanding of the situation she went to Joe Coates and demanded elucidation.

The paper of those companies, he told her, had been substituted at the bank for certain personal notes of the stockholders, some of whom were directors in the Merchants and Growers. Those obligations, alleged now to be worthless, had found their way into the bank's secondary reserve in place of gilt-edged securities. Doubtless the shrinkage in values of those obligations was due to the deflation since the boom, but the result had been to bleed the bank white—or so the examiner alleged.

"The trouble is your dad always accommodated himself to the wishes of others," Coates declared. "His head is as good as Fletcher Claiborne's, but he never used it in money matters."

"Fletcher was indicted, too."

"Sure. But he hasn't been convicted and never will be. His ways are devious. He crosses his own trail so often that his tail light blinds him. He claims he never figured in those subsidiary companies—"

"Why, they were his own ideas! Pappy says so."

"Well, he was smart enough to let other fingers rake his chestnuts out of the fire. It is merely a part of the banking game, Florrie, and all the expert accountants in the country will never uncover the true facts back of the Merchants and Growers failure! One thing sure, if the people of Claiborne knew that your father all but broke himself to save the bank they wouldn't feel quite so bitter at him."

"Did he do that?"

"He scraped up every dollar he could raise and dumped it in the very day before the bank closed. Sometimes I'm ashamed of my own suspicions, but—it looks to me as if somebody had used him deliberately

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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This new treatment is based on sound medical practice. Corrects disappointing errors of old-style method. Amazing beautifying results tested and proven by 789 skin examinations recently made in New York clinic.

What you get

1—"NEW FACES FOR OLD" . . . 100-page book published by Covici, Friede Inc. Gives great dermatologist's own directions for care of each skin type as given to women at New York clinic. Answers all beauty problems on highest medical authority. Chapter headings includes: "How to clear up blackheads," "What will make large pores fine?", etc. Special edition of this $1.00 book yours for 50¢ while offer lasts.

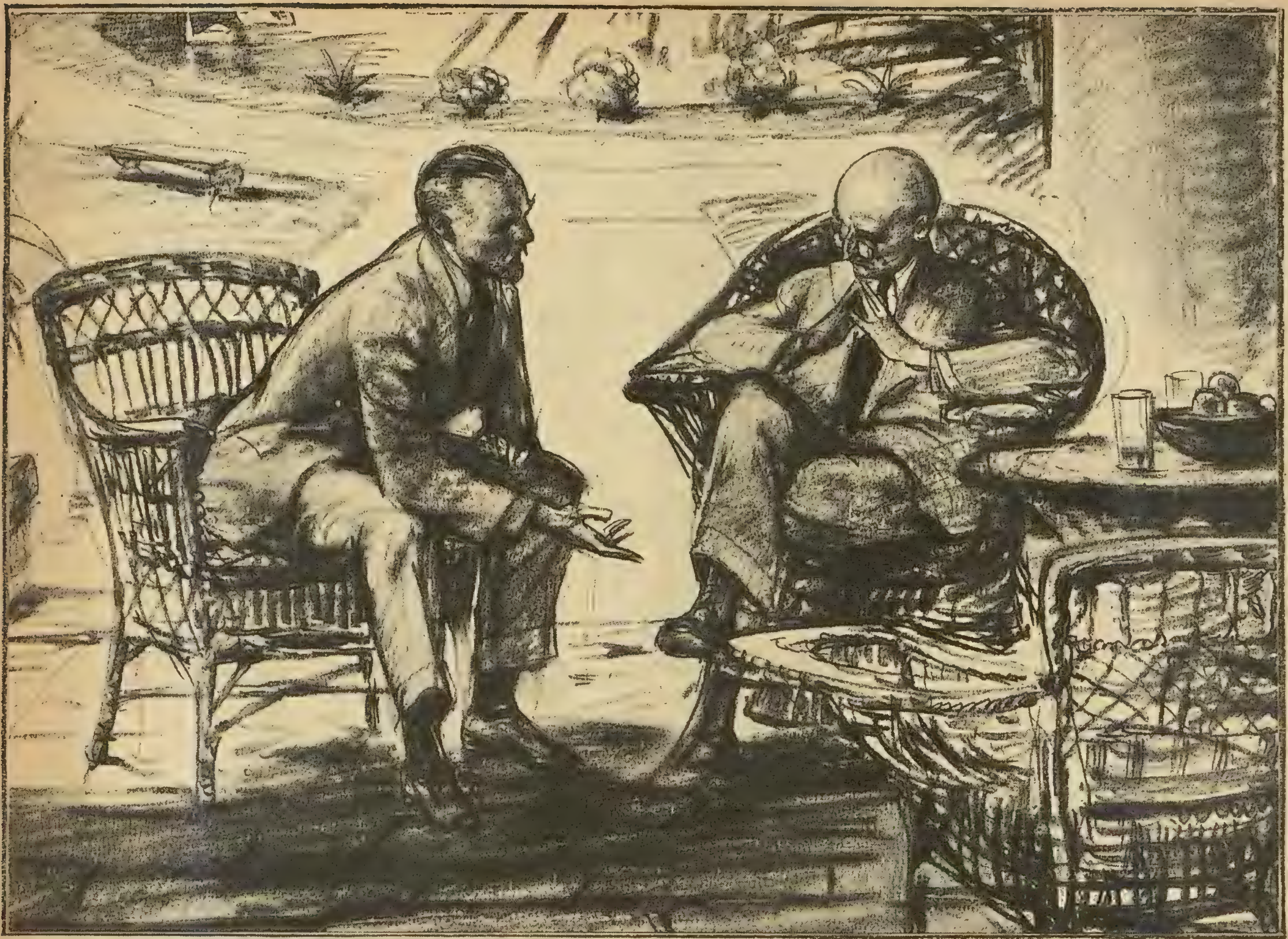
2—AMBROSIA, the pore-deep liquid cleanser. Pure, sunlit liquid created for Empress Eugenie of France. Washes away all dirt, acts as an antiseptic tonic. Follow doctor's directions for use and see skin glow with refreshed loveliness. Quick, convenient to use. Get new size $1.00 bottle in offer.

3—AMBROSIA CREAM, lubricates, enriches, makes dry skin smooth. This white, colloidal fluid consists of blend essentially the same as natural skin oil. Oil particles in Ambrosia Cream are 5 times finer than cream particles in milk. Thus it penetrates, making skin smooth as baby's cheek. Absolute 8-hour softening effect on dry skin. $1.00 bottle FREE with purchase of offer above.

4—AMBROSIA TIGHTENER. Perfected according to doctor's own formula, this aromatic purple liquid closes large pores, makes oily skin normal, tones flabby skin. For quick results read doctors' own directions for use in "New Faces for Old." $1.00 bottle of Tightener FREE with purchase of Ambrosia offer. Copyright 1931, Hinze Ambrosia, Inc.

Offer limited—obtain at once

Only a limited number of packages of this new medically-approved beauty treatment can be sold at introductory price of $1.50. Your dealer has six. Make sure you get one. Ask at nearest drug or department store today! Hinze Ambrosia, Inc., 114 Fifth Ave., N.Y. • 69 York St., Toronto, Can.



" You boast that no client ever suffered loss through an investment recommended by you. If Claiborne defaults, either you will lose that reputation or—"

MONEY MAD
Continued from page twenty-five

for years in such a way as to save their own skins in case trouble developed."

There was a moment of silence before Florida said, " That's pretty bad news for a girl who is engaged to marry the son of that ' somebody.' "

" I haven't accused Fletcher Claiborne, nor anybody else," Coates asserted. " Tom doesn't figure in this."

" Could you use a good stenographer? "

" Sure. Do you know one? "

" I know a girl who could become one. It looks as if she'd have to go to work."

Coates frowned and drummed his fingers on his desk. " I've been trying to think of a way to put the Merchants and Growers back on its feet and to save something out of the wreck. There's one man in Florida who could do it if he would. He could save this city a great loss, and with public sentiment soothed there would be less clamor for an ' example.' Florrie, will you drive me down to Palm Beach tomorrow? "

" Why, certainly."

" It's a forlorn hope, but, frankly, I don't want to see your father come to trial with public sentiment as it is. Wear your handsomest frock, look your prettiest, and put on all your sex appeal, for we are going into Solomon's temple to seek audience with the king."

" What king? "

" Solomon, himself, my dear. Solomon Worth of Wall and Broad streets."

" Good Lord! " exclaimed Florida.

II

THE Worth estate was by far the costliest in Palm Beach, and, inasmuch as the owner enjoyed the reputation of invariably receiving full value for his money, people called it the finest. The house was famous for its beauty and the extravagance of its appointments, the grounds were spacious and they had been converted into a tropical paradise: landscape architects had created a magnificent botanical garden which included the rarest trees and the most exotic plants.

In midseason the place was a scene of more than ordinary social activity. There were dinner parties, bathing parties, both on the beach and in the Pompeian swimming pool, dances in the ballroom, on the colonnade, or under the palms, as the weather dictated; costume parties and entertainments of various sorts. Usually there were a number of house guests, for Mrs. Wilmer Worth, daughter-in-law of Solomon Worth, had an enormous circle of acquaintances and she was the most restless member of society's midwinter carnival.

The elder Worth, " King Solomon " as he was known on the Street, took a keen pride in her social triumphs, a pardonable weakness, be it said, in a man who had come to America by way of the steerage, and although he avoided participation in those activities he nevertheless enthusiastically abetted them. This was in line with his early desire to become thoroughly Americanized and to completely dissolve himself into the social life and customs of his adopted land.

He had not been born Solomon Worth: he had stepped off that immigrant ship bearing a Polish name too long, too heavily loaded with *c*s and *z*s and *k*s for any American tongue to wrestle with. He had discovered, as a matter of fact, that these Americans could not master the spelling of a name as simple even as that of his birthplace, Przemysl, so he had changed his. That change was on record, of course, in the various Who's Whos, and the new name he had selected carefully.

Worth struck him as a good word: it stood for honesty, stability, something to strive for, and Solomon was the one Biblical character which he most admired. Time had proven it to be a happy combination and fifty years of success had made it famous.

Mr. Worth had built this Palm Beach palace for his wife a year before her death and he considered it his Taj Mahal, a monument to the loveliest woman in the world. She had occupied it only briefly, and in the blackness of his grief at losing her he had vowed never to set foot in it again. Then his son had brought home from Europe a titled bride in whose face and figure Worth recognized a beauty superior to that which he mourned and in whose accomplished person he saw a woman preeminently fitted to grace this mansion as its mistress. Promptly he had given the place to the young couple and now he visited them when his leisure permitted.

He had never quite accustomed himself to that marriage of Wilmer's. Always he experienced a feeling of wonderment at thought of a Worth, a son of his, married to a member of the Polish nobility. Sometimes he shrugged and told himself it merely showed what America can do for her adopted children. What a country! How well it had served him.

He had been in Palm Beach more than a month now and the papers announced that he was resting, a statement which amused the members of his personal retinue, every one of whom was worn to the bone by the labors of conducting a hundred important enterprises over the long-distance telephone.

MR. COATES had arranged an appointment with the financier. While he and Florida waited to be announced he ran an eye over the enormous living room where they sat, then quoted, " 'And the house which King Solomon built, the length thereof was threescore cubits, and the height thereof thirty cubits.' "

Florida smiled and repeated, " 'The whole house he overlaid with gold.' I presume the beams under that Tiffany plaster are cedars of Lebanon. I'm looking for the ten golden candlesticks and the altar of brass."

With a glance at the high, painted ceiling she said, "I'd love to lay off my things, but I don't dare."

"No?"

"It might cloud up and rain."

Coates chuckled. "I hope that butler blazed a trail out. If he didn't he'll never find his way back."

"I've been lost in bigger places. We can shoot a couple of times and they'll locate us."

"Lord! How this house reeks of money. But it has been photographed so much that I feel almost at home in it."

"I'll bet that's more than Mr. Worth does."

"True enough. I wonder how many rich people know what that homy feeling is."

"Mighty few, I bet. Maybe it's one of the compensations of poverty. You're sure we won't be thrown out?"

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Your very health depends on this!

THE poisons of constipation are as real as any poisons put up in bottles!

So when Nature fails, the prompt aid of a good laxative is essential to the maintenance of good health.

But which laxative? That's the question.

Doctors Know All About Ex-Lax

Doctors have very definite ideas about laxatives. The ideal laxative, physicians say, is the one that most closely approximates Nature's own way of moving the bowels. And that's Ex-Lax!

Ex-Lax acts by gently stimulating the bowels to action—naturally but surely.

Ex-Lax merely stimulates the muscular contractions which cause the emptying of the bowels. It doesn't force. It doesn't irritate. It doesn't gripe.

* * *

THE Ex-Lax formula combines delicious chocolate with the well known scientific laxative, phenolphthalein, of the right quality, in the right dose. It provides this favorite laxative ingredient of the medical profession in its most pleasant and effective form.

Ex-Lax melts in the mouth, releasing the phenolphthalein gradually—important from a medical standpoint for perfect results.

Why experiment?

IF you haven't used Ex-Lax, you haven't tried the most popular laxative of which 26 million boxes were sold last year!

Try it tonight—you'll be delighted with the results. Equally effective for young and old. In 10c, 25c and 50c sizes—at your druggist's. Or send for a free sample with the coupon below.

FREE SAMPLE COUPON
The Ex-Lax Company, Dept. L341
P. O. Box 170, Times Plaza Station
Brooklyn, N. Y.
Kindly send me the free sample of Ex-Lax.
Name..
Address..
City..State..................

Keep "regular" with
EX-LAX
—an exclusive formula of phenolphthalein and delicious chocolate—*forming the perfect laxative*

Membership open in the Exit-Dandruff Club

DON'T tolerate dandruff! It is not only a nuisance, but an actual menace to the healthy growth of your hair. A tight, clogged scalp aggravates dandruff—but men who follow the "Vaseline" Hair Tonic treatment are seldom bothered by it, and certainly no precaution could be simpler. Try this routine for perfect scalp health.

First, apply "Vaseline" Hair Tonic directly on the scalp. Second, wrap a towel that has been wrung out in hot water, around the head for a few minutes. Third, remove the towel and with the tips of the fingers massage the entire head firmly, working from the neck and temples up to the crown. Fourth, conclude the treatment with a shampoo. And, most important of all, do this *every week* regularly. It's a positive benefit to the scalp, stimulates the growth of the hair and helps prevent or eliminate dandruff.

Vaseline HAIR TONIC
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Vaseline
HAIR
TONIC

The nearest druggist sells "Vaseline" Hair Tonic. Two sizes of shaker top bottles. This is a product of the Chesebrough Manufacturing Company, Cons'd., 17 State Street, New York, N.Y.

© Chesebrough Mfg. Co., Cons'd., 1931

MONEY MAD
Continued from page twenty-seven

"There's no danger of that, Miss Morgan." The words were spoken in a pleasant, guttural voice. Florida turned to see a small, stoop-shouldered man advancing through the door. He was dark, his skin was sallow, he was frail and unimpressive in appearance. She had expected to meet in this financial giant a man of stature, of force, of vitality, instead of which here was an inconspicuous little old man with a wavering, diffident smile.

Cordially he shook Coates' hand, then to Florida he said, "'Compensations of poverty,' eh? Youth and health and beauty are a fortune in themselves. . . . Don't let's talk here. I've come a long way to enjoy your sunshine and I have a favorite porch— Do you mind?"

"Excellent," said Coates. "We were trying to quote Scripture just now. It was on Solomon's porch where many signs and wonders were wrought."

Worth laughed. "The Bible says, too, that Solomon was noted in early life for the excellence of his character, but in his latter days he was led into idolatry and other sins. Well, I bow to a golden idol: when in Palm Beach I worship the sun. I can see by your cheeks that you do the same, Miss Morgan."

Chatting pleasantly the speaker led his callers down a splendid hall and out upon a terrace overlooking a sunken garden ablaze with color. A hundred varieties of flowers were in bloom, the place was warm and yet partially shaded: splendid tree ferns with lacy tops reared trunks twenty feet or more in height, graceful fishtail palms rose like the jets from hidden fountains, the spray of which had been turned by some enchantment into living, quivering green.

"I try to do most of my work out here where it is quiet," Worth explained. "I know very little about flowers, but I have an eye for color."

"It's beautiful!" Florida murmured. "How can you bear to leave such a paradise?"

"I carry it in my mind, and on cold, gloomy days in the north I think of it. Please sit down. Mr. Coates told me something over the telephone about the unfortunate condition of affairs in Claiborne. I'm distressed, for I have large interests down here, but—how can I be of help?"

"That's for you to determine after you learn the facts," the attorney responded. "Professionally I represent a client, Florrie's father, who is involved; unprofessionally I'm an emissary of the citizens of our city. A self-appointed emissary. Anything that helps them will relieve him. I brought this charming girl along in the hope that her youth and her loveliness might challenge your interest in case my persuasiveness failed."

AGAIN Worth smiled. With his eyes resting on Florida he said, "I can think of nothing more agreeable than to listen to you while I look at her. If I were a young man I'm afraid my attention would wander and I'd find myself incapable of rendering a dispassionate judgment. What a pity that age makes us heartless."

"Experience has taught me to be direct," Coates declared. "I like the newspaper way of summarizing the facts first and then elaborating them. We're in a bad way, financially, at Claiborne. Florida's father has been indicted and I don't want to have him stand trial with public sentiment what it is. The only way I see to assure him an honest trial is to cure that public prejudice by relieving the banking situation. You're the only man who can do that. I trust you will." There was a moment of silence. "You probably know all about our calamity—"

"Naturally, since it involves several issues of bonds which I put out."

"Well, every bank in our county is closed. With our funds frozen tight, and our citizens in a panic, how are we going to meet the interest on those bonds?"

"That's a question for you to answer, not me. The situation, unfortunately, isn't peculiar to Claiborne. Florida is passing through a crisis: this is her bath of tears."

"Your house stands behind its issues, Mr. Worth. You boast that no client ever suffered loss through an investment recommended by you. If Claiborne defaults, either you will lose that reputation or—"

Worth raised an admonitory hand. "Claiborne can't afford to default in its interest."

"She may have to."

Solomon Worth was no longer the affable host: he was the austere, impersonal, and inexorable money lender. His eyes, as hard now as agate, his thin lips, his high-arched overly prominent nose lent him a hawklike appearance.

"That's the invariable plea when a community finds itself in difficulties. Always it attempts to shift its burdens upon those whose money has gone to build it up. Citizens who would die to protect the virtue of their women are ready at a moment's notice to part with their collective honor. They borrow from strangers and pledge their belongings. They squander the money, then repudiate the indebtedness. Money is more than a possession. It's a force, a power, governed by definite, immutable laws which cannot be tampered with.

"There is something more vital than the prosperity of any city, more important than the suffering of individuals: it is the honest and orderly conduct of financial affairs; the perfect balance of the dollar-weighing machine. Our politics are corrupt, but, thank heaven, our business—big business—is sound. It is all that holds us together as a great and a prosperous nation. Florida had her fling, now she must pay the fiddler. If I take this girl to dine," he gestured toward his younger caller, "I must foot the bill."

"IS it quite fair to blame her for everything she's suffering?" Florida inquired. When Worth turned quickly, she said, "I don't mean to interrupt, but—I made up a sort of story about this state, about a lovely young country girl. You see, I was born here and I lived through the boom. This girl never dreamed she was pretty until strangers came and began to flatter her. They told her how fair she was, they bought her expensive things, they turned her poor simple head. She grew a little vain and a little extravagant. She had to have dresses as fine as the jewelry that had been given her, so she opened a charge account. A good many girls have done that, Mr. Worth. Rivals grew jealous of Florida. They said horrid things, her lovers abandoned her, and she found herself terribly in debt. There's more to the story, but I dare say it sounds silly."

"Not at all. It's pretty. You have imagination," Worth asserted. "You want me to guarantee the account of this unwise young beauty, eh? How would that affect you, miss? Have you gone in debt, too?"

"I don't know just what Uncle Joe has in mind. I promise I won't say another word."

"Don't think that Florrie's suitors have abandoned her," Coates asserted with a laugh. "It would take more than a panic to drive them away. Mr. Morgan is vice president of the Merchants and Growers and he's about our best and straightest citizen, but he's no more a banker than you are a steeple jack. He and four others have been indicted—"

"Indictments mean nothing. Your banking laws are liberal. No banker is ever convicted in Florida."

"Unfortunately our people are inflamed. Bankers are poison to them. I'm convinced that he was used as a cat's-paw and may be made the scapegoat for—"

Irritably Worth exclaimed, "There you have it! You declare he's no banker. The outrageous, the criminal weakness of our banking system is that incompetents are permitted to engage in it. You lawyers must undergo training, doctors must study medicine, an aviator must learn to fly, even a chauffeur must know something about a car before he is licensed to smash it up and kill somebody, but anybody may become a banker. . . . Let's get down to details. I'm a Shylock. I deal in money. My enemies claim I have no heart. You must have some constructive plan. Let's divest ourselves of sentiment and discuss it."

Some ten minutes later, while the men were deep in a discussion which Florida could not follow, she rose unobtrusively and descended into the garden. Mr. Worth

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

1 Cut for Pipes Only

2 Made by Wellman's Method . . . an 1870 Tobacco Secret

3 Big Flakes that Burn Slow and Cool

4 Sweet to the End No Soggy Heel

"Gloomy care and fear
Vanish from our track, oh!
Fade and disappear—
Banished by tobacco."—ANON.

. . . no end of reasons for Granger!

A COOLER smoke . . . a drier pipe . . . the sweetest, mellowest tobacco that ever packed a briar.

Try it for yourself: Load your pipe on the "installment plan;" pack the big shaggy flakes tight; light evenly, all around; draw deep of that full rich fragrance.

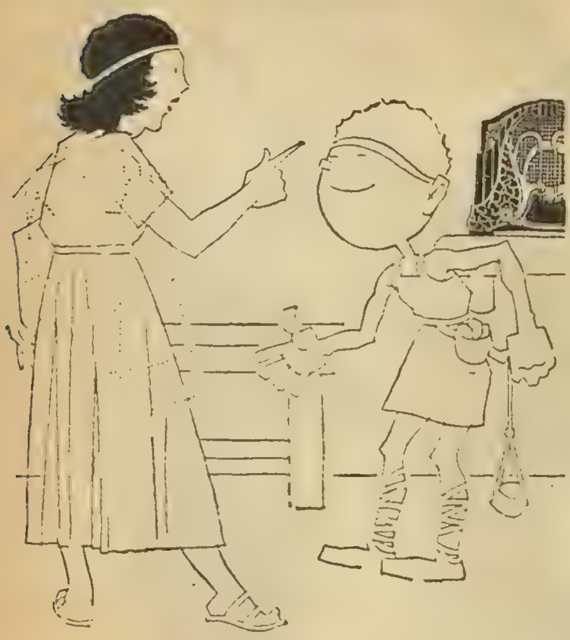
Smokers, that's a *smoke*—pipe tobacco, gentlemen, that *IS* pipe tobacco!

LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.

GRANGER
ROUGH CUT

A COOLER SMOKE AND A DRIER PIPE

Famous Anachronisms No. 2

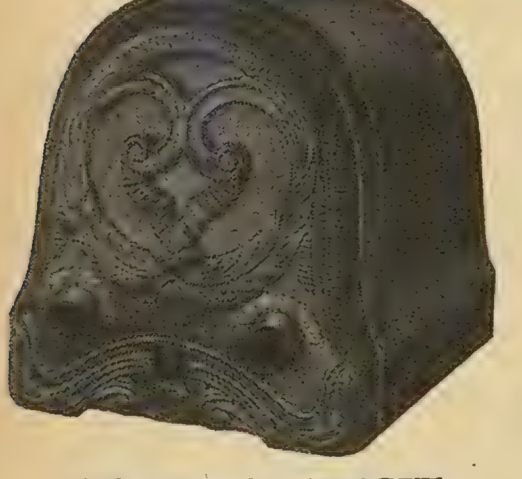


Mother to David:

"I know you killed Goliath . . .

***I was there with a* CROSLEY!"**

WHEN David came home with an additional three inches chest expansion after the big bout his mother immediately took him down. "I know just how you did it, Davy darling," said mama. "A toe-hold, an airplane slam, and you had him . . . just like that. Remarkable, son, but still more remarkable the radio account of the fight from that great distance."



The Crosley WIGIT

Now comes the sensational CROSLEY WIGIT — a small-sized, low-priced, super-performing radio receiver readily adaptable as a personal radio set for every member of the family and capable of bringing in distant stations in a sensational way. It incorporates THREE Screen Grid tubes, Neutrodyne circuit, electro power speaker and Mershon condenser. The one-piece cabinet is of Crosley Repwood "B". The sensationally low price is especially enticing.

$39.75
Complete with tubes

THE CROSLEY RADIO CORPORATION
Home of "*the Nation's Station*"—WLW
Powel Crosley, Jr., *President* Cincinnati

YOU'RE *THERE* WITH A CROSLEY
CROSLEY RADIO

MONEY MAD
Continued from page twenty-nine

called after her: "Please do me the honor to make yourself thoroughly at home, miss. The greenhouses are worth seeing and so is the plunge. There's nobody here except my son's wife, for he's out sailfishing. You would look lovely with an armful of roses. Pick anything you see and if, by any chance, you run across a young woman almost, if not quite, as pretty as yourself, it will be my daughter-in-law."

Florida thanked him. "I'm sure I'd know her from her pictures. If she scolds me—"

"She won't. She's charming."

It was nice of the great man to treat a casual stranger so courteously, the girl reflected. What an air he had for a person who had raised himself from the depths by his own boot straps, and how considerate he could be in spite of his preoccupations. She had expected to encounter a cold, well oiled adding machine, incased in nickel and glass, instead of which she had met a gentle, thoughtful old Arab with the deep forehead of a professor and the wistful eyes of a poet.

The trip so far had been worth while and she would have something to talk about. There was even the possibility that she might encounter that stormy petrel, Mrs. Wilmer Worth, Countess Wanda Something-or-other Saniecka.

From the farther end of the flower garden steps ran down to a lawn smoothly carpeted with centipede grass and formally planted with fine trees; beyond it, shimmering between the smoothly turned trunks of a royal-palm grove, were the waters of the swimming pool. They reflected the snowy columns of an exquisite little white temple overgrown with exuberant flame vines. Thither Florida was drawn.

SHE regretted her curiosity a moment later when she felt rather than saw that she had trespassed upon somebody's privacy. She moved to withdraw herself as unobtrusively as possible, when an imperious voice called to her: "Stand still! Don't move!"

"I'm sorry!" the girl hastily exclaimed. "I didn't see—"

"Wait! Wait! Don't speak," the voice commanded.

From somewhere stepped a slim woman who moved languidly and with a peculiar sinuous grace. She was like some fanciful figure typifying midnight, for her hair, her eyes, her brows were black and so was the gown which clung to her in artful lines. She carried a long, polished ebony staff which she used for all the world like some stage character in a musical play. She was intensely "foreign"; quite startling, in fact; and simultaneously with her first embarrassment Florida recognized her as the mistress of this estate.

Mrs. Worth advanced and took a position before the interloper. She half closed her eyes. She tilted her head and her extended arm rested its weight upon the slender staff. That pose, that scrutiny disconcerted Florida until the speaker nodded and smiled approvingly.

"YOU are a part of that flame vine. The red of your hair almost puts it to shame. I have an eye for harmonies. I'm an artist, see?"

"I was afraid you were angry." Florida drew a breath of relief. "Please pardon me. Mr. Worth urged me to—"

"Where did you find that brown in your cheeks and on your throat? You're like a sunburned boy—some slim Greek slave in the service of this temple. That thought came to me and I cried out for fear you would vanish. You're entrancing, my dear, but your arms, your legs should be bare; you should be nude to make the picture perfect."

There was an awkward pause while the countess—Florida remembered reading in some column of Palm Beach gossip that Mrs. Wilmer Worth insisted upon being so called—continued her embarrassing scrutiny.

"Exquisite! A perfect little pagan!" The speaker nodded and opened her eyes wider, then in a conversational tone she went on, "You are saying, 'What an eccentric!' Well, yes. Everybody will tell you I'm eccentric. For one thing, I worship beauty. Always I hunger for harmony of coloring and perfection of line. You have—everything, and I'm fascinated. A lovely face, a symmetrical body affect me like music, poetry, wine. Come! Sit down."

She drew the visitor to a bench and took her hand. "Who are you? How do you come to be here? Why have I never seen you?"

As the story unfolds in next week's installment you'll learn more about the exotic Mrs. Worth, who is destined to change the course of Florida Morgan's life.

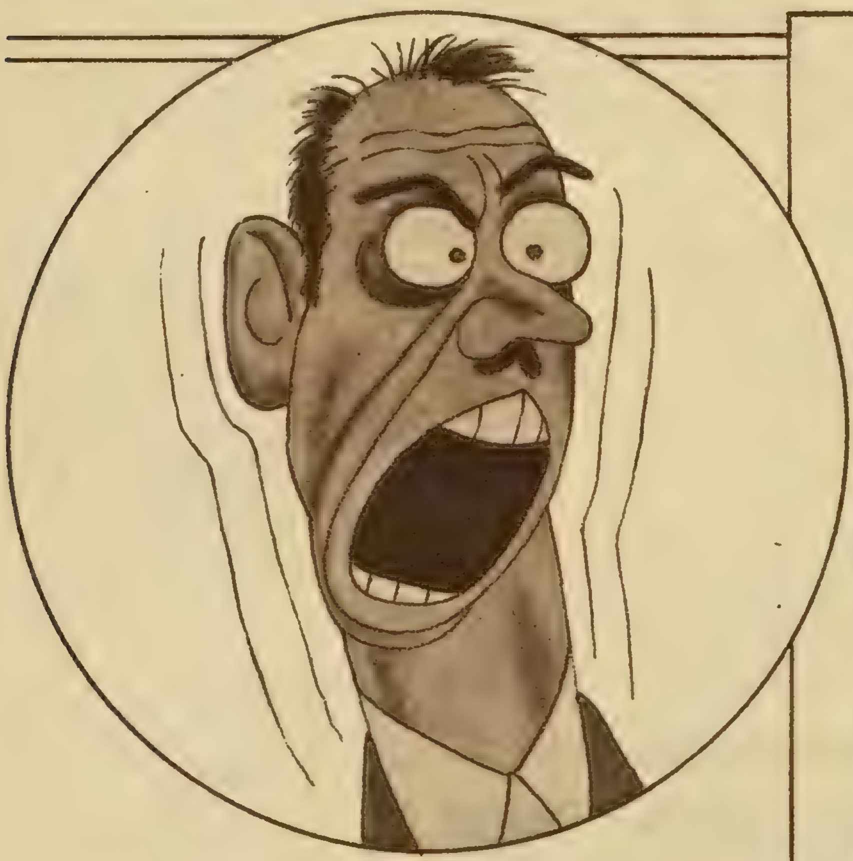
ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 18

1—Virginia.
2—A combustible gas generated by coal or other carbonaceous matter.
3—Denmark.
4—Morbid desire for special food.
5—Roosevelt and Wilson.
6—Fainting or swooning.
7—California.
8—Peahen.
9—The Deserted Village, by Oliver Goldsmith.
10—A pamphlet.
11—Having the appearance of truth.
12—Fifteen thousand dollars.
13—A plane figure having four equal sides and no right angles.
14—An evening party.
15—In Upper Burma.
16—Existing during the same period of time.
17—The Egyptians.
18—The Merchant of Venice.
19—Checkers.
20—South Dakota and Wyoming.

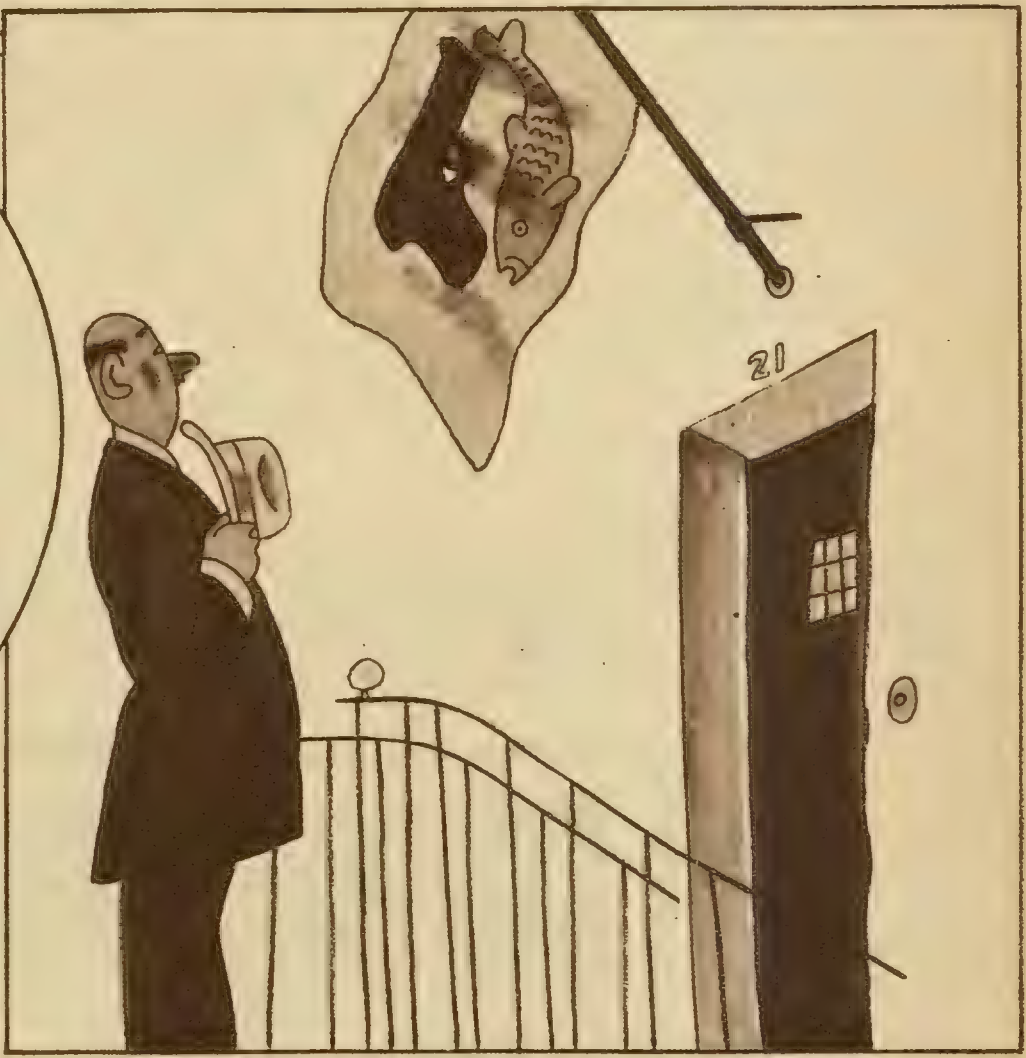
GRAPHIC SECTION

News of the World

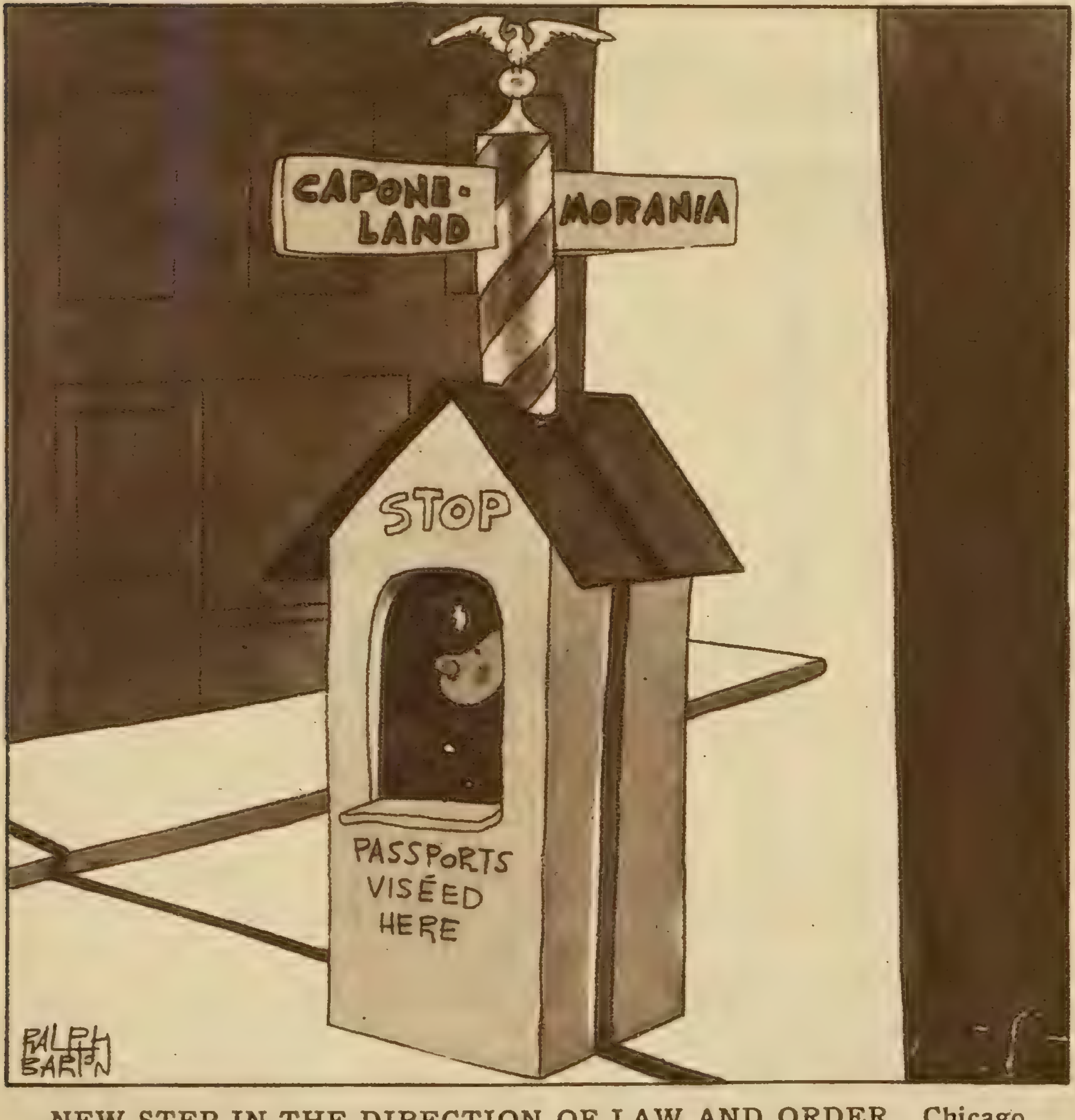
By RALPH BARTON



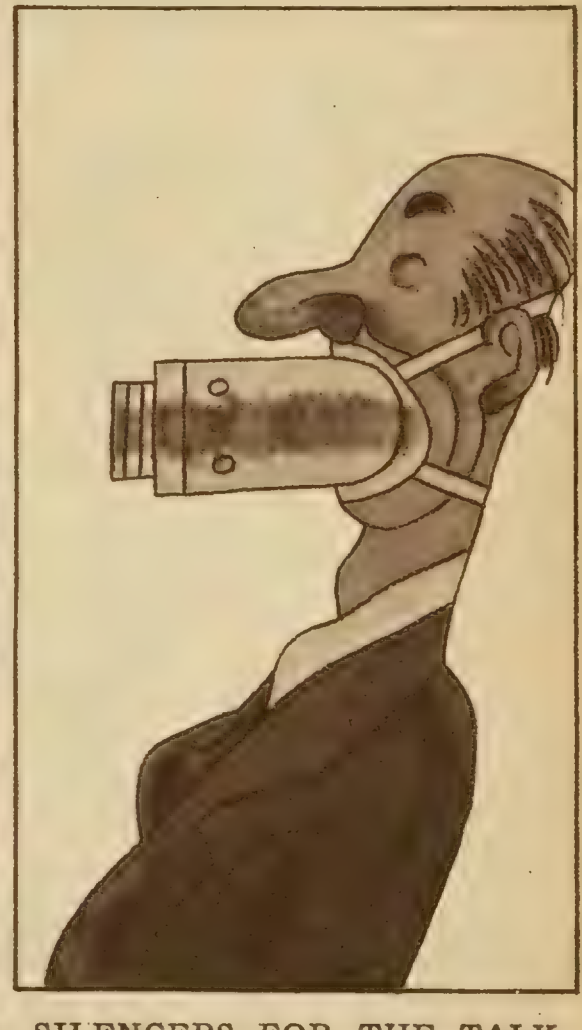
PORTRAIT OF A GENTLEMAN who made $4,000,000 in Amalgamated Prunes in 1929 considering the news that he will have to let go of some of it before he can make any more.



BOOTLEG KINGDOM invents a flag of its own to meet Senator Borah's objection to the Anderson plan on the ground that it would mean " flying the American flag over dramshops."



NEW STEP IN THE DIRECTION OF LAW AND ORDER. Chicago police erect frontier markers throughout the city to help gangsters to keep in their own territory.



SILENCERS FOR THE TALKIES. Simple attachment to fit on the audience so that the dialogue after the jokes can be heard.

The Case FOR the

Being the Other Side of a Friendly Debate on the Signs of

(Reading time: 12 min. 11 sec.)

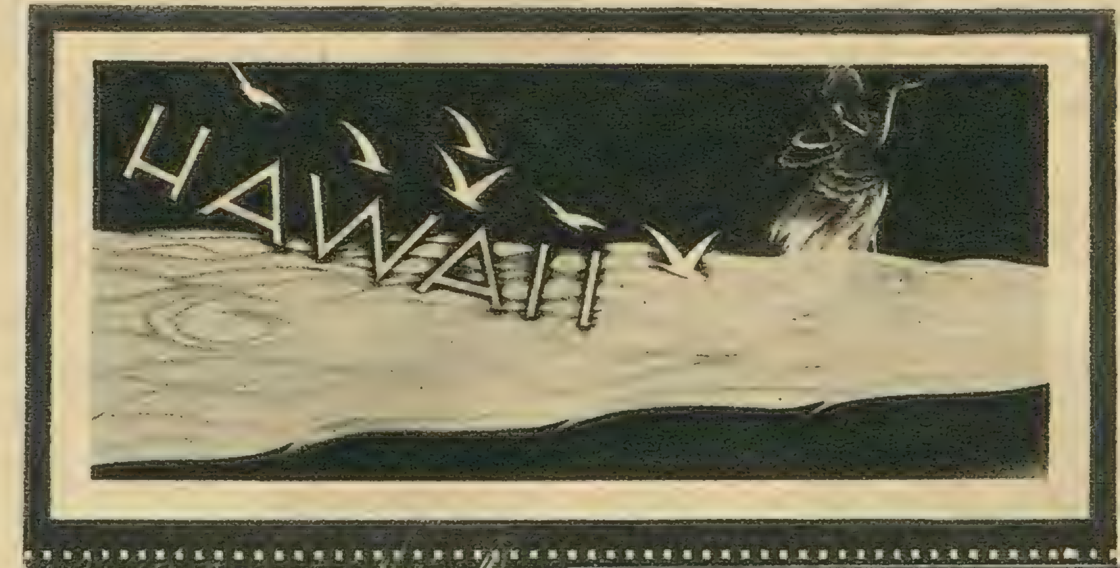
THIS discussion was opened in Liberty last week by J. Horace McFarland, chairman of the Pennsylvania art commission, who termed billboards destructive to beauty, a nuisance, bad business, bad advertising, and a menace to safety. Mr. Stoddart speaks herewith for the defense.

By

ALEXANDER STODDART

who, besides being on the staff of the General Outdoor Advertising Company, Inc., is an outdoor man in his own right. He used to write on hunting and fishing for two New York newspapers before tackling the subject of large-scale distribution. He is the author of a book entitled Great Markets of America and lives in East Orange, New Jersey.

THE heading of this article is misleading. So far as organized outdoor advertising is concerned, the billboard is extinct. It is as dead as the dodo bird. We have in its place a poster panel, a steel-faced structure of uniform size, on which posters by McClelland Barclay, Leon Gordon, John Sheridan, Charles E. Chambers, Charles D. Jarrett, and other artists are displayed. These lithographed reproductions of designs executed by the country's best artists are colorful, effective, and, with the advertisers' message, sell the nation's goods.



We have also painted bulletins of uniform sizes, built according to blueprint specifications, on which designs are painted in an artistic and effective manner. So that readers of Liberty may visualize the term, "painted bulletin," they need only to recall the bulletins that were erected throughout the United States advertising a well known tire, which told "the History of the United States."

That painted bulletin was in the form of an open book, with a ribbon "bookmark" to create the illusion of reading an open page of history. An "ink bottle" stood alongside the painted bulletin, with a large "quill pen" sticking out of the "bottle." The quill pen of our forefathers was used to convey the impression that history was writing the page.

This painted bulletin was a guidebook, for it contained the name of the town just ahead, the mileage, and an arrow giving the direction. Then followed, in simple, direct language, an important event of history which took place in that town. Sometimes these "storybooks," as a child termed them, told a history that took place on the spot. Every year new history was painted on this painted bulletin and in some instances new history was painted every six months, oftentimes every three months, to keep the motorist interested.

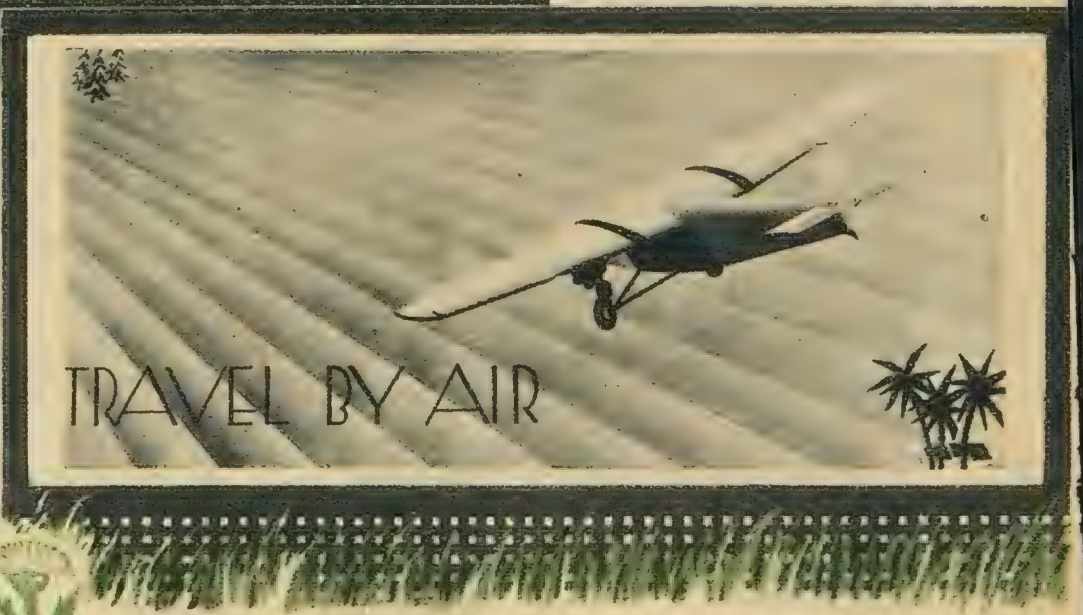
These painted bulletins rendered a distinct service to motorists on the lookout for points of interest in an unfamiliar countryside, the information being imparted in appreciation of the motorist's reading the advertisement on the opposite side of the "page." These painted bulletins sold tires and created an enormous amount of good will for the company that paid for the advertising. I wrote the copy for all these historical bulletins and in the ten years that I did so, we received thousands of letters from tourists all over the country commending the advertiser for making their journeys pleasant and instructive. The requests for these bits of history reached an enormous figure.

Organized outdoor advertising, responsible for poster panels and painted bulletins, believes in good manners outdoors. Organized outdoor advertising does not interfere with roadside beauty.

The confusion in the public mind regarding billboards reminds me of a story that I think is apropos. A backwoodsman mountaineer one day found a mirror which a tourist had lost.

"Well, if it ain't my old dad!" he said, as he looked in the mirror. "I never knowed he had his pitcher took!"

He took the mirror home and stole into the attic to hide it, but his actions didn't escape his suspicious wife. That night, while he slept, she slipped up to the attic and found the mirror.



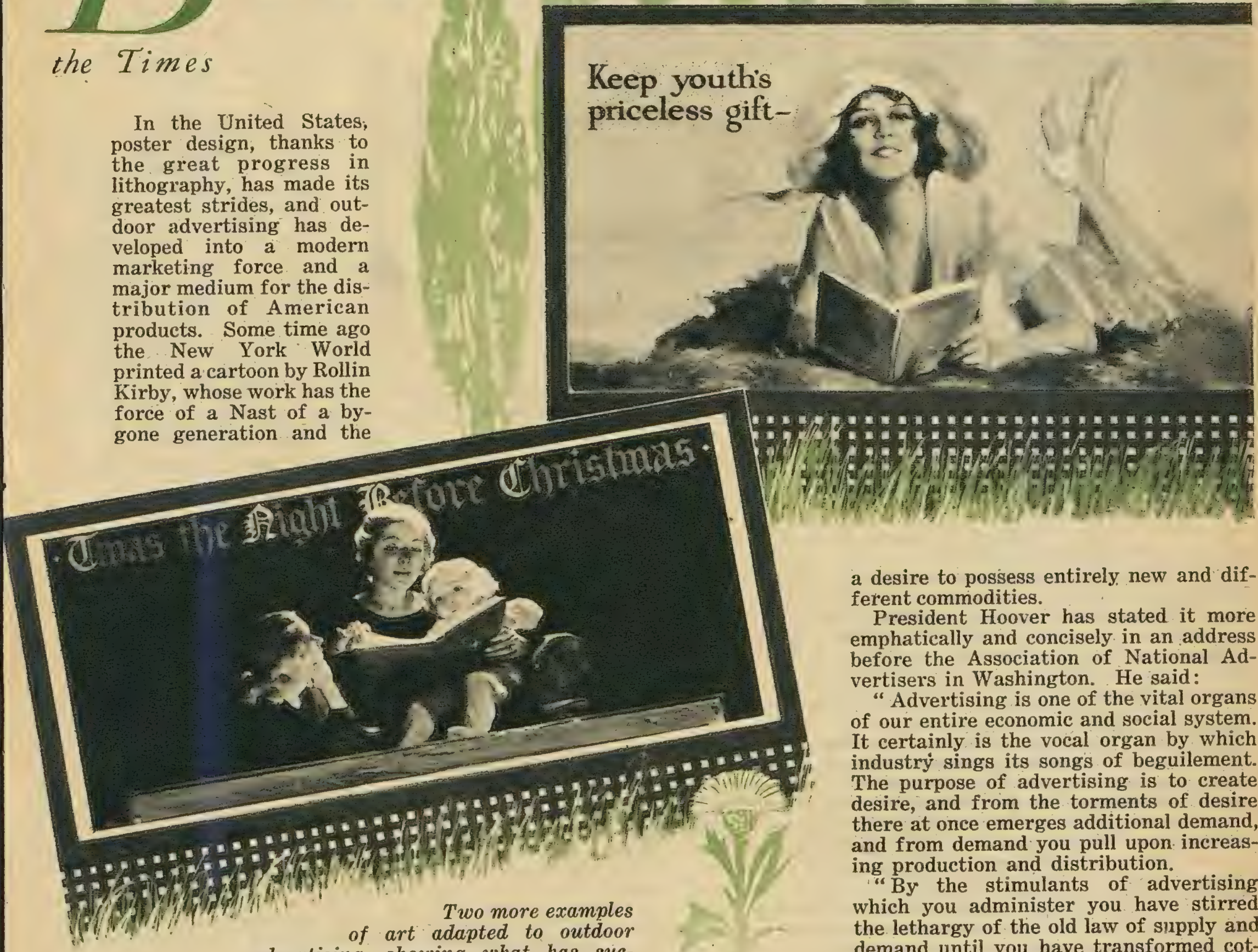
Here are poster panels in the modern manner, appealing to the instinct to move in an age of speed.

"M-m-m," she said, looking into it, "so that's the old hag he's been chasin'."

It is sixty-four years since Jules Chéret, a French artist, who has been aptly called the father of the poster, produced his first design, advertising that amazing actress who kept her youth until the day of her death, Sarah Bernhardt. This poster by Chéret was the beginning of the adaptation of art to advertising.

BILLBOARD

the Times


Keep youth's priceless gift–
'Twas the Night Before Christmas

Two more examples of art adapted to outdoor advertising, showing what has succeeded the old-time blaring display.

In the United States, poster design, thanks to the great progress in lithography, has made its greatest strides, and outdoor advertising has developed into a modern marketing force and a major medium for the distribution of American products. Some time ago the New York World printed a cartoon by Rollin Kirby, whose work has the force of a Nast of a bygone generation and the subtleness of a Bush of a generation that is passing. Kirby wished to drive home in these days of unemployment a message to every man and every woman in America. His message was " Give a Job if You Can! " and to make his cartoon forceful he had the typical man in the street gazing upon a painted bulletin, conveying the message. That was a tribute to outdoor advertising.

We live in an age of mass production and mass distribution. The United States has outstripped all nations of the world by reason of three great factors—production, merchandising, and advertising. When distribution balances mass production we shall have a happy, prosperous people, work for all, and good wages, and the standard of living will be raised still higher.

Mass production demands mass sales, which are possible only when there is a widespread and continuous consumption of the goods manufactured. The connecting link between production and consumption is distribution, and advertising is one of the essential factors in creating smooth and economical distribution.

Advertising familiarizes people with the advertiser's name, his trade-mark, and the quality of his goods. It gives people facts concerning the articles they consume and tells where these articles are to be obtained. Effective advertising goes a step further and creates in people a desire to possess entirely new and different commodities.

President Hoover has stated it more emphatically and concisely in an address before the Association of National Advertisers in Washington. He said:

" Advertising is one of the vital organs of our entire economic and social system. It certainly is the vocal organ by which industry sings its songs of beguilement. The purpose of advertising is to create desire, and from the torments of desire there at once emerges additional demand, and from demand you pull upon increasing production and distribution.

" By the stimulants of advertising which you administer you have stirred the lethargy of the old law of supply and demand until you have transformed cottage industries into mass production. From enlarged diffusion of articles and services you cheapen costs and thereby you are a part of the dynamic force which creates higher standards of living.

" YOU also contribute to hurry up the general use of every discovery in science and every invention in industry. It probably required a thousand years to spread the knowledge and application of that great human invention, the wheeled cart, and it has taken you only twenty years to make the automobile the universal tool of man.

" Moreover, your constant exploitation of every improvement in every article and service spreads a restless pillow for every competitor and drives the producer to feverish exertions in new invention, new service, and still more improvement."

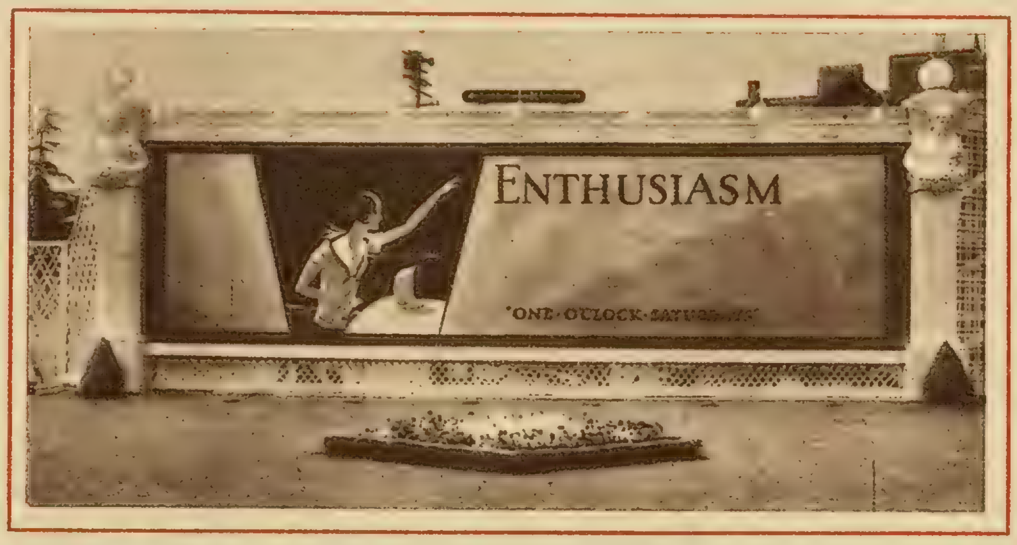
Advertising renders real service to the consuming public in guaranteeing them uniform and standard goods, thus relieving them of the necessity for continual examination and comparison. It saves the time of the buyer and seller alike. Outdoor advertising is a basic force in the development of American business, a powerful force that moves the nation's goods and creates prosperity.

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY-THREE]

To those who might question whether advertising performs a public service, let me quote a paragraph showing the high value that Calvin Coolidge, when President, placed upon advertising. He said: “It seems to me probable that of all our economic life the element on which we are inclined to place too low an estimate is advertising. When we come in contact with our great manufacturing plants, our extensive system of transportation, our enormous breadth of agriculture, or the imposing structures of commerce and finance, we are forced to gain a certain impression by their very magnitude, even though we do not stop to consider all their implications.

“By the very size and nature of their material form they make an appeal to the senses, even though their import does not reach the understanding. But as we turn through the pages of the press and the periodicals, as we catch the flash of billboards along the railroads and the highways, all of which have become enormous vehicles of the advertising art, I doubt if we realize at all the impressive part that these displays are coming more and more to play in modern life.”



Simplicity, with a message that can be grasped in a second, is a characteristic of this poster panel.

Dr. Julius Klein, Assistant Secretary of the Department of Commerce, estimates an annual loss of more than $8,000,000,000 through inefficient distribution and selling. That is one reason why the Census Department last year made a census of distribution. Advertising, as the cheapest means of reaching and selling the consumer, can do more than any other factor in eliminating the enormous waste in distribution.

Outdoor advertising has had its shoulder to the wheel for a good many years in the task of distributing American manufactured products. It is one of the wheels that carry forward the chariot of American business.

The outdoor advertising industry employs more than 30,000 men and women. In 1929 American business spent close to $100,000,000 in outdoor advertising. Two hundred thousand landlords received rentals that year for poster panels and painted displays placed upon sites that they leased to outdoor advertising companies.

The curtailment of outdoor advertising would involve the conscription of private property rights; it would deprive hundreds of thousands of a legitimate form of livelihood, and would be contrary to the public good.

To think that restrictions on outdoor advertising would end with the outdoor advertising industry is a short-sighted thought. Other restrictions on business of all kinds would follow quickly.

EVERY member of organized outdoor advertising, through the Outdoor Advertising Association of America, has pledged his company not to build upon locations where they interfere with the view of natural beauty spots. Also, structures may not be built upon streets which are purely residential, nor upon any location where the resentment of reasonably-minded people would be justified.

Outdoor advertising is not only not hazardous to traffic, but performs a public service in indicating curves, intersections, or dead-end streets. Read the reports of accidents on the highways which are issued from time to time by official sources and you will find that outdoor advertising is not involved. One reason is that no structure may be located where it might constitute a traffic hazard.

The argument may be advanced that æsthetic values are more important than economic ones. What nonsense! Gas and water tanks, smokestacks, freight yards, docks, warehouses, telephone and telegraph poles, and most factory buildings are not prepossessing in appearance.

Now, industry and transportation may not be pleasant things to look at, but the splendid garments with which we clothe our bodies, the efficient means of conveyance that we enjoy, the public utilities that add to the joys of living, and, indeed, all the luxuries of our modern homes have their beginning in manufacturing plants.

The statement has been made that “the greatest use of our highways is by those seeking pleasure and recreation by travel.”

It is sometimes lost sight of that cities expand, that towns grow larger, and, with the progress of the American nation, neighborhoods spring up along the highways and become towns. Little by little the countryside becomes to many motorists merely the territory to be covered in hurrying from one city or town to another. Arterial highways become primarily commercial highways.

Advertising along these highways is not so much an æsthetic problem as it is a problem of marketing and no one will know the solution of the highway marketing problem until we know more about markets.

THE greatest beneficial use of the highways is not by those seeking pleasure and recreation, but for the purpose of accelerating business.

That this is a true statement may be seen from the replies of eight principal railroads in the east elicited recently by a questionnaire of the New York Sun. The pressure of motor-bus and motor-truck competition on these railroads (New York Central, Baltimore & Ohio, New Haven, Jersey Central, Boston & Maine, Lehigh Valley, Lackawanna, and Pennsylvania) has resulted in a decrease of more than 1,000,000 scheduled train miles per annum. The busses and motor trucks are making commercial highways of the roads that parallel the railroads.

During the World War the outdoor advertising industry, in coöperation with the federal government, as its contribution to winning the war, displayed a series of poster designs to keep up the morale of the United States and to help the boys over there carry on. These posters served to impress upon the American people the necessity of saving food, conserving fuel, and buying Liberty Bonds. It is the policy of the Outdoor Advertising Association of America, when requested by responsible authority, each year to aid some outstanding project of timely national interest. Thus, in 1927 it made an appeal for fire prevention; in 1928 it sounded the keynote of Americanization; in 1929 it conceived the Forward America poster; and as this article is being written it is working toward the stabilization of the farm market.

Outdoor advertising is reaching higher standards through the efforts of the industry itself. The movement is a commendable illustration of what has been aptly termed self-government in business.

The question might arise, “What about unorganized outdoor advertising?” The outdoor advertising industry has recommended to the Department of Commerce of the United States that it undertake a survey of all rural business enterprises in coöperation with national organizations having an æsthetic or business interest in that subject and recommend model legislation to the states, which might become universally adopted.

Subsequent to the World War, anything that could be made could be sold. The viewpoint of business today is that anything that can be sold can be made. Therefore, it behooves us not to impair anything that aids in selling.

THE END

"WHAT'S YOURS?" GETS THE SAME ANSWER

136 Million Times a Year!

Borden's Malted Milk—

America's favorite—served at fountains 136,000,000 times last year! Oftener than any other two malted milks put together!

It's a winner! Have a glass in your favorite flavor to-day. Be sure you get Borden's—

. . *Look for the Fountain that displays the Borden Red Diamond!*

WE SERVE
Borden's
THE IMPROVED
MALTED
MILK
All flavors
Delicious

WONDERFUL HEALTH NEWS! Experiments in the laboratories of a world-famous university show the superiority of Borden's Malted Milk in Vitamins A, B and G. Has all three vitamins in rich measure. Also contains energy elements, and calcium and phosphorus, for teeth and bones.

For Home use, too—

Insist on the Richer Malted Milk

RICHER IN VITAMINS . . . RICHER IN NOURISHMENT . . . RICHER IN TASTE

Don't let anyone persuade you that other malted milks are "just as good." When you pay your good money for malted milk for your home, insist on the best—Borden's. It's a better tasting malted milk. And it's better for you!

Are your children drinking malted milk?

Remember, a famous university has found that Borden's contains an exceptionally fine supply of the important vitamins A, B and G. Also, it's richer in energy elements and supplies phosphorus and calcium, so important for teeth and bones.

Do you ever have a malted milk for a quick "pick-up" when you're "ready to drop"?

You'll find Borden's richer in quick nourishment than other malted milk.

Ever drink a hot malted milk at bedtime, to send you off to sleep?

Borden's makes a far more delicious "nightcap" than any other malted milk.

Is there an invalid or convalescent or some elderly person in your home?

Borden's Malted Milk is an ideal food for building up—and easier to digest than plain milk.

Don't accept inferior malted milks. Get the one that has been proved superior in health value. Get the one that's preferred for flavor. Get Borden's to-day.

Borden's
THE IMPROVED
MALTED
MILK

Take home this package—accept no substitute. If you drink malted milk for health, get the malted milk with the most *health* in it. Borden's.

Accept this offer!

Mail coupon to-day for liberal 3-serving sample and booklet containing delicious recipes and important information on relieving fatigue and building health. Send 10c to cover mailing.

THE BORDEN COMPANY, DEPT. L-1,
350 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Enclosed is 10c (stamps or coin) for which please send me 3-serving sample of Borden's Malted Milk and booklet.

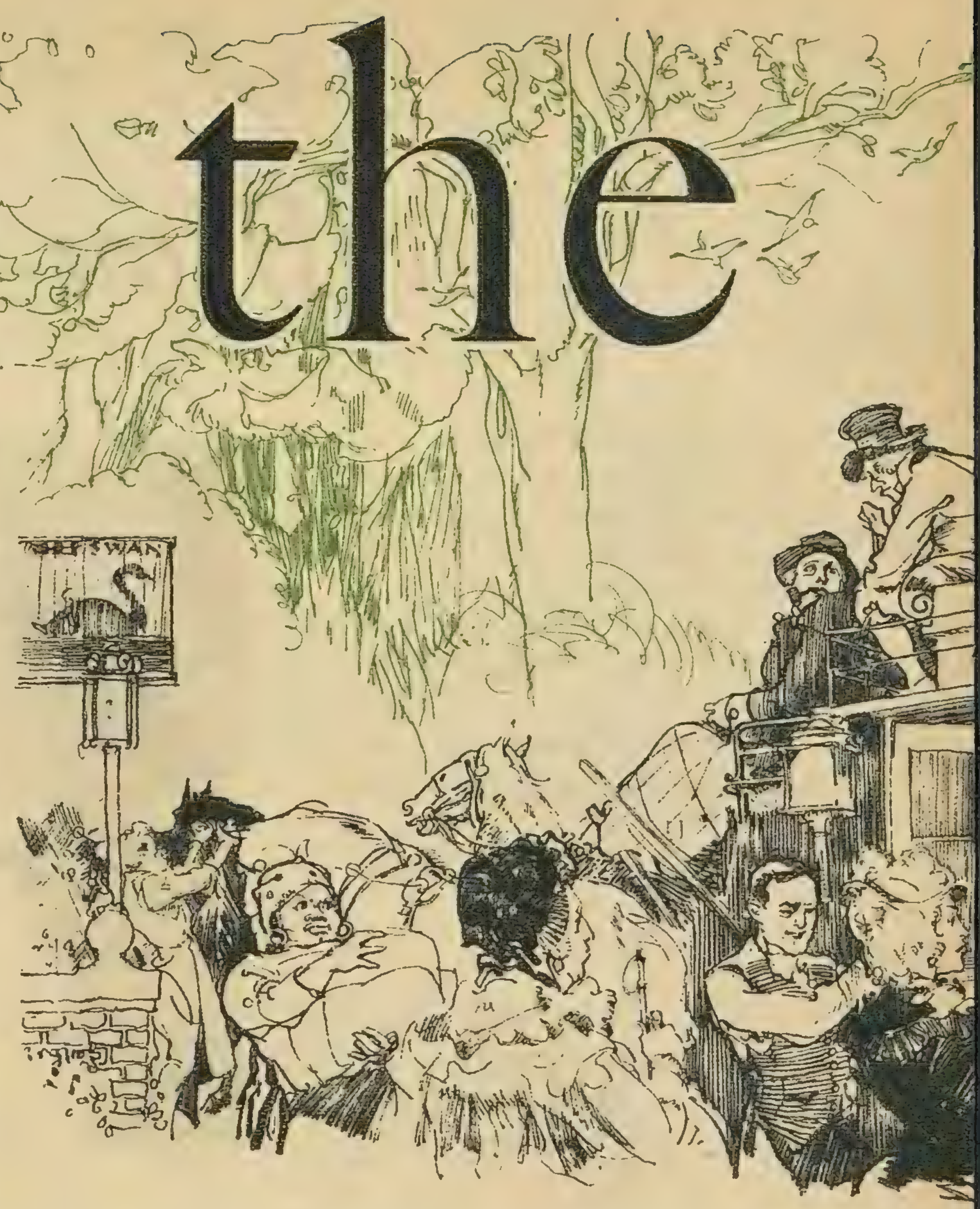
*Name*____________________

*Address*____________________

*City*__________ *State*__________

Borden's Richer Malted Milk

To the



By
ALEXANDRA
KROPOTKIN

linguist, fashion authority, and descendant of Russia's first czar.

(Reading time: 8 minutes 3 seconds.)

LOS ANGELES presents us with a brand-new reason why country children are better off than city children. It has been discovered that twenty-five per cent of the Los Angeles school kids have never set eyes on a common, ordinary cow. Fifty per cent of them have never seen a calf.

Poor little town-bred kiddies! What reminiscent pleasure can possibly outdo our memories of childhood on a farm? The smell of hay, barns, and cattle! The warm, milky breath of a calf, and the strange, abrasive caress of its tongue when it licks your hand or face! The busy monotony of everyday life on a farm! The pigs! The chickens! These are memories which every human being should have.

They help us all our lives. In the times of trouble which come to us all, in our hours of chagrin and disillusionment, I firmly believe no other recollections come to our aid as effectively as do our memories of childhood days spent in the country. We never really forget them, never quite lose them. Their peace and freedom stay with us always.

Now the Los Angeles Board of Education is doing its best—a rather poor though practical best—to remedy its children's ignorance of barnyard zoölogy. A cow and two calves are being taken around each day and exhibited to the school kids.

A real live cow! But what is a cow without a field or a cowshed?

I HAVE just seen City Lights, the new picture in which Charlie Chaplin, with humor and pathos inimitable, once more exhibits his affection for the lowly and the downtrod of this world. Mr. Chaplin is something of a socialist. His pictures strike a wistful socialistic note, and in real life he often practices what he preaches in this way on the screen. To reporters, to newspaper photographers, to all sorts of stray disturbers of his peace, he is much more tolerant, more obliging, than a great many other celebrities are inclined to be after they get their fame soundly established. For an outstanding figure, Mr. Chaplin has kept himself uncommonly immune from snootiness.

A few years ago I chanced to witness a casual episode in Mr. Chaplin's private life—an unimportant episode, but one which demonstrated this phase of his character very well. It happened in Paris. The year, I think, was 1924 or 1925. There, on the terrace of a café in the Montparnasse Latin Quarter, I sat with some friends one evening when, lo and behold, along came Mr. Chaplin to see the bohemian sights. He took an obscure corner table and tried not to reveal his identity. But " Charlot," as the French call him, was soon recognized. The entire quarter rushed to see. The artists' models were surprised, delighted, excited, to find him so uncomic, so handsome, so elegant and dignified in his off-the-screen clothes.

Among the professional mademoiselles then plying their ancient trade thereabouts was a hideous, pop-eyed bantam known as The Goldfish. Now, there's no use trying to be delicate about The Goldfish. She was a terrible creature. Beauty she certainly had not, nor charm nor modesty. She made up for these deficits, however, by an unlimited gall and sharp commercial acumen. The very moment she spotted Mr. Chaplin, The Goldfish cried to all and sundry, " Who'll pay me five francs if I kiss Charlot? "

She was " faded " immediately. And Mr. Chaplin, taken unawares, was immediately kissed. The Goldfish leaped upon him like a flying squirrel. She grabbed him tight around the neck and kissed him—smack, smack, smack—just like that!

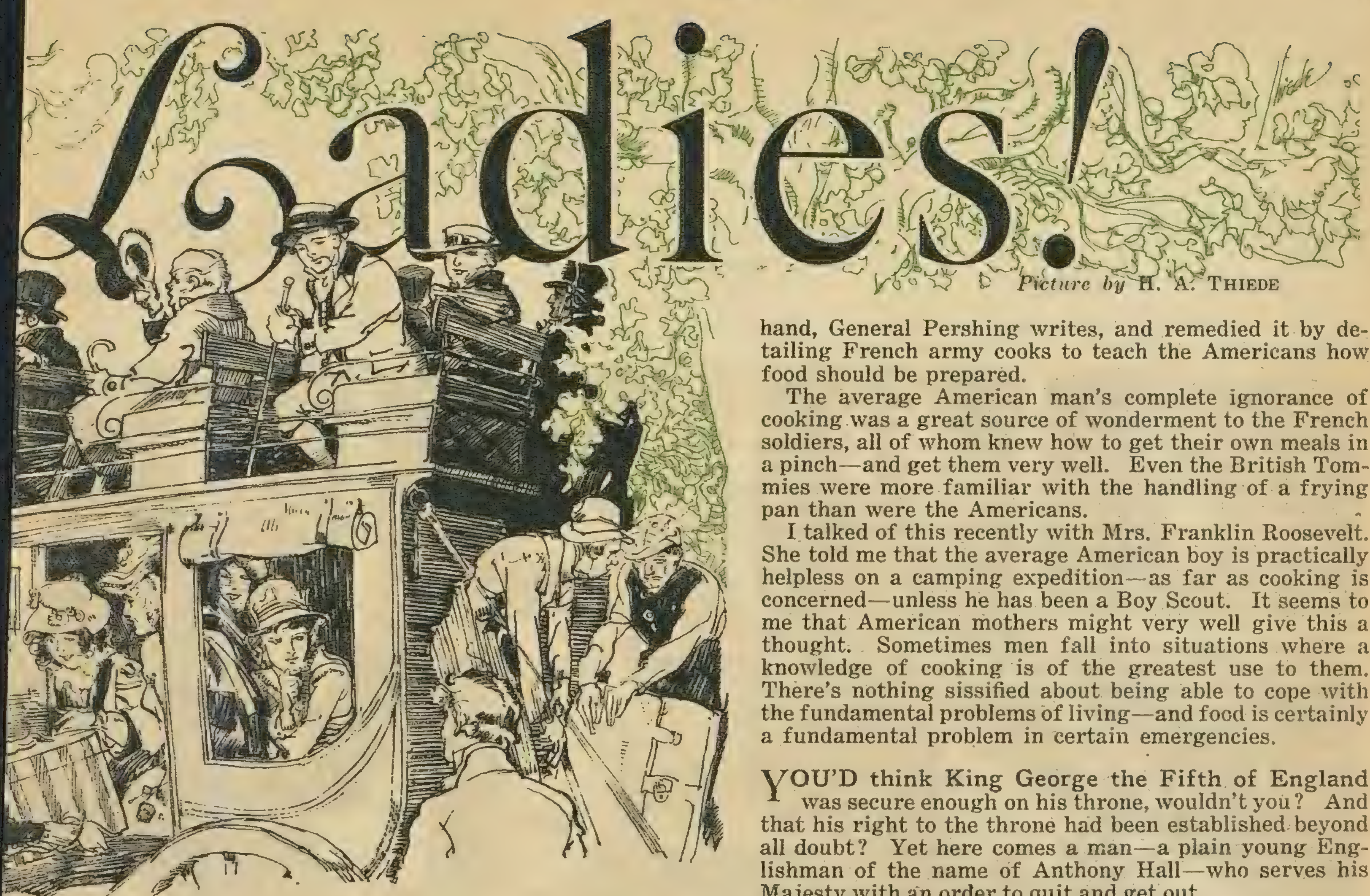
No matter how hard he may protest, I don't suppose any celebrity really minds being kissed by a pretty girl. But to be kissed by a monstrous horror like The Goldfish might well cast a blight on any movie actor's career—causing lifelong nightmares, perhaps, or chronic golly-wobbles.

I'll admit that Mr. Chaplin went away from there in a hurry. But the main point is this—he went away smiling, and The Goldfish never knew that her kiss had displeased him.

That's what I call socialism!

A READER who is interested in the correct use of words has asked me to untangle the differences between *by* and *with*. Is it correct to say *With the help of his brother John succeeded* or should we say *By the help of his brother John succeeded?* The question brings up rather a fine point, for these two prepositions have a good deal in common. There are differences between them, however, and the rules are quite easy to keep in mind. *By* usually indicates the doer or agent causing the action. *With* usually indicates the means or instrument. So *With the help of his brother* is the better usage, *help* being the means of John's success. *With* also has a more intimate meaning than *by*. *I made this with my own hands* is better, therefore, than *I made this by my own hands.*

Ladies!



Picture by H. A. THIEDE

THE New York University School of Retailing has been trying to analyze the reasons why women buy certain goods in the stores on certain days. Monday appears to be the day for furniture, ready-made clothes, and silks. Wednesday for gloves and silk stockings. Etc., etc.

The analysis does not, however, seem to have reached any definite conclusions. Our whimsical psychology of preferences has once again eluded scientific inquiry. They have found out *when* we buy things, but they can't tell *why*.

This reminds me of an experience a friend of mine once had when she was working as a specialist in female shopping psychology. A famous department store wanted to boost its umbrella department. Excellent umbrellas were on sale there at attractive prices, but they did not sell. My friend was called in to advise. She scouted, asked questions, and discovered the hitch. The umbrellas were on the mezzanine floor, up a short flight of stairs. The lady customers would ask where those bargain umbrellas were, they would look at the stairs leading up to the mezzanine—then they'd balk. Expert in female mentality, my friend stationed a couple of young men clerks near the information desk. As soon as a customer asked where the umbrellas were, a suave young man stepped forward and escorted her to the mezzanine stairs. But that was not enough. No indeed! The lady had to be ushered up the first step at least, then waved on her way with a courtly gesture. The trick worked like magic. Once a woman had taken one step up the stairway she hadn't the pluck to come down. Either that, or the stairs no longer bothered her. At any rate, the women customers must have been affected somehow, for up went the umbrella sales by leaps and bounds. And what's more, this is a true story.

GENERAL PERSHING, in his remarkable memoirs, tells an interesting story about the poor quality of the meals dished up by American army cooks in the A. E. F. when our troops first landed in France. A sympathetic French general finally took the situation in hand, General Pershing writes, and remedied it by detailing French army cooks to teach the Americans how food should be prepared.

The average American man's complete ignorance of cooking was a great source of wonderment to the French soldiers, all of whom knew how to get their own meals in a pinch—and get them very well. Even the British Tommies were more familiar with the handling of a frying pan than were the Americans.

I talked of this recently with Mrs. Franklin Roosevelt. She told me that the average American boy is practically helpless on a camping expedition—as far as cooking is concerned—unless he has been a Boy Scout. It seems to me that American mothers might very well give this a thought. Sometimes men fall into situations where a knowledge of cooking is of the greatest use to them. There's nothing sissified about being able to cope with the fundamental problems of living—and food is certainly a fundamental problem in certain emergencies.

YOU'D think King George the Fifth of England was secure enough on his throne, wouldn't you? And that his right to the throne had been established beyond all doubt? Yet here comes a man—a plain young Englishman of the name of Anthony Hall—who serves his Majesty with an order to quit and get out.

"Who are you, anyway?" Mr. Hall demands. "You are just George Frederick Ernest Albert Windsor, Esquire, descended from a female of the house of Stuart! And the first Stuart, James I, wasn't a real Stuart at all. He was a changeling."

Mr. Anthony Hall goes on to say: "I am descended directly from King Edward I. I am a Tudor. My claim to the throne predates yours and is more legitimate than yours. So please get out!"

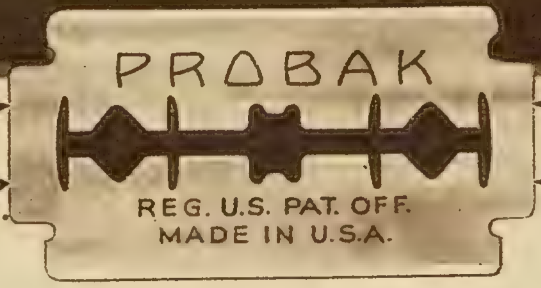
With nice consideration Mr. Hall then adds: "It is my intention over this matter touching the crown that there be no civil war. But the Tudors came before the Stuarts. Therefore I am the rightful King of England and you are not."

Comical as this new one may be, pretentions to the throne of England have caused complicated arguments. For several generations the Stuart pretenders made their home in France. This led to a curious custom. When the toast, "To the King," was proposed in the houses of Parliament, banqueters who secretly favored the Stuart line would raise their glasses and drink the toast with the rest—but they would hold their glasses over their finger bowls. This meant that they were secretly pledging their wine to "the King—*over the water*." Their device was detected finally, and from that day finger bowls were excluded from the tableware used in the restaurants at the House of Commons and the House of Lords.

A LONG-DISCARDED fur will be seen again this summer. White fox is coming back. I don't mean only as a trimming, either. White fox furs are extremely flattering to most women—provided the fur is clean! (Cleaning is easily accomplished by rubbing warm bran into the fur, then shaking well and beating the back of the pelt.)

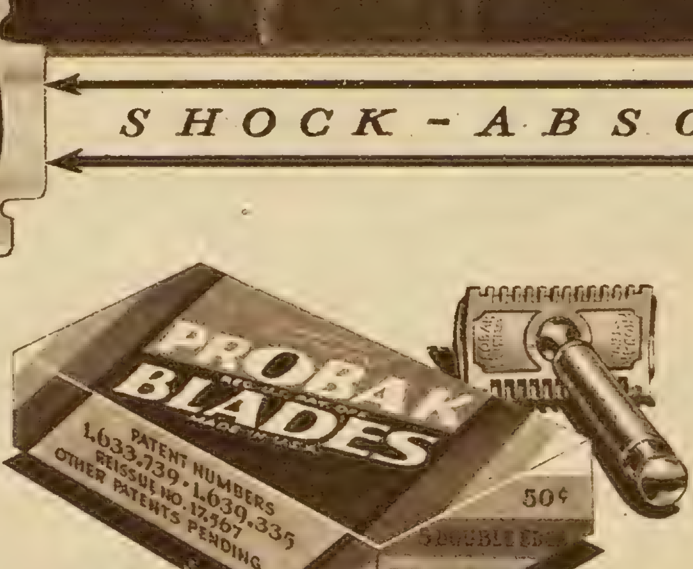
It always seemed to me a pity that white fox became so unfashionable. The reason, I believe, was the fact that at one time every "not-nice" lady in the world wore a white fox skin. It became a sort of badge! Now, however, the stigma is removed, and the smartest Paris houses are again recommending white fox to wear with dark blue or black suits.

A ripple of


PROBAK
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
MADE IN U.S.A.

. . . . THE SHOCK-ABSORBIN

For Gillette and Probak Razors


PROBAK
BLADES
PATENT NUMBERS
1,633,739. 1,639,335
REISSUE NO. 17,567
OTHER PATENTS PENDING
50¢
5 DOUBLE EDGE
BLADES

PR

MAD

Good will that became a wave of Preference

* * *

IMMEDIATELY—from the very day of its first introduction—Probak made enthusiastic friends. In clubroom and Pullman, office and hotel, word flashed from man to man, "The shock-absorbing Probak is a marvelous blade." The ripple of praise has grown into a tidal wave of demand. Millions of men in every part of the world say Probak is the best double-edge blade ever built—depend on it morning after morning to give them barber-shop shaving satisfaction in their own bathrooms. And Probak does this very thing—glides through heavy beard with light, easy, smooth strokes that give you an entirely new conception of safety-razor performance.

Made by the Gaisman Process

Shock-absorber construction and automatic machine manufacture—inventions of Henry J. Gaisman—make Probak revolutionary in every respect. Butterfly channeling in duo-tempered steel absolutely prevents edge distortion when this blade is clamped in your double-edge razor. Ribbons of raw steel are treated, ground, honed and finished in one continuous operation—eliminating human error and positively assuring uniform high quality. Get acquainted with the super-keen Probak. Buy a package. Use two blades. Shave with perfect comfort quickly, easily, without effort—or return the package and get your money—$1 for 10, 50c for 5.

BLADE

OBAK BLADES

E BY THE GAISMAN PROCESS

Song of the Eagle

A Story of Gypsy Wisdom

By

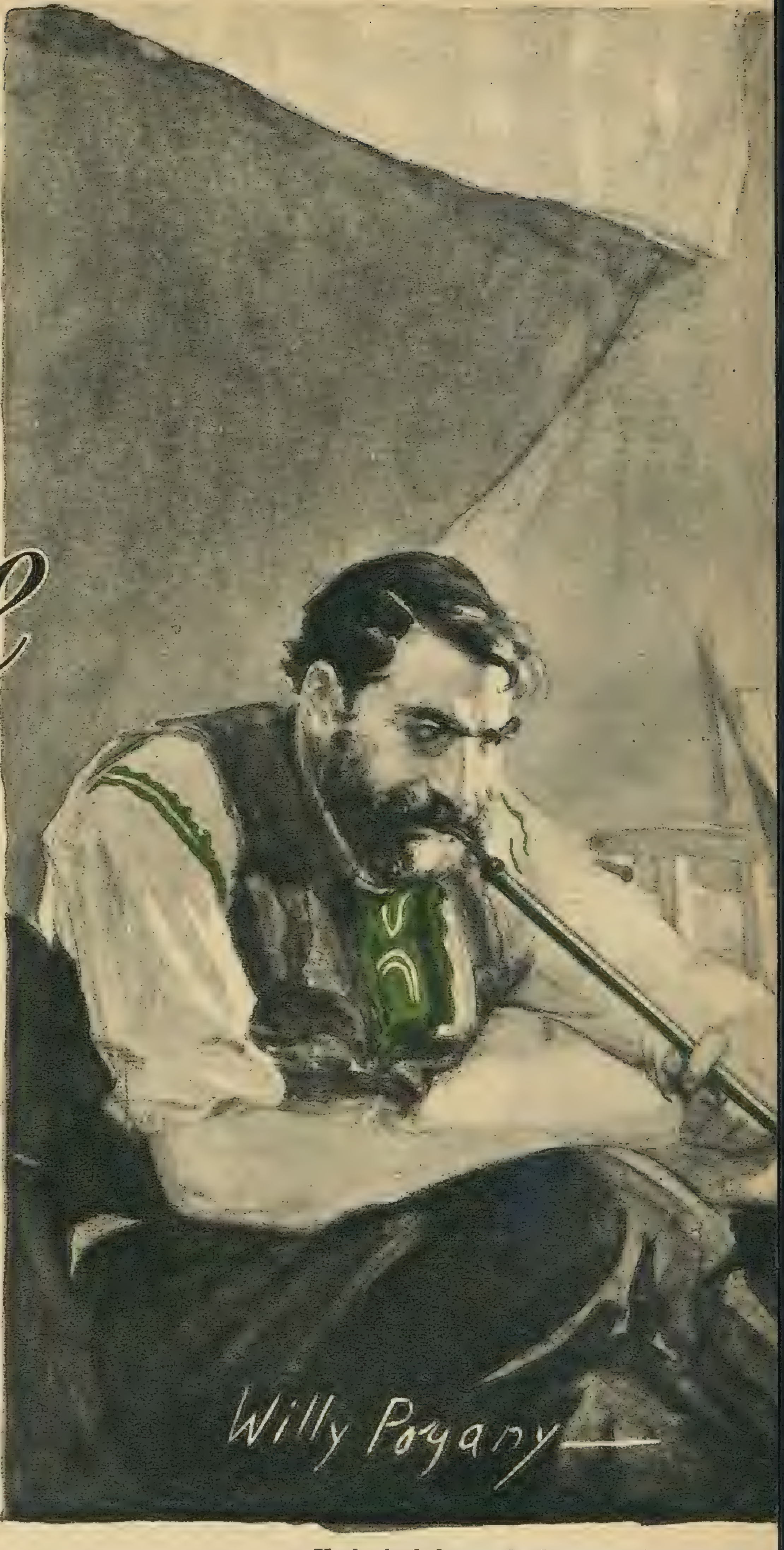
KONRAD BERCOVICI

who was born in Roumania forty-nine years ago and left there in 1916 to come to the United States, where his stories of the Roumanian gypsies have become widely read. He lives in New York and has a farm in Connecticut.

Pictures by WILLY POGANY

(Reading time: 25 minutes 50 seconds.)

> Soaring high a crow may appear like an eagle—to other crows. But not to the eagle; for he knows the beat of the wings of his own kind.—ABD-EL-KADIR.



He looked down the long stem of his pipe

I HAD been away from home during the long winter months and had returned at the first breath of spring; in time to watch a group of gypsies crossing the Danube River on log rafts crowded with horses, women, children, men, dogs, and goats.

I had seen these same gypsies ferry the river every spring, but that year the crossing was done in such a careless, hurried, haphazard fashion I knew something extraordinary had happened.

“Where is Lupu, the Barossan, the chief?” I inquired of the first gypsies who set foot on land.

Sullenly the men answered with dispirited shrugs of shoulders, while the women made believe they had not even heard the question.

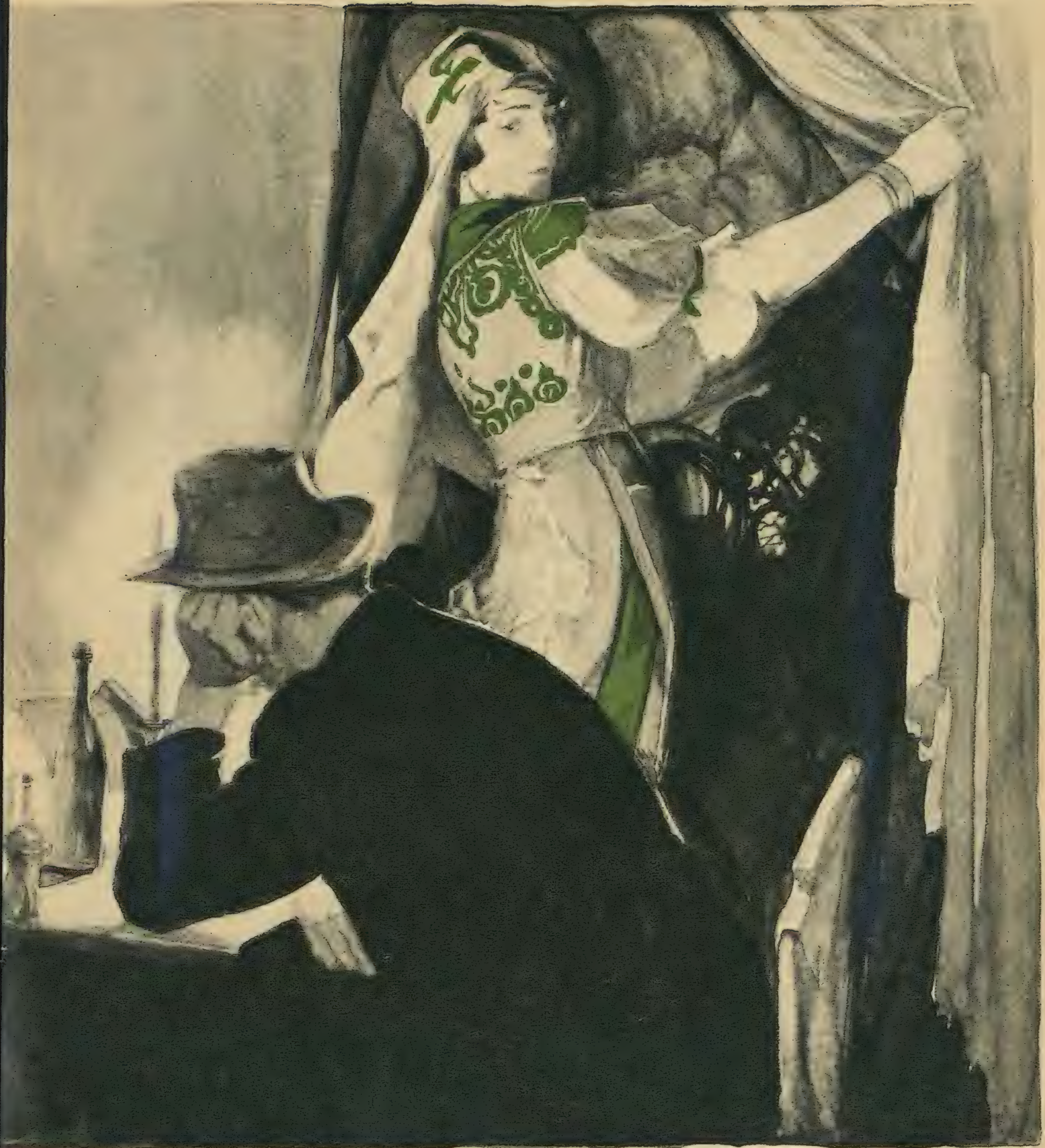
“Is he alive?” I inquired, stepping in front of one of the men. “Answer!”

“Alive,” he answered. “Alive.”

“And where is Gregory?” I asked. “Is he alive? Tell me what has happened. Why is Lupu not with you? And where is Gregory?”

They shrugged shoulders eloquently, those gypsies, and moved on, too busy mooring the rafts to answer questions that should never have been asked by a stranger—no matter how well that stranger knew them.

I had never liked Gregory, the tall, lithe young nephew of the soft-spoken, long-bearded, heavy-browed chief. Gregory's voice was pleasant, almost oily, when he spoke; and he could sing. Yet something about him, his manner of slinking along walls, of leaning against his horses as



while she walked about, and watched her movements from under his long eyelashes.

he drove his cart, and of looking elsewhere when he spoke to one, displeased me.

There was something sinister, wolfish, about the whiteness of his sharp teeth and the nervousness of the claw-like short fingers of his hands.

"Where is Lupu? Why are you without your leader? Is it because of Gregory?" I asked of the next group of lean, brown gypsies that had ferried across.

No one answered my questions. They knew I loved the old chief, the father of the gypsy woman that had fed me at her breast and crooned me to sleep with old gypsy songs.

Stephan, an old friend of my father's, pitied me finally and said, "Leave us in peace. We have enough to bear. Don't open half-healed wounds if you are our friend. Lupu is alive and well. As for Gregory—he also may be alive and well—who knows?" And turning to his friends he repeated, "Eh, who knows?"

Toward evening Angelina, Stephan's wife, came to see me in my hut from which I was watching the short-necked, bullet-headed Tatar woodchoppers cut down the pine trees of father's forest.

"Go to see Lupu, if you love him," she told me, "and talk to him. You will find him on the Maidan, near

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

SONG OF THE EAGLE
Continued from page forty-one

Czerna. He is there, riveted to the place, and refuses to move or to raise a finger."

"What should I say to him, Angelina? What has happened?"

"Tell him that the tribe is scattering to the four winds."

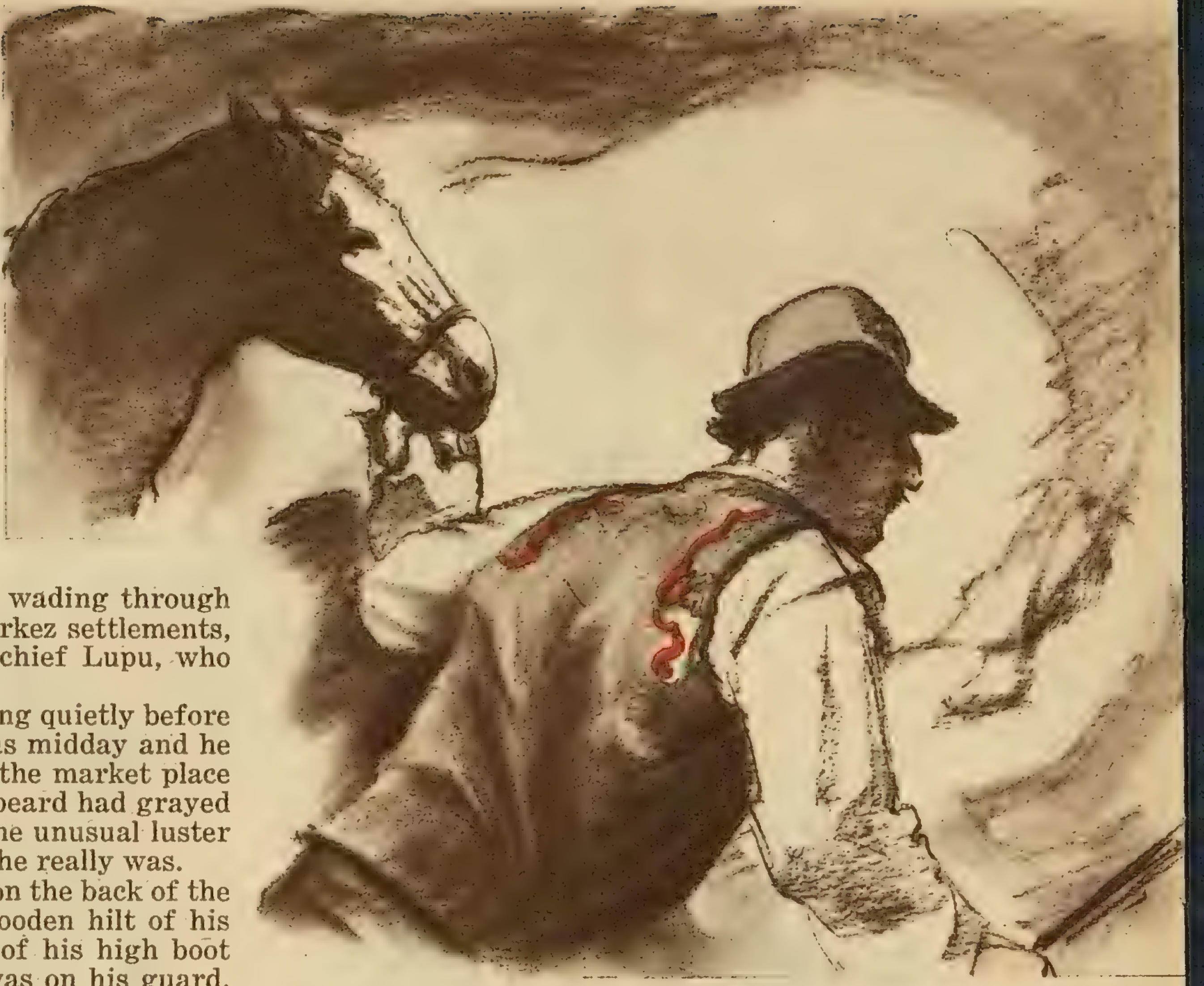
"But why — why?" I asked. "What have you done to him? What has he done to you?"

"Only he may tell you. It is his doing."

"And Gregory? Where is he?"

"Ah! Yes—where is he? Ask Lupu. Maybe he knows."

. . . . .



The rising sun found me on horseback in the marshes of the Dobrudgea, wading through the mud roads of Tatar villages and Cherkez settlements, hurrying to see my friend, the gypsy chief Lupu, who was in great danger.

I found him at the inn of Czerna, sitting quietly before a half-filled bottle of wine, though it was midday and he should have been about his business at the market place crowded with bartering peasants. His beard had grayed in the months I had not seen him, yet the unusual luster of his eyes made him look younger than he really was.

His short-handled whip was hanging on the back of the white-pine chair, and the homemade wooden hilt of his long knife peeped out from the upper of his high boot a little more than it usually did. He was on his guard, Lupu—ready for any emergency.

Greeting me, he patted my shoulders, and called to the innkeeper:

"Hey, you! My son is hungry. My son is thirsty. Bring food and more wine. Move—move faster, you slow son of a Greek mule!"

A moment later, with food and wine pitcher before me, I faced Lupu and we looked at one another over our wine glasses and while cutting slices from the black bread in front of us. Lupu was watching me. His eyes read me to the bottom of my soul. He knew who had sent me to him.

"Stephan was the last one to go," he said, leaning back when I had picked up the last crumb of bread and made it into a small pellet between thumb and forefinger. "Women are more farsighted than men. Angelina has asked you to speak to me. Isn't it so? It is the way with women. The care of their broods makes them wiser than most men. Women keep what men gather. A man's hand is like a sieve."

My horse was at the door of the inn, with the feed bag over its nose.

"You needn't hurry," Lupu said. "Unsaddle the horse and rest a while. Stephan will wait where he is. His wife will see that he waits. I know her. The other women too will make their husbands wait on the other side of the Danube. They are headed for the market place of Braila. Twenty-four wagons in all; spread out fanwise, each one waiting at a safe distance from the other, afraid to go ahead and not daring to turn back. But they will wait. And when I am ready they will come back."

"And Gregory? Where is he?" I asked.

"Oh, somewhere. You will soon see him. He is not very far from here. . . . No. Not very far!" Lupu added, as if to convince himself.

Of all the gypsies I have ever known, that Gregory had a marauding instinct developed to the highest degree. A smile on his lips, he was forever chatting and joking with the men and cajoling the women. He stole peasants' horses from the plows, widows' cows from the pastures, and cheated, robbed, and led astray even people of his own kind.

Many of Lupu's gypsies liked Gregory's shrewdness and admired his courage and daring. They had prospered under Lupu, true enough, but they chafed a little under his quiet rule. Lupu was too wise, too mature; Gregory gave them excitement, something to worry about. Before Lupu had become their chief those gypsies had roamed like hungry wolves over the desert lands of the Dobrudgea. They had been twenty souls to a horse and had spent their winters in dugouts along the river. Lupu had gathered them and made them wealthy. Each one owned a dozen horses now and had their purses full of golden ducats. The necks and wrists of their wives were heavy with strings of amber beads threaded on silver chains, and because they were fat and prosperous they forgot their lean days and what Lupu had done for them.

And then the chief told me what had happened!

Early that spring, Lupu, a widower for two years, had bought himself a wife from another tribe and paid for her two hundred gold pieces. The women of his own tribe, looking at Stanca, the chief's new wife, thirty years younger than her husband, wondered where the wisdom of their chief had been when he had acquired her as a wife. Stanca was decidedly a young man's woman.

During the wedding feast, while the young bloods, astride their horses, with burning torches in their hands, were careening before the bride and groom, Lupu caught the mocking eye of Gregory, who leaned leisurely on a carved stick and looked at his chief.

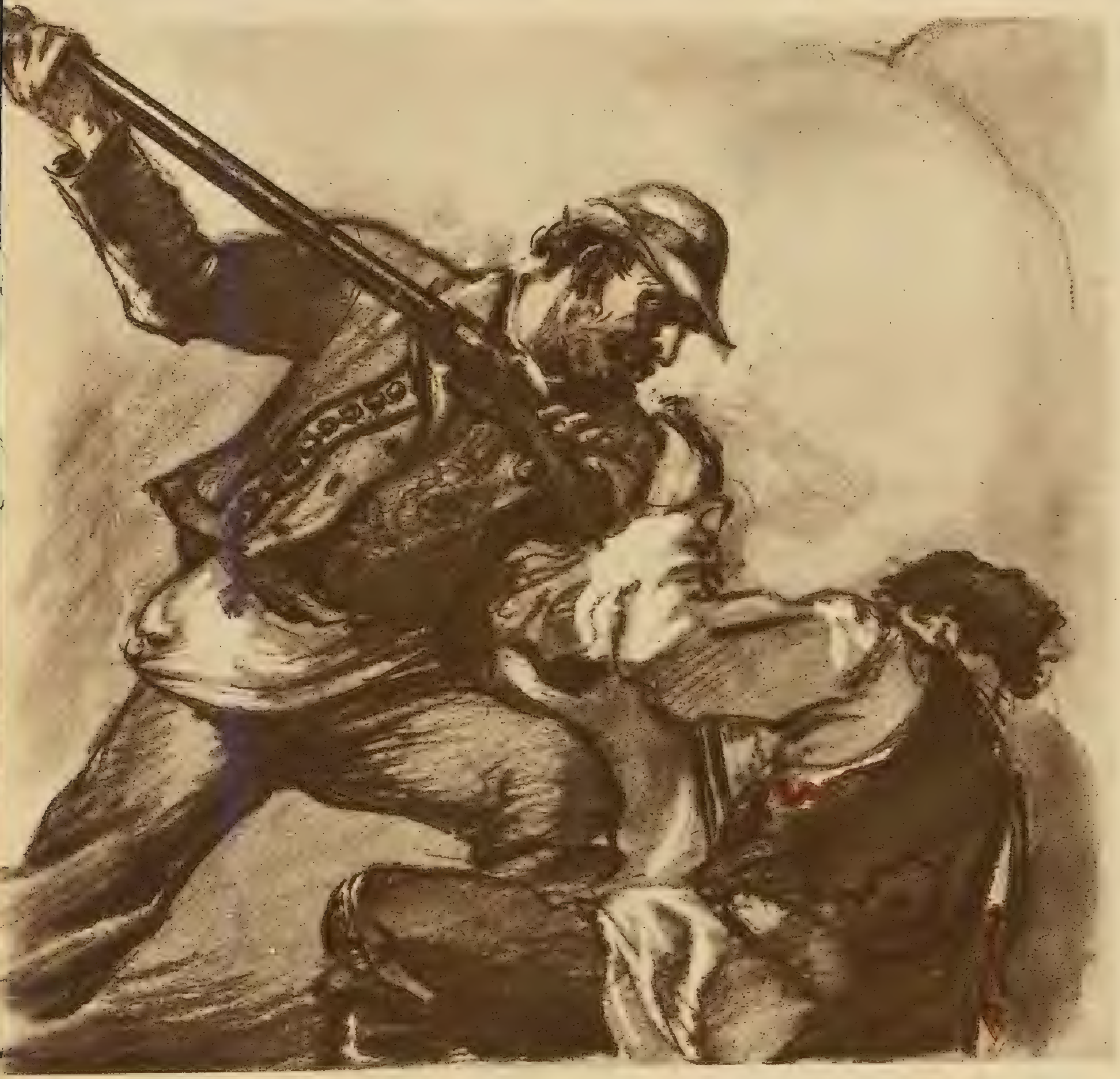
A moment later the young gypsy was asking Stanca that she dance beside him in the *hora*. She thrust back her head. Her lips parted. Her eyes glistened. Her bosom heaved. Her arms opened wide. She would—of course she would dance with him.

Lupu gripped his wife's wrist, shoved her behind him, and looked into Gregory's eyes without saying a word.

The musicians stopped playing. The dancers remained still. The chief had shamed one of their own in the presence of the people of Stanca's tribe who had come to the wedding feast. Gregory's hand reached for his knife. A blow on the head made him reel and fall back.

When the turmoil was over, Gregory had disappeared; and Stanca, quivering, frightened, was secretly proud of the disturbance she had created. Who said that she had married an old man? Indeed, Lupu was the youngest of them all. What fists! They could fell an ox. And he had fought for her. She had been so sad to marry an old man. But from that minute she loved Lupu as she had never loved before. She had quarreled with her father for marrying her to one who could be her father. She rushed up to him now, kissed his beard, and cried aloud: "I love him. I love Lupu, father."

There were many fights and quarrels that night among Lupu's people. Most of the men lined up against their chief. Lupu had insulted one of his own men in the presence of strangers. There was no excuse. Was Lupu not man enough to watch his own wife? Only wolves were killed before they were caught marauding. Jealousy indeed! And not only because of Stanca. Why did he strike Gregory? Did he think that they were too fat to move when one of their own was insulted? No. They were tziganes and not cattle.



Gregory reached for his gun. Lupu threw it out of his hand with one sharp blow on his elbow.

While they were protesting wildly, Stanca threw her arms about her husband and kissed him passionately. "Eagle. You are my eagle."

ON the following day the oldest of the tribe came to talk to Lupu.

"It were better that you send for Gregory while the people before whom you insulted him are still here."

The chief admitted his rashness, but refused to apologize to Gregory. Then the tribe began to scatter. Lupu shrugged his shoulders. They were free to go. Only a few of his blood relatives remained with him. Stanca was proud to see Lupu giving up so much for her sake.

"I love you, Eagle mine," she called out again and again. "I love you, Eagle mine. You are handsomer and stronger than any youth in the world!"

. . . . .

"But where is Gregory now?" I asked, after Lupu had told me the story. "Where are his horses, his wagons, his dogs?"

"Disappeared with him."

At that moment Stanca appeared at the inn. She was adorned with all the jewels Lupu had given her and the jewels given to her as a wedding gift by the people of her own tribe. She was beautiful. Clearly a young man's woman. The wives of Lupu's tribe were right. Her long black coarse hair was like the mane of a proud Arabian mare. Her lips were like carved tulips.

"I am sorry to have been the cause of this trouble," Stanca said to me.

"It is not because of you," Lupu interrupted. "It is because of Gregory. Had it not happened a few days ago, it would happen tomorrow."

She leaned coyly on his wide shoulder and pressed her cheek against his breast, cooing:

"Eagle mine. Eagle mine."

And then we rode back to the encampment of what was left of Lupu's caravan.

THE following morning Harpa, the chief's brother, came running into Lupu's tent, crying that four of his best horses had been stolen from the corral.

"Let's saddle and run down the thief," Harpa urged. "Come, Lupu."

But Lupu smiled and answered without anger:

"Don't go. You know who has stolen your horses as well as I do. Don't run after him. He will bring them back soon enough, or I don't know his father's son."

Harpa was dumfounded to hear his brother condone thievery in his own tribe. The way Harpa looked at Stanca, Lupu understood what he meant to say.

"You go back to your tent, Harpa, and tell your wife to give you a better meal than she gave you yesterday," Lupu said, leading his brother to the flap of the tent.

"But my four horses! My four horses!" Harpa cried.

"You'll get your horses back. Don't worry. Now go. Get out of here," Lupu ordered.

Outside the tent, Harpa said something about an old fool who had married a young witch who was in league with the devil against good people.

"What will you do?" I asked Lupu when his brother had gone.

"Nothing yet."

"Won't you go after Gregory?"

"No," the chief answered. "He will entangle himself in his own web like a spider."

I walked out to talk to the excited gypsies. The women screamed and criticized the chief. Lupu was no longer the same since he had married that young witch, they

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

SONG OF THE EAGLE
Continued from page forty-three

cried. They were of his blood, kin, but they too would soon leave him.

The following morning Lupu's cousin, Curma, rushed into Lupu's tent, shouting at the top of his voice that eight of his horses had been stolen, though two tziganes, armed with shotguns, had watched the whole night long. They had heard no noise. The dogs had not barked.

"And now, Lupu," said Curma, stuttering, "let's see you jump on a horse and ride until you find the thief, the renegade. Put fresh powder in your gun. Let's go after him. To steal from his own people! Drill his heart full of holes. Or if we take him alive let the Manlaslo judge him. We will gouge his eyes out and throw his tongue to the dogs."

Curma stuttered very badly, yet he always talked more than anybody else. He was not aware of his infirmity and believed himself to be the best singer of gypsydom.

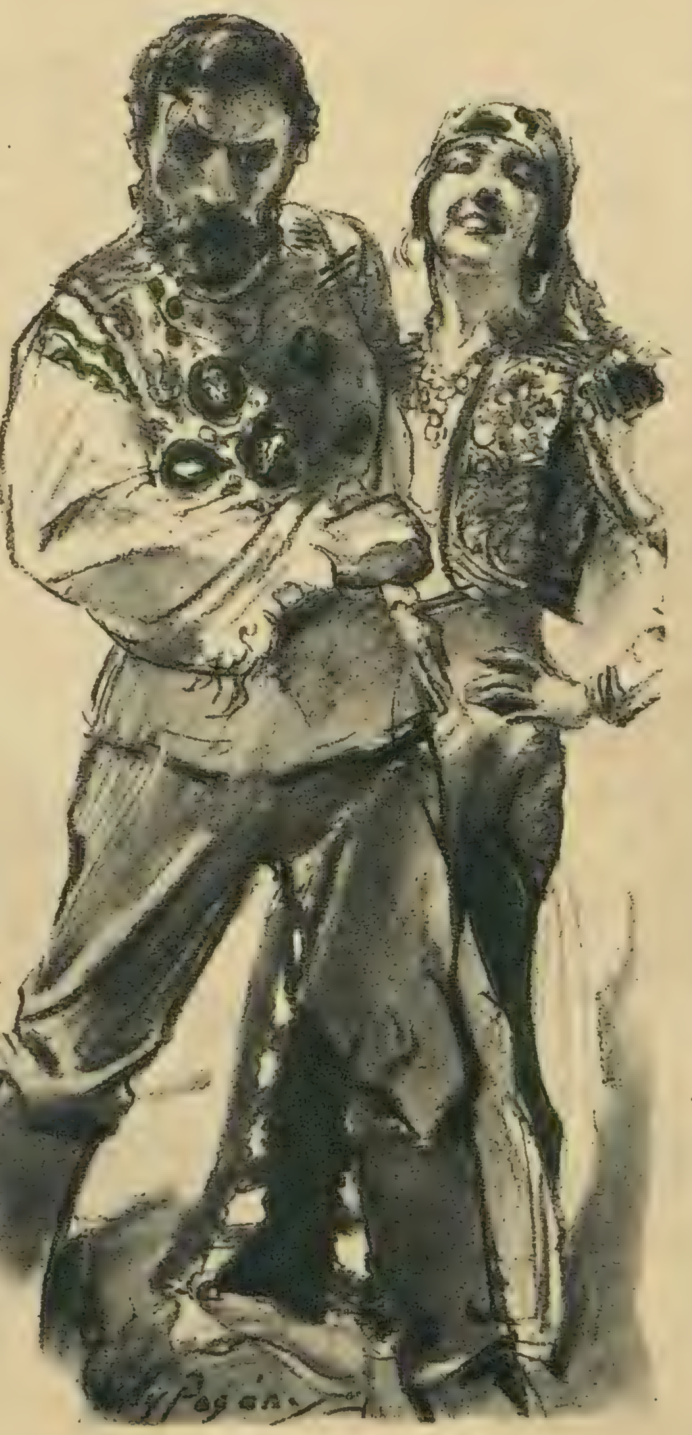
"Give him a good glass of rum," Lupu said to Stanca, who had appeared in the tent and was listening eagerly to the long tale of the man, "that he may quiet himself. And Curma, my friend, don't you worry about your eight horses. Don't run after them. There is nothing to run after. You will get your eight horses back. I pledge myself for them."

"If you don't ride after him immediately, he'll soon be at the other end of the world with them!" Curma cried.

"Harpa said so yesterday," Lupu answered; "yet the proof that Gregory is not at the end of the world is that he came back and took eight more horses. He is not far from here now."

"Then let's g-g-go af-after him and ca-catch him," Curma stuttered.

"You will do as I tell you, Curma. Go back to your tent and try not to think of what has happened. Eat, drink, sleep, laugh, sing. The horses will come back—soon."



Lupu gripped his wife's wrist, shoved her behind him, and looked into Gregory's eyes without saying a word.

Curma looked at Stanca. Had his eyes been daggers, they would have pierced her through. It was the same look Harpa had given her. She had brought unhappiness to the tribe. Who had ever thought a woman could make a coward out of Lupu?

STANCA seemed prouder than ever. Her lips parted over her white, moist teeth. She was pleased with what was happening. A young man, a shrewd, daring, handsome young man, and a wise old man fought a battle for her. And the wise old man allowed his tribe to scatter rather than leave her alone and ride after the thief who had stolen their horses. She knew that Lupu was no coward. He was in love with her—so much in love with her he cared little for what other people believed of him. If they only knew! He loved her. Why should he go running after horse thieves when she was near him?

"Why don't you go after the thief?" she asked tantalizingly when we three were again alone.

He looked at her sternly and sat down beside me to tell me stories of other times and other worlds, fairy tales and legends, motioning to Stanca to curl at his feet and fill his narghile, the water pipe, with crumbs of tobacco.

Well! What did I think of Lupu then? What the others thought; what Harpa and Curma thought. The old chief was afraid to battle Gregory in the open; afraid to leave the soft bed and the soft arms of his beautiful young wife. And I also thought as Stanca did; that he loved her too much and that he was insanely jealous of her. Stanca was proud of that. I was sorry, very sorry. Lupu had been my idol for many years. I had believed him to be the most courageous and the wisest of men. I had been proud of his friendship. He had been a second father to me. My heart sang whenever I saw him or heard his voice—and he had disappointed me. And I hated Gregory—and Stanca too.

"I am anxious to return home," I told Lupu at the end of the day. "Father is expecting me at the house in town."

"Don't go yet," Lupu insisted. "My people are waiting for your return, that you may tell them something. And you have nothing to tell them. Stay here."

ANXIOUS to see the end of the adventure, I stayed on. Though everyone had hobbled his horses and tied them up solidly to posts in the ground, Lupu allowed fifteen of his own "grasses" to pasture freely about the fields.

Late that night I heard a shot fired and the rapid tramp of horses running in different directions. Gregory had gotten away with six of Lupu's own horses and had fired a shot in the air in a spirit of bravado. The whole camp was in arms, crying, gesticulating, begging the chief to run after the thief. Lupu told them to return to their tents and sleep. They must not disturb him again with their noises.

In the morning I found Lupu quietly sipping his coffee.

"That gives that fool worry for eighteen horses," the chief said quietly.

"And are you going to sit down and let Gregory get away with all your wealth and the wealth of your men?" I asked.

"That's exactly what I intend to do," Lupu explained. "Sit down to coffee. It is good coffee. Why should you worry? They are not your horses. Drink your coffee."

I did not understand the chief, nor his motives and reasons; and yet my faith in him and in his great wisdom returned. He spoke so calmly, he seemed so self-assured, I couldn't help have faith in him.

When three days had passed and the marauder had not returned, Lupu showed a little uneasiness. But on the fourth day his face lit up again. Four more horses had disappeared during the night. The fresh theft seemed to give him considerable pleasure. The other men were screaming, yelling, cursing. Lupu was laughing at them. "Fools! Fools! Fools! Only fools would behave as you do. I have filled your pans with bacon and lard and your beards are soft as silk, though we are only a week out of winter. You had faith in me when you saw yourselves getting wealthy, and now, because you don't understand—

Fools! Why don't you leave me and go as the others have gone? Fools!"

"What do you intend to do?" I asked. "Tell me."

"If you don't understand I have nothing to tell you. Sit down beside my fire, eat my bread, look at my wife, and wait," he answered, half in anger and half jokingly.

Stanca looked at him strangely. The lines of her face hardened. Her eyes were cold. Was he a cowardly fool who only pretended that his actions were dictated by anything else but fear? Was he afraid to run after Gregory? Did he not have enough courage to set himself at the head of his men and overtake the thief who was robbing them of their wealth? Yes, their wealth—Lupu's wealth was also hers now. She had been married for a full week.

"What will you do?" I inquired toward midday.

"Do what?" Lupu asked as if my question needed elucidation.

"Why, about the horses that are being stolen from you nightly."

"Yes, what will you do?" Stanca reinforced my query. "Your people look at me as if I were the thief and not one of their own people."

"It will be as I know it will be," Lupu answered me, and turning to his wife he said sharply: "Remember this: My people are your people also. You are my wife. One of your own people is the thief . . . and he is a better man than any in my tribe now—though he is a fool."

DURING the next few days, while Lupu's relatives were growing more fidgety and quarrelsome, discussing among themselves the advisability of leaving their chief, two of the men started out by themselves in pursuit of Gregory and the horses. Gun in hand, swearing he would kill them if they left the camp again without his permission, Lupu returned them to his camp and threatened to hobble them like horses and tie them up to the wheels of the wagons.

Stanca was a good deal more outside the tent than inside now, and watched the roads to set her eyes again upon the daring young tzigane.

At first I thought Lupu was too much blinded by his love for her to realize what she was doing, but I soon saw that he was greatly amused by his wife's restlessness. He looked down the long stem of his pipe while she walked about, and watched her movements from under his long eyelashes.

Stanca reproached me for my presence in the gypsy camp. "Is there no plowing to be done in your fields?" she asked me of an evening. "Or are you so useless at home no one cares whether you are away or not?"

"Indeed, Stanca," I answered, "I should be very glad to go, but Lupu has asked me to stay."

"I did not know that your people followed Lupu's orders. His own people don't. When they want to leave, they leave," she mused between two puffs at her cigarette as she walked away, swaying her hips.

LUPU happened to be back of the tent flap as she spoke to me. He put his hand on my shoulder.

"Like the others, she sees only what is put before her nose. But you trust me. You'll stay with me as long as I ask you to, won't you? Look at her. She walks beautifully. She sways like a sailing boat under a breeze."

We shook hands. He pulled me into the tent.

"Tonight Gregory will come again. He now has twenty-two of our horses and two of his own. That makes twenty-four. He is at a day's ride from here, in the valley near Chilia. I know he is there because it is the only place where he could graze so many horses out of sight. He will come tonight and take two more of my horses. That will leave me two horses. That's all I want."

"But why do you let him do all that?"

"Because he is a fool, and because I want to prove to my people that he is a fool. They shall know he is not fit to rule them, or any other people. I want my people to drink and dance tonight so they will sleep soundly. Come

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

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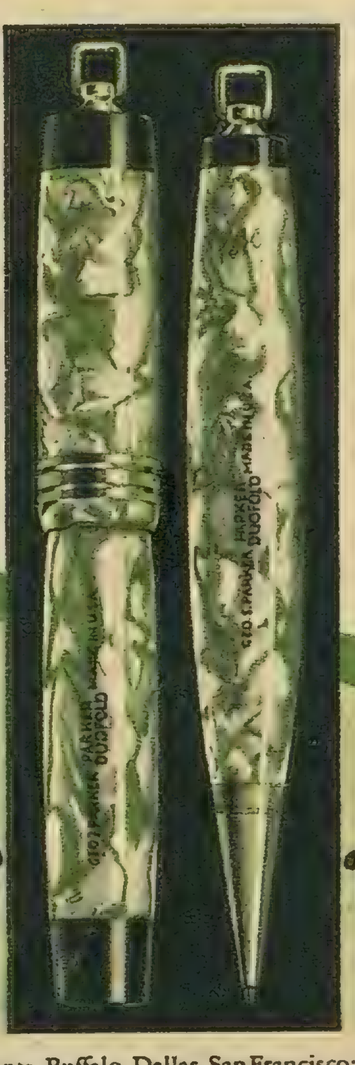

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SONG OF THE EAGLE
Continued from page forty-five

to the inn to buy wine for them. I want them to sleep soundly when Gregory comes."

While the Greek filled my glass with new red wine the gypsy chief spoke soothingly to me:

"Don't mind what Stanca said to you. She is young. She does not know you. Yesterday she was happy for the same reason she is unhappy today."

We bought several demijohns of wine and brandy from the inn and Lupu called to his people:

"That we drink and be merry. Come, Harpa, Curma, Bedea, Petru, John, Stan—where are you all? Come here!"

"How can we drink and be merry," they answered, "when our wealth has been taken from us?"

But they drank just the same.

Lupu smiled broadly.

"If we drink and make merry, we shall get our wealth back. Come. Have another mouthful. Hey, you, Curma—show them how you can drink."

They shook their heads in doubt as they sat down, sad-faced, around their chief. He pressed the bottle upon them; and as it passed from mouth to mouth the careworn faces smoothed out and they began to talk of other times; when they were all together and happy.

"Drink that we shall be together again," Lupu urged, taking a long drink himself before passing the bottle again to the next man at his right.

"Where there has been one camp fire there are twenty now," sang Sandru, the singer of the tribe. "And some have gone east and some west, and some to the north and some to the south. To the four corners of the wind our tribe has been scattered."

The gypsies cried. The women wailed.

"Scattered to the four winds we are."

Lupu spoke soothingly:

"The smoke of all the fires is blown in one direction by the wind. Lilith, the mother of the forest, will again be good to us. We shall soon gather dry twigs for the fire of reunion. Drink! Drink and be merry!"

And before drinking himself again, he poured some of the wine into the fire, that Lilith should also drink and listen to his wishes.

Stanca raised her eyebrows contemptuously and went to her tent. She thought of her own people. The chief of her tribe would not have lingered about the camp while a younger man stole his horses. The people of her tribe would not have wailed and cried if their chief had suddenly turned into a coward. There was only one man in that tribe—Gregory. The others were old women.

BEFORE the gray morning had eaten into the slice of the black night the gypsies were all dozing around the camp fire. The women had gone to their tents, for there were threatening clouds in the sky. Lupu was happy. We two were the only ones sober. I had understood the look he had given me while we were sitting around the camp fire, and I had only pretended I was drinking, while I urged the others on: "Drink, brother, drink. Have a drink with me, Petru. With me, Curma. With me, Sandru. Sing, Sandru. Your voice is beautiful tonight."

Toward dawn one of the dogs barked. I heard the tramp of stampeded horses neighing and whinnying. Gregory, riding his own horse, was driving the stolen ones before him at a fast pace. His silhouette outlined itself against the moon. I reached for my gun. Lupu jerked the weapon out of my hand and motioned me to keep quiet.

The cavalcade had hardly disappeared beyond the bend of the road when he said to me:

"Get on your horse quietly. Ride to where you have left Stephan. Tell him that I said they should come back. That all is well. And tell him that he should send word to Nikolai, who is on the other side of the Danube, that all is well, that they should all come back. Tell them they should send word to the camps ahead of them to return; that they should all return."

"But how is all well?" I asked Lupu.

"Do as I tell you."

Yet, when I was ready to go, Lupu changed his mind.

"No. It is better you come with me, so you can then tell them what you have seen with your own eyes."

I shall never forget the scornful look in Stanca's eyes when she came out of her tent that early morning. She had heard the tramp of Gregory's horse. Soon Gregory would be the ruler, and then she would be the wife of a worthy master. A woman needed a master—a courageous master. Not one who sat back and watched his horses taken from under his nose while he played with his wife or drank with his relatives. She spoke at the top of her voice. The sleepy gypsies jumped to their feet. They had no desire to run after the marauder. They were intimidated, scared, afraid of their own shadows.

"Now get on your horse," Lupu told me. "There is a long ride ahead of us. And you, Stanca, mount."

"Where are you leading me?" she asked.

"Where I am going."

"And why is the stranger going with us?" she asked, pointing at me.

"Do as I tell you and not another word!" Lupu thundered. And when Lupu spoke in that tone everybody obeyed him.

IT was a long ride over winding roads, through gorges of hills, and over narrow paths of muddy black marshes. A soft wind blew the dust of the limestone quarries into our faces. Lupu knew every foot of the road. We were riding at top speed, halting for a few moments only when the horses were too tired to continue. At sundown we reached the top of a hill from which we could see miles and miles of grazing land that rolled and folded before us until the sheen of the grass merged with the blood-red of the horizon.

Gripped by the majesty of the view before me, I forgot Gregory and Stanca and the horses. Suddenly I heard Lupu ram a fresh charge of powder into the barrel of his old rifle.

"There he is!" He pointed at a tent in the distance with the tip of the barrel. "There. Do you see him? On your horse now," Lupu called, "and at top speed!"

We were upon Gregory's tent before he had had time to rouse himself. But what a different Gregory! He reached for his gun. Lupu threw it out of his hand with one sharp blow on his elbow.

"There is no need for that, Gregory. I have not come to kill you. I have come to talk to you, to tell you what a fool you are. Had you been satisfied to keep the first four horses you stole, you could have hidden them where I could never have found them. But your greed was greater than your wisdom. You took more horses than you could hide. And still you came for more! Then I knew that you stole them only to defy me; that you wanted to lead, you who don't know what it is to obey! On the wrestling mat strength counts for much, Gregory. But to lead one needs wisdom."

Gregory bowed his head.

"You are a daring man, Gregory. From now on, you will know. What has been, has been. I have been too rash with you, but I have judged you right. My friend here and I will drive our horses back to our camp. You go yourself and call our people back. Tell them that I sent you. You will find Stephan on the shore of the Danube. *Sarasan,* greetings." And the chief offered his hand in token of peace.

. . . . .

Within three days all of Lupu's men had assembled humbly before their wise ruler. Stanca was again anxious to please him and serve him. That night she sang to him the Song of the Eagle, the great gypsy song women sing to their men the first moon of their wedding:

My heart flutters when you raise your wings, my Eagle.
Take me to your mountain-top nest, my Eagle.
I will be the mother of your sons, my Eagle—
The proud mother of your sons, my Eagle.

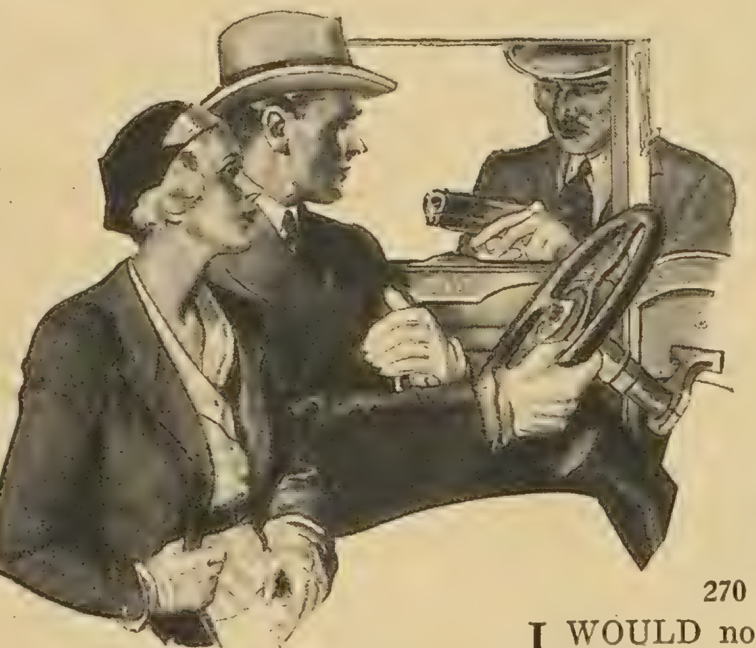
THE END

Problems of Conduct

What Would You Do?

$200 for the Best Answers

This is the last of Liberty's series of Problems of Conduct. No more new ones will be printed after this week, but the winning answers to problems in recent issues will be published from week to week until all have appeared. We're getting ready for a new contest. Watch for it!



Here Is The Question

for which $100 has been awarded to

ELEANOR ROBERTS
2114 Magnolia Avenue,
Los Angeles, California

Suppose you were a young man out driving with a girl. Two armed men pull up alongside your car, take your money, and order you to give up the girl.

A gang has perpetrated several similar holdups in your neighborhood, and in each case the girl has been frightened only—never actually harmed.

You are unarmed. Would you give up the girl without a fight, or would you fight for her and take the chance of being killed?

Answers to this question must reach us before midnight, April 4. They should be as short as possible—brevity will count in their favor. In no case should they contain more than 1,000 words.

THE RULES

1. Liberty invites its readers to submit answers to the problem of conduct which appears above. For the answers which, in the judgment of the editors, are the best submitted, $200 will be paid, the $200 to be divided among the senders, and these answers will be published.

2. Answers should be written on one side of the paper only—typewritten if possible—and should be brief. In no case should they contain more than 1,000 words. Preferably, they should be much shorter than that. Brevity will count in their favor.

3. It is understood that the decision of Liberty's editors will be final.

4. Answers should bear the sender's full name and address, and should be sent to PROBLEMS, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

5. Anyone, anywhere, may compete, except employees of Liberty and their families. WE CANNOT UNDERTAKE TO RETURN ANY ANSWERS OR ENTER INTO CORRESPONDENCE CONCERNING THEM.

And Here Are the Winning Answers

to the problem which appeared in Liberty for February 21. Two hundred dollars has been divided among the senders of these answers. The problem was:

> **Suppose your child has been kidnaped, and you have effected its safe return by promising immunity to the kidnapers. You are thereupon assailed by the newspapers and your friends on the ground that you have no right to consider the promise binding and obstruct legal justice, and that to persist in doing so would endanger the safety of other children.**
>
> **Would you feel in honor bound to keep your word to the kidnapers, or would you feel that your duty to society required you to aid in the prosecution of the criminals?**

By ELIZABETH SHOOP
270 Madison Avenue, New York City

I WOULD not break my word with the kidnaper because in so doing I feel I would lose the respect of three people:

(1) Myself. At the time I made the bargain with the kidnaper, I felt that the price of my silence concerning his identity was not too high a one to pay for the safe return of my child. Now, I could not deliberately break that silence (for the sake of what other people consider my duty) and still keep my self-respect.

(2) My Child. Children see things only in clear blacks and whites. To my child, then, the story of the kidnaper and me would boil down to two fundamentals: I, his mother, have made a promise which is to bring me great benefit—and when I have received that benefit, I break my promise. But how can he reconcile this, so contrary to all he has been taught, with the ideals I and his father have always held before him? To him, honesty is a basic quality, and if I violate it for any reason I invite the loss, not of his love surely, but his respect.

(3) The Kidnaper. Here, I realize, is opportunity for the cynical to laugh and scoff. But wait—is not my hypothesis as capable of truth as theirs? They say if I do not betray this man he will continue his crimes, bringing such anguish as I suffered to many other homes and mothers. Perhaps. But I feel that the man who would return my child to me on such simple grounds is himself

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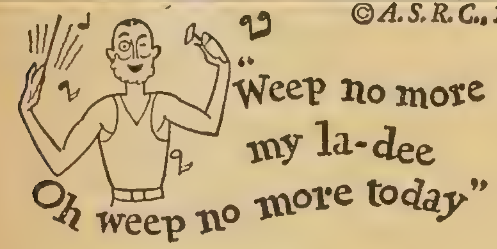
Singing Shave

©A. S. R. C., 1931



And scrape no more, my gentleman . . . When the Ever-Ready Blade coasts down your cheeks and rollicks away with your whiskers, you burst into song.

Be a Singing Shaver. Put melody into your mornings by putting an Ever-Ready Blade in your razor. Demand the genuine—it's guaranteed! At all dealers.

American Safety Razor Corp., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Also makers of Ever-Ready Shaving Brushes

Ever-Ready
BLADES

Ever-Ready Safety Razor BLADES
Guaranteed

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY-SEVEN]

more or less simple deep in his heart. Who knows but what my fair play in dealing with him—my treating him as honestly or even more honestly than he had hoped—will not bring him to the first upward step? The kidnaper is a figure about whose future life the wisest of us can only conjecture. And I, taking the optimistic viewpoint, repeat—

I would not break my word with the kidnaper.

By ADA A. MOSHER
Woodlawn P. O., Maryland

I SHOULD not feel committed to such a promise. Any promise under torture is invalid, and the parents of a kidnaped child are under torture at the hands of a dehumanized monster whose crime is so heinous as to place it in a class by itself, and the perpetrator beyond the pale of those moral amenities obtaining among people of normal humanity.

To keep a faith of this nature is to put a premium upon the crime: it is for the making of kidnaping into a business not only safe but profitable; a business that will grow; a business that would put every parent under tribute to a Juggernaut of Terror, and the only cure for this type of oppression is: " Millions for defense, but not one cent for tribute! "

To reward a kidnaper with immunity would be to take our own little one, unmangled, from the iron teeth of a trap and then to set it again for some other mother's child.

In dickering with a kidnaper you are upon the moral territory of " Somewhere east of Suez "—out of all moral bounds. I am opposed to capital punishment, but, for the proved kidnaper, I would say: hang him first and discuss with him, afterward, the terms of immunity for his crime.

By STANLEY EDGAR
1922 North Fayette Street, Saginaw, Michigan

I WOULD feel in honor bound to keep my promise to the kidnapers. Regardless of society, there is a personal element here that cannot be lightly considered. Self-preservation and mother love are the two first laws of human nature, the two being closely related. It is even natural to forget self in the safeguarding of your own offspring.

Should this problem actually confront me, I am sure that society would be forgotten and the safe return of my loved one would be the paramount thought in my mind. If, by giving a promise of immunity to the abductors, I were insured the safe return of my loved one, I would be morally obligated to keep that promise. A promise of such magnitude as to involve life, liberty, and possibly death, given and then retracted, becomes a moral transgression that would not rest lightly on my conscience.

The fact that I have given my word of honor to an element of obvious unmoral character would not in the least alter that promise.

After all, I and my loved ones are the parties involved, and not society. I am unable to perceive a problem of such personal interest as though it were a social one.

By HOYLE D. SECREST
Detective Sergeant, Metropolitan Police Department, Washington, D. C.

" FIGHT fire with fire " is always the correct answer to kidnapers. The criminals did not hesitate to use any means at their disposal to gain possession of the child in order to satisfy their own selfish motives, nor would they hesitate to put the child to death should their request for money be refused. Who then is fool enough to accord courtesy and consideration to potential murderers?

No contract can be regarded as binding which contrives to defeat the ends of justice and which was obtained by threat of death to a child. No honor can be stained in making a contract with a criminal, which you do not intend to keep, when you know you are compelled to enter such an agreement to secure the return of your child and protect it from a murderer.

Besides, to protect such criminals is to perpetrate a felony. Any method is fair in fighting criminals of this type. " Fight fire with fire " will always be the answer to this question.

The above may not be liked by people who are " Oh! so very honorable," but is the way a " dick " looks at it.

Answers to the question in Liberty for February 28 will be published next week.

Bright Sayings *of* Children

Liberty will pay $5 for every published original bright saying of a child. Contributions cannot be acknowledged or returned if unavailable. Address Bright Sayings, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

Enjoying Sunday School

Jane came home from Sunday school and her mother asked her (expecting to hear the story of the lesson) what she did there. The quick reply was:

" Oh, just wiggled my loose tooth."—T. M. Seitz, 30 Edgeworth Rd., Atlantic, Mass.

Gravitation Is Like That

Dressed in clean rompers, my son went out to play. I cautioned him to keep clean. In a few moments he came in covered with mud. Between sobs he explained: " You see, I fell down, and didn't have time to take 'em off."—Mrs. J. H. Inman, Shelbyville, Mo.

"This Will Hurt You More Than Me"

A New For the Love o' Lil

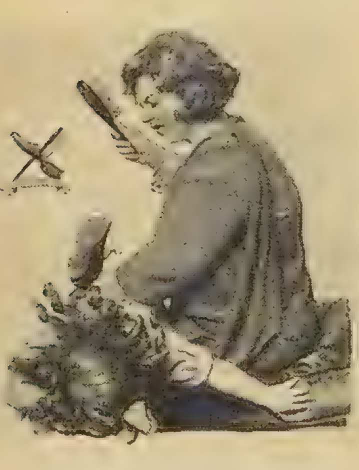
"'MY heart is a bub-bub-bubble,'" Gwendolyn Smithers was singing from the banister post in her front hall, "'an' it's breaking for you, for you—'"

"My ears are breakin'," Tess yelled from the kitchen where she was hunting for a can opener which had rolled behind a basket of cooking apples. "Go out to the garage if you gotta sing. My ears ache."

"Ears?" Gwen shrieked, nearly falling off backward. "I can hardly wait for summer so's I can sing all day and all night in a cornfield an' make a hundred million ears ache. 'My heart—'"

"Keep still!" Mrs. Smithers yelled from her bedroom. "What d'you think this house is—an opera house?"

"Opera house?" Gwen giggled, weakening the banister by kicking it. "My songs are too good for the opera. Gee, you couldn't hear lungs—"



This week's cover picture.

"Keep your lungs still!" her mother warned.

"Keep your own lungs still," Gwen laughed. "Crab."

"What did I hear you say?" Mrs. S. bellowed.

"Nothing," Gwen fibbed, jumping to the floor. "Nothing at all, mother dear."

"Mother dear?" her mad mother laughed out of the side of her mouth. "That sounds like sugar in vinegar. I heard what you said about my lungs, and who wouldn't crab, with you raising the roof with your screech-owl voice and laughing behind people's backs?"

"I never laugh behind your back," Gwen said. "I wouldn't dare. D'you know what's the matter with all the other children in the world?" She tiptoed upstairs and walked right into Mrs. Smithers' room. "They haven't got you for a mother."

"I should hope not," Mrs. S. said, following Gwen across the rug. "I'd hate to bring up all that gang, especially if they all were as bad as you."

"I am not bad!" Gwen's voice rose as high as a peanut-stand whistle. "You have nerve to keep flyin' at me all the time. What d'you want me to do? Sit around like an old hen with gout? You're a—"

"What am I? Go ahead, you impudent snipe."

"Snipe?" Gwen shrieked, running around behind the chaise longue. "You call me bad names an' get away with it, but if I dare call you bad names—you get mad an' you puff an' your eyes stick out like a—like a cow's."

"A cow? How dare you insult me like that?"

Gwen had to giggle, her mother looked so funny bending over the chaise longue trying to catch her. And her giggle was her undoing.

"Now I've caught you!" Mrs. S. said in the mean voice which the spider probably used for the fly. "You're too damn' fresh and d'you know what I'm going to do?"

"What?" Gwen yelled, although she had been flopped across her mother's knees.

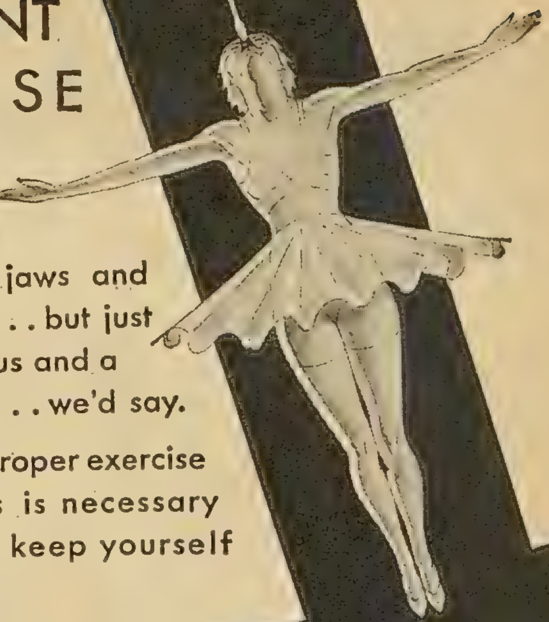
"You know what," she was told. "You've been bad since the second week in February when you dared Red Hancock to go hitching. He was nearly killed. Then you hit Jack Conforti in the ear and then you used up my nice new expensive cosmetics."

"Gimme a chance to say something. Gimme—"

"I'll give you a chance to yell," Mrs. S. laughed as she raised the hairbrush. "You can yell good and hard, too. This will hurt *you* more than me!"

(Next week's cover adventure: April Fool)

EXCELLENT EXERCISE



For the teeth, jaws and facial muscles . . . but just a trifle strenuous and a bit hazardous . . . we'd say.

And yet the proper exercise of all muscles is necessary if you are to keep yourself physically fit.

Your daily tasks and favorite sports provide exercise for body muscles, only the face is neglected.

WRIGLEY'S Chewing Gum will help to properly exercise teeth and jaws and prevent flabby face lines.

Keep Fit With

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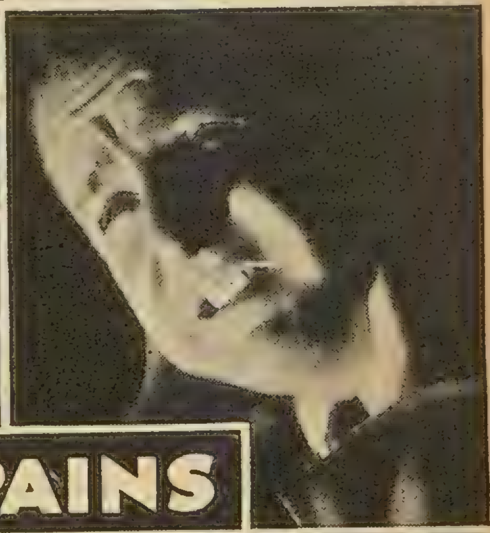
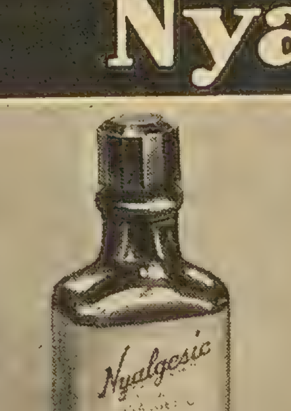
SPEARMINT
THE PERFECT GUM
MINT LEAF FLAVOR

L14

FOR STIFF NECK AND OTHER PAINS



Nyalgesic



NOTHING takes the pep out of a man quicker than a stiff neck—and they are stubborn things, generally. But a few drops of Nyalgesic works like magic—brings you back to normal. Try Nyalgesic also for Rheumatism, Neuritis, Lame Back, Lumbago, Chilblains and Sore Muscles—Shaker-top bottle 60c.

Sold only at

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NYAL SERVICE DRUG STORES

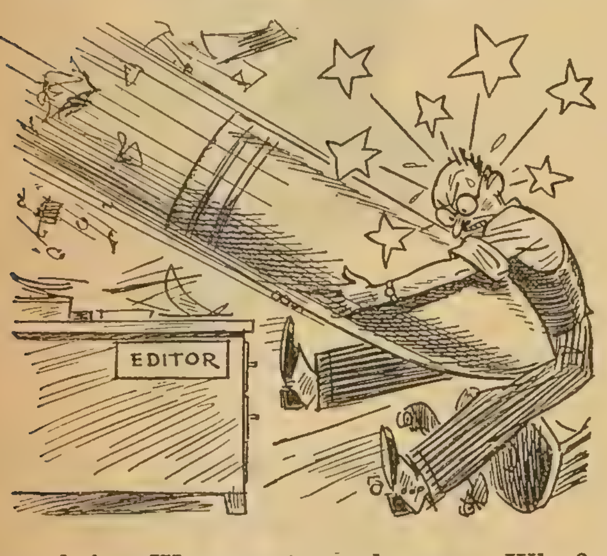
You are dealing with experienced druggists at NYAL Service Drug Stores

Vox

If It Ain't One Thing It's Another; Now It Seems We're Starting a War

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—I've read Liberty ever since it was in the cradle and for some reason unknown to me I've liked it and defended it against criticisms. But now I'm mad.

For the past several months all I can read is: War, war, and war. Why? Your editorials, your articles, and your stories are all about war. Not being satisfied with our past wars, you have to suggest some new ones. Then you go and dig up "German Spies in America."



Your circulation has grown so large that Liberty is read most everywhere, and if another war starts I'll blame Liberty. I hope the next shot fired, that is heard around the world, lands in your lap.—*Carl Francis, Jr.*

EUSTIS, FLA.—What are you trying to do, Liberty—start another war? I knew your magazine was full of propaganda, but I thought that everyone in America (including the staff of writers which Liberty employs) had enough of war during the great conflict.

Yet, here comes Sidney Sutherland's article, "German Spies in America," which is enough to insult any country. Let it be understood here and now that I am not of German origin, but what is in the past, let it stay in the past.—*D. W. Richardson.*

WINNIPEG, MAN., CAN.—What is the purpose of publishing Sidney Sutherland's article, "German Spies in America"? Is it propaganda, is it spite work, or do you want to sow war hatred?

Do the newspapers have to have another war? Is business so poor across the border line? You know as well as I do the tense situation in central Europe. Give Germany's enemies the least hint of American sympathy and they will, with glee, jump upon that country made helpless by fraudulent diplomatic maneuvers.—*Anton Koepke.*

COMMERCE, TEXAS—Now somebody will be squawking at Sidney Sutherland for writing "German Spies in America," I suppose. Let me tell 'em early that it is high time that the American public knew what really went on in this country during the period just before we entered the war.

Pour it on, Sid, and more power to you.—*Marion R. Estes.*

Postscript on a Story About a Recreant Husband

FRESNO, CALIF.—Say, Pop, you tell George S. Brooks there is a bunch of us married guys out here want to know the sequel to "All Fixed Up." We want to know if that son-of-a-gun got away with it, and how!

This is the first story ever published in Liberty worth two readings.—*E. L. Cramer.*

"The Truth About a Fine Fellow"

BINGHAMTON, N. Y.—Permit me to volunteer that Mr. Paul Gallico's story of Gene Tunney, in your February 28 issue, is, in my estimation, one of the finest I've ever read.

It's delightful to have the truth about a fine fellow from an authoritative source.—*Reed L. Parker.*

TOLEDO, OHIO—Permit me to express my gratitude for Paul Gallico's recent intimate article on Major Gene Tunney, on the staff of His Excellency, Governor Wilbur L. Cross.

When Gene Tunney was in our midst how little did we dumb lowbrows realize the embryonic scholar, sage, philosopher, and gentleman that was hidden from our view by the gaudy bath robe of the professional boxer.

What a debt of gratitude we owe to Mr. Gallico for painstakingly unearthing such a mass of unsuspected culture and triumphantly spreading it before our "mean, shifty eyes."

When I realize the shame and humiliation that Tunney's proud spirit must have suffered when the few paltry million dollars of prize-fight money were forced into his unwilling hands, I could almost burst into sobs.

The writer daringly lays bare all the secret intimacies of the country and the farm where the Major makes his home. Every little detail that an expectant world is eager to hear, unless I humbly mention just one thing that was possibly an oversight on Mr. Gallico's part. He forgot to give us an analysis of the soil.—*C. B. Clark.*

SCRANTON, PA.—I liked your article on Gene Tunney in your February 28 issue. Paul Gallico is O. K.

I really think even the cranks were pleased. I was.—*An Ex-Crank.*

These Lines Were Inscribed on Violent Yellow Stationery

LAKELAND, FLA.—How do you like the *blonde* paper? Don't it make you feel bilious?

That's how I feel after reading Bogart Rogers' story, "Murder at Malibu." "My *blonde* was up at Cornings'." "That proves you're a bleached *blonde*." "No real *blonde* ever had that much sense." "He introduced us both to a buxom *blonde*." "I phoned this *blonde* bay-bee." "I got a date with a *blonde*."

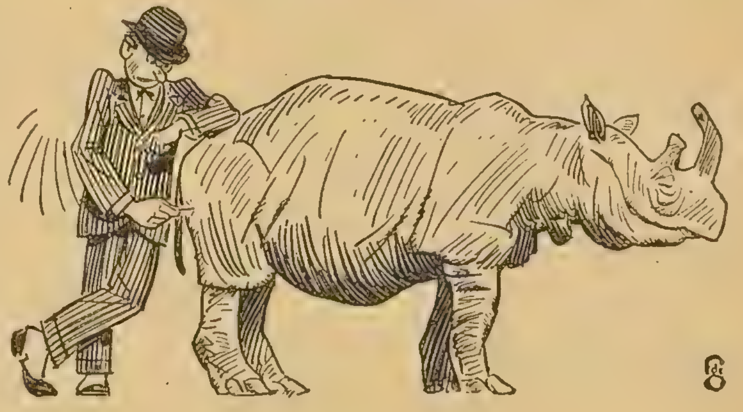
Jack Brown's wife was blonde, the sweetie was a blonde, and so was Dorothy Corning! Honest, that story made me actually sick, believe it or not.—*Not a Blonde—thank heavens!*

One Goat, 6c

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—What gets my goat is that it cost me five cents to find out how rotten your magazine was and now it is costing one cent to send you this post card and tell you so!—*John L. Jenemann.*

We're Really Quite Unregenerate

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.—Your sucker list may eventually get Uncle Sam's postal department out of the red. Certainly the paper mill that furnishes material for stamps that are wasted on your contests, etc., must be working three eight-hour shifts. Capone hasn't got anything on you. Really, you are nearly as perfect as the Republican Party.



I do resent joining the sucker list and buying a stamp to mail this message to you.

Then, on the other hand, it is worth two cents to get under your skin. But, naturally, I suppose my efforts to do this are probably as ridiculous as sticking a rhinoceros with a pin, and will give you more joy than pain.—*W. R. Price.*

For a Flying Author

DETROIT, MICH.—Every real friend of aviation, in the business and outside, will thank you, not only for publishing Swanee Taylor's article, "Aviation Responds," but for picking Swanee to give the finishing touches to some mistaken notions the public has about flying.—*Frank Bogart.*

Pop

Illustrators Certainly Are a Problem

JOPLIN, MO.—Did you ever see a mystery movie picture, and, right when you begin to get all thrilled, excited, and goose-pimples, have some fellow near you who has either read the story or seen the picture before, give the plot entirely away by relating the solution to his friend, in a voice so loud that he is heard by all and sundry?

Well, your illustrators pull the same stunt when they illustrate with a picture showing the key to the plot. I have noticed this time and again, and it takes all the kick out of the reading.—*Louis K. Turner.*

Mr. Lindsay Is Hereby Officially Slapped

WASHINGTON, D. C.—In re the best story published in an age (in my opinion) "Nor All Your Piety," by Donald Lindsay, I would like you to give Mr. Lindsay a slap on the back for me.

His description of Monsieur Duval was the most convincing description I have ever read. The way in which he described the map, safe, and books—gosh, I could actually see them and smell the crumbling leather.

And as for Monsieur Duval, the stoop of his shoulders, the lenses of his spectacles, and, in the end, his mangled body, were all very clear.—*Vivian (Ding) Warren.*

We Can Offer You a Lot of Sympathy, Joe

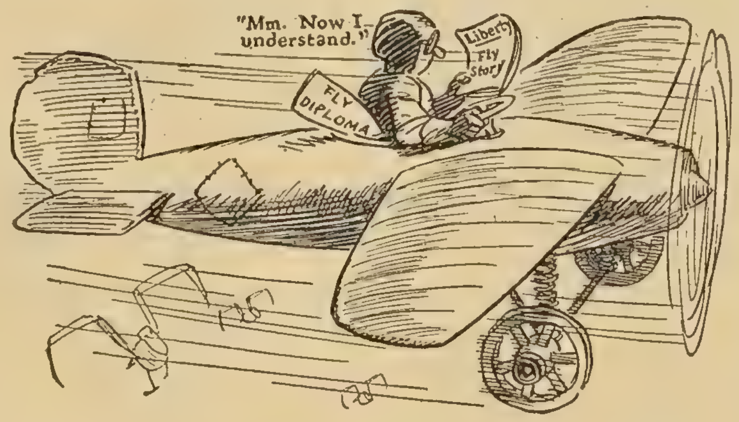
NEEDHAM HEIGHTS, MASS.—How the heck are you? You don't know me, do you? Well, I'll tell you who I am. I am one of them guys who are always looking for a good magazine cheap. You know—a good five cents one, and a so call friend told me to get the Liberty.

Liberty
Liberty

It was so long ago since he told me, and I fell for your cockeye magazine, that I got to ask you a question. Say, how much do you give for old Libertys? I got stacks and piles of old ones, and the junkman won't buy them. My cellar is full and I got some more coming, so if you back out I won't know what to do with them.—*Joe Brute.*

Well, It's One Way

EVANSVILLE, IND.—My dear editor I, a disgusted reader of Liberty, wish to tell you in as few words as possible that I think your articles about flying, golfing, and football is the bunk, and for the entertainment of your readers I think you should publish more stories, novels, or serial stories.



You must know that all your readers, or at least the majority of them, don't know all about aviation and half don't care—at least I don't. Put something more adequate in your magazine or I will have to learn to fly in order to understand what the writers are talking about.—*L. J. H.*

The Year's at the Spring, the Hillside's Dew-Pearled, and We Step Into This

NEW YORK, N. Y.—This is my answer to Mr. Franklin P. Adams's article, "I Hate Waiters." Does he think a waiter likes to be one? Well, I'll tell him. No. And why? Because of crabs like himself. My brother is a waiter and many times he has come home tired, sick, and disgusted. Between the cranky customers and the kitchen where you can't get your orders is enough to drive anyone half crazy.

Mr. Adams claims he would rather a waiter tell him when anything is not fresh. Does he want the man to get fired? Did he ever hear a salesman tell a customer not to buy his wares because they were not any good?

As for waiters making as high as $200 a week—that is somebody's pipe dream. If he makes from $30 to $40 a week he is doing wonderful. And that after 9 to 14 hours on the floor taking abuse from all kind of mugs. And not every customer tips. They never wait on more than 40 people a day, at the most 60. Now multiply that by a nickel a piece, and see if that comes anywhere near $200.

Well, here's hoping your children become waiters, Mr. Adams.—*A Waiter's Sister.*

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—F. P. Adams is a great guy and deserves a big hand—across the gizzard. What does he mean with his "I Hate Waiters" stuff? Does he realize that he is increasing the depression situation with that article? Does he realize that thousands of people will be reading his story and will believe him and then take it out on the next waiter who serves them?

I have been a waiter for about ten years. I have served the best of people and the lowliest. I never earned even a hundred dollars a week, and I have seen very few places where a waiter makes over fifty a week. Adams is wrong and so are countless others.

The waiter works hard for his money. Usually receives about a dollar a day in wages, and looks forward to his tips to earn enough to keep the wolf away. His hours are sometimes from 7 A. M. to 2 P. M. and from 5 P. M. to about 9 P. M. He works Sunday, holidays and most evenings. In most cases he has to help in the kitchen during the slack hours, doing many menial tasks, and he is fed the slop of the joint he works in.

He gets bawled out by the boss, the headwaiter, the customer, and the cooks. If any one makes a mistake, the waiter gets blamed always. It's a rule.

Why don't Adams knock the dining room owners? Waiters don't want tips. Give them a salary in comparison to the work they do and the hours they put into their jobs.—*Waiter Dick.*

NUTLEY, N. J.—Scanning over Liberty's pages rapidly, I came upon the story headed "I Hate Waiters." Can you imagine such an insult? Here are poor industrious people trying their best to earn a respectable living, and an unappreciative gorilla like Adams voices his dislike.

Not that I would like to see his funeral; but, confidentially, he ought to fall off a bridge accidentally.—*A Liberty Fiend.*

BRYAN, OHIO—Hang all the stars you've got, and medals, on Franklin P. Adams. Waiters certainly are a lot of unreliable, inconsiderate, fusionless-minded asses. Only thing wrong with "I Hate Waiters": the author didn't say enough.—*Another Waiter Hater.*

Look Out, Mr. Hope!

ASHLAND, WIS.—Hurrah! Congratulations, congratulations *and* congratulations! On the first decent story Liberty has ever published: "Ten Grains of Aspirin." If I knew the guy that wrote that story I'd kiss him! (Now don't get mean and title this "Look Out, Mr. Hope!")

All I want to say is, get more stories like that one and Liberty will go up 100 per cent in the estimation of the average sensible American reader.—*A "She" Popper.*

German Spies in America

Beagles of the Water Front—Dynamite in a Bank—Ship-Blast Plotting—Von Bernstorff Worries

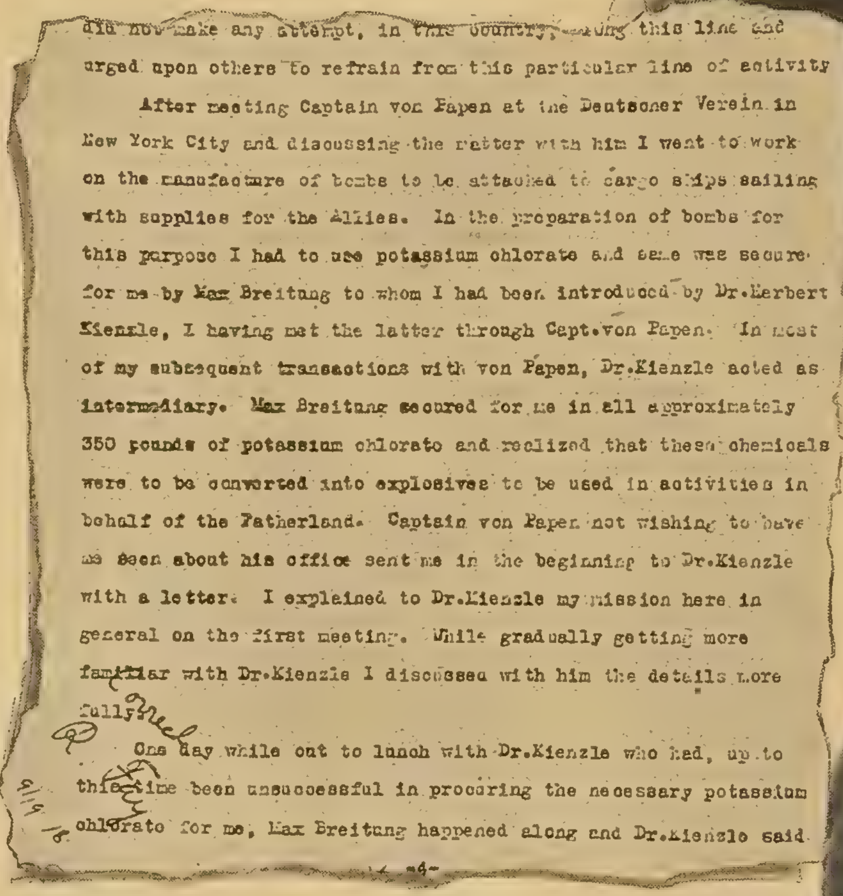
By SIDNEY SUTHERLAND

(Reading time: 22 min. 11 sec.)

LIGHTING up for the first time the secret maneuvers of Berlin's war on neutral America, Mr. Sutherland in last week's Liberty presented hitherto hidden evidence indicating that German agents set off the San Francisco Preparedness Parade bomb laid to Mooney and Billings. Now he sets the scene of another famous mystery—the blowing up of the munitions stores on Black Tom in 1916.

PART SIX—DUPLICITY

NOT being blind to the possibility that his sabotage enterprises in neutral America might some day be interrupted, Captain Franz von Papen, German military attaché, had the foresight to groom a suitable successor to himself. He selected Wolf von Igel as his Intelligence Center understudy.



did not make any attempt, in this country, along this line and urged upon others to refrain from this particular line of activity

After meeting Captain von Papen at the Deutscher Verein in New York City and discussing the matter with him I went to work on the manufacture of bombs to be attached to cargo ships sailing with supplies for the Allies. In the preparation of bombs for this purpose I had to use potassium chlorate and same was secure for me by Max Breitung to whom I had been introduced by Dr. Herbert Kienzle, I having met the latter through Capt. von Papen. In most of my subsequent transactions with von Papen, Dr. Kienzle acted as intermediary. Max Breitung secured for me in all approximately 350 pounds of potassium chlorate and realized that these chemicals were to be converted into explosives to be used in activities in behalf of the Fatherland. Captain von Papen not wishing to have me seen about his office sent me in the beginning to Dr. Kienzle with a letter. I explained to Dr. Kienzle my mission here in general on the first meeting. While gradually getting more familiar with Dr. Kienzle I discussed with him the details more fully.

One day while out to lunch with Dr. Kienzle who had, up to this time been unsuccessful in procuring the necessary potassium chlorate for me, Max Breitung happened along and Dr. Kienzle said

9/19/18

-4-

Part of the confession Robert Fay made to federal agents on September 19, 1918, after escaping from Atlanta and surrendering in Spain.

Von Papen also required, and immediately, an organization conducted by a thoroughly trustworthy German from which he could draw such agents as he required for the actual destruction. Paul Koenig fitted admirably into this part of the great conspiracy to prevent, at all costs and by all means, the shipment of munitions and supplies to the Allies in Europe and Asia.

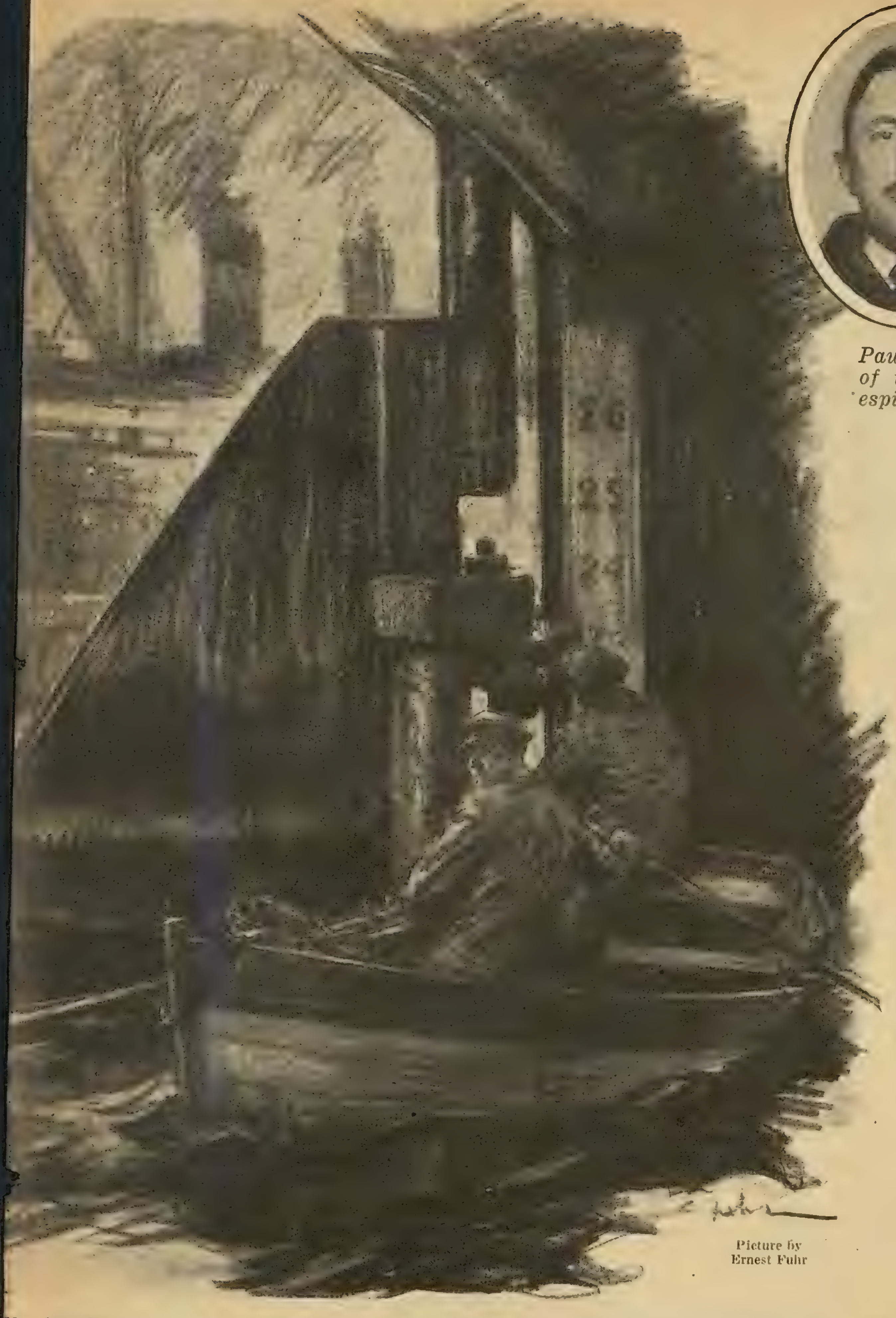
Von Igel went to work for the military attaché in August, 1914. He attended to the renting of the Intelligence Center's suite at 60 Wall Street and signed a lease running until May 1, 1916. He informed the landlord, and anybody else interested enough to inquire, that he was running an advertising agency. On May 1, 1916, he renewed the lease to May 1, 1917, still pretending he and his employees were in the advertising business.

When von Papen and Karl Boy-Ed were expelled from America by President Wilson, von Igel was ready, and Ambassador von Bernstorff at once accredited him to the State Department as military attaché discharging von Papen's former duties. Von Igel kept Koenig busy, as von Papen had done, and expended immense sums for sabotage agents of many nationalities and endless activities.

On April 18, 1916, the American secret service raided von Igel's fake advertising agency and arrested him and numerous assistants. They were at once indicted for conspiring to commit sabotage, and von Bernstorff promptly demanded for the prisoner diplomatic immunity from prosecution. Although many compromising documents were seized in the raid on von Igel's office, Washington per-

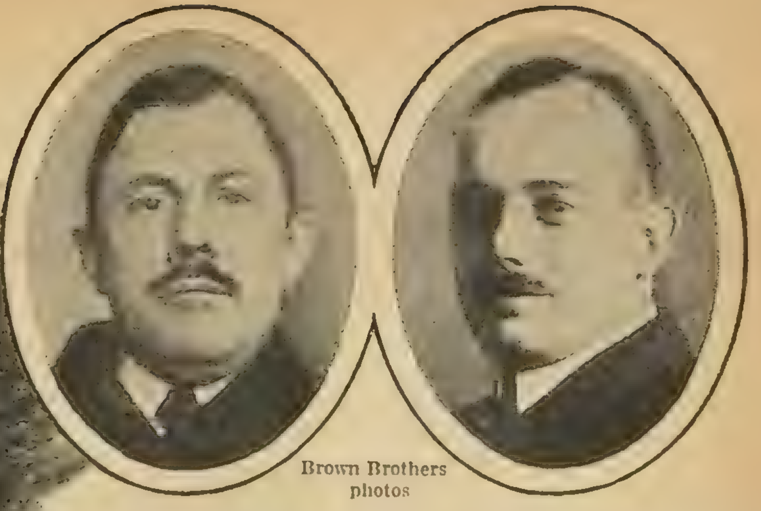
International News photo

Robert Fay just after his arrest while plotting to blow up a nitric acid plant in Kentucky.



Picture by Ernest Fuhr

The bombs were to be fastened to the rudders after nightfall by German and other spies planted on the wharves where the munitions were being loaded.



Brown Brothers photos

Paul Koenig, chief of the water-front espionage workers. *Wolf von Igel, von Papen's understudy and successor here.*

mitted the matter of prosecuting him to subside, and von Igel carried on without cessation and with tremendous effect until he left the country with von Bernstorff on February 14, 1917, following the rupture of relations with Germany.

Dr. Albert also highly indorsed von Igel's "advertising" business, paying to him large amounts for the hiring of spies and saboteurs and the purchase of such "advertising" materials as they needed in that profession. Albert wrote his wife that with von Igel in charge "his work had increased rather than decreased"; and on February 3, 1916, the obsequious doctor cabled Berlin that he was supporting von Igel as he had von Papen.

It was not to be expected, of course, that von Igel would leave many incriminating archives about his office, and just before the break between America and Berlin he not only destroyed a great many documents himself but sent Koenig to the German embassy in Washington with a trunk and several bags filled with such papers. These were burned in the embassy, just as consulates all across the country destroyed such files as they wished kept from the American authorities.

BUT the American authorities did find some interesting data in von Igel's strong box. One book showed large payments to Boehm, Scheele, Chakrabarty, Gupta, Kleist, Skal, Fritzen, Tucker, Tuite, Schimmel, Wunnenberg, Bode, Wolpert, Koenig, and many others, most of whom either were convicted or eventually confessed their guilt in the matter of violently violating American neutrality.

Before I tell what became of the men arrested with von Igel, let me set down a few paragraphs about Chakrabarty and Gupta, and reveal precisely how guiltless von Bernstorff was in his pledges to the State Department that he knew nothing of any violations of our neutrality.

On December 27, 1914, Zimmermann cabled to von Bernstorff, according to a message intercepted and decoded by Sir Reginald Hall, admiral in charge of the British intelligence:

> A confidential agent of the Berlin Committee Hiramabalgupta is leaving for America to organize importation of arms and the conveyance of Indians in the United States to India. He has definite instructions. Place at his disposal 150,000 marks in America, at Shanghai, and Batavia. Sarkar must postpone further action until the confidential agent joins him.

Four days later Zimmermann had another idea, and cabled to the ambassador in Washington:

> In conjunction with Gupta, but without attracting attention, you should take steps to have such Indians as are suitable for this purpose instructed in the use of explosives by some reliable person.

On February 26, 1915, von Bernstorff, still in ignorance of any violations of American neutrality, cabled Berlin that Gupta reached New York on January 20, and had discussed his instructions. It was decided, von Bernstorff

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

GERMAN SPIES IN AMERICA
Continued from page fifty-three

went on, that further instructions from Berlin should be mailed to Gupta at Bangkok (capital of Siam, another neutral nation).

The alert von Bernstorff continued: that caution must be used in dealing with Chakrabarty, another Indian plotter, because he had fallen in love with a Mrs. Warren, said to be the widow of a British officer and suspected by von Bernstorff and his advisers of being a British spy.

Who were Chakrabarty and Gupta? The former, according to von Igel's own notebook, received more than $60,000 from the "advertising agency"; and Gupta got $16,000 from von Papen alone, with nobody knowing what von Igel gave him.

Dr. Chandre Chakrabarty, according to Captain Thomas J. Tunney, head of the New York City neutrality and bomb squad, in testifying before a United States Senate investigating committee, had conferred in Berlin with Zimmermann and Oriental Minister Wiesendrank and the Hindu-German Committee, and a great plot was hatched for the invasion of India by Germans aided by native malcontents who would start a revolution in that British possession.

International News photo

New York World photo

Robert Fay, Walter L. Scholz, and Paul Daeche after their arrest in New Jersey. At the left is Max Breitung, and at the right, Dr. Herbert Kienzle, both accused by agent Fay.

International News

Chakrabarty got $1,000 and proceeded to New York on a fake Persian passport. Von Igel gave him any sums he asked for in order that the organization might be successful in fomenting trouble in India.

Von Igel, according to Tunney, worked with von Papen, Hans Tauscher, Bopp, and Ram Chandra in connection with the shipment of arms to India, via the Anne Larsen, schooner, and the Maverick, German raider lying off the Pacific coast.

Tunney said Chakrabarty was convicted in San Francisco of violating American neutrality, along with twenty-eight other defendants; while five of them were convicted in Chicago.

HIRAMBA GUPTA was a student at Columbia University, New York City. He went to Berlin early in the war and got funds. Gupta was convicted in Chicago with some Germans, following a conspiracy that was so absurd as to challenge credulity among adults reading of it: they had conspired among themselves to meet Captain Cook, of North Pole notoriety; assassinate him, seize his papers and effects, and pass one of themselves off as the celebrated polar explorer!

Paul Koenig was born in Westphalia, Germany, in 1882. He arrived in New York City in 1905 as head of the bureau of investigation of the Maburg-American Steamship Company. He also doubled as a purser. A genius for mobilizing ferrets and sleuths and detectives and secret police to guard the steamship company's vast interests along the New York water front, Koenig got busy in another direction as soon as the World War started.

With the nucleus of his peacetime organization already in hand, Koenig was immediately hired by von Papen to get together a number of agents on whom he could depend implicitly for sabotage work. Koenig's papers, seized by the Department of Justice operatives when they arrested him on December 18, 1915, fourteen days after von Papen's recall and five days before the discredited military attaché actually sailed for home, were an astonishing labyrinth of cipher and code and mystic symbols.

He had a Special Detail Division, a Pier Division, a Secret Service Division. He employed about thirty men, dangerous characters, and he had a new code name or number for each one of them each week. His diary shows strange distortions of the English language and the German, for the purpose of confusing anybody who might overhear him talking to his agents, and the work of his bureau was subdivided in cryptic style into D-Cases, S-Cases, O-Cases, and so on, evidently referring to the particular assignment given a spy or saboteur.

Koenig was a wonder at planting his agents in factories later to be destroyed, and in introducing his scouts into places which had excited the interest of von Bernstorff, Dr. Albert, von Papen, von Igel, and the principal other German officials in America.

THE confiscated files in Koenig's offices—and nobody knows how complete these were, for it was a German practice to keep little of an incriminating nature about—shows that from Dr. Albert alone this purser-sleuth received $154,712.23. Other sums were confessedly received from von Papen and von Igel. Koenig's bureau was referred to by the Senate investigating committee later as "the most dangerous subcenter of criminal intrigue maintained in the United States by Germany."

A number of Koenig's assistants were captured on December 18, the principal ones being Frederick Metzler, his private secretary, Richard Leyendecker, a particularly trusted agent, and Frederick Schleindl, a youth Koenig had succeeded in planting in the National City Bank offices on Wall Street.

Metzler was born in Jersey City on January 12, 1895, and was thus under legal age when he was arrested. His parents were American-born. He had worked for Koenig since March, 1912, as stenographer and confidential secretary. When Metzler faced a grand jury on December 21, three days after his arrest, he broke down.

He testified that since the World War commenced Koenig had been employed by von Papen, Boy-Ed, Dr. Albert, and von Bernstorff. In September, 1914, Koenig sent him to Quebec to spy on the movement of Canadian troops. Koenig met him in Maine and received his report.

On September 25, 1914, he and Koenig and Leyendecker went to Buffalo to investigate a chemical plant that was sending cylinders of chlorine gas to the Allies. They couldn't destroy the plant, but they put it on the *list* for attention later.

Koenig, Metzler testified, sent George Fuchs up to look over the Welland Canal and report on the measures taken by the Canadian authorities to guard it. Fuchs' report was sent on to von Papen.

Frederick Schleindl was born in Wildenstein, Bavaria, on December 4, 1888. He was assigned to an infantry regiment, and in 1912 was given a two years' leave of absence to study abroad. He arrived in New York City in April of that year. Just what he studied is not made clear, but when the war broke out in 1914 he couldn't rejoin his regiment, so he went to the German consul in New York City and reported for duty.

Presently somebody put him in touch with Koenig and before long Schleindl was working in the National City Bank, where his knowledge of languages enabled him to serve the German government with unusual effectiveness. It was his secret duty to examine such Allied cables as he could get his hands on. Many of the munitions orders were placed through that bank, and Schleindl would find out about them, learn what railroads the supplies were to be shipped over, what piers they would reach, and what vessels they would be loaded on for the voyage to England or France.

Schleindl was useful, also, in hiding dynamite, TNT, dangerous chemicals, and other explosives inside the National City Bank! Questioned exhaustively by Captain Tunney, Schleindl said he had often carried his suitcase crammed with these frightful contents into the bank and placed it beside his desk, delivering it during or after banking hours to such agents as Koenig would send over to get it.

Schleindl took Captain Tunney to a TNT cache kept by the Germans near Tenafly, New Jersey; but after searching through the woods for hours they found the cache had been cleaned up by other Germans after Koenig's arrest.

Although von Bernstorff had reiterated endlessly his claims, first, that there was no sabotage going on, and, second, that he knew nothing about it if any was being perpetrated, he went into action immediately upon Koenig's arrest.

BAIL of $50,000 was set for Koenig and Leyendecker, but on January 26, 1915, Stanchfield & Levy, the well known New York law firm, made an appearance as Koenig's attorneys. His bail was reduced to $1,500 after he had pleaded not guilty at his arraignment.

Koenig later pleaded guilty to bribing Schleindl, but he "having heretofore enjoyed a good reputation in the business community," it "was respectfully recommended that the sentence in this case be suspended during good behavior of the defendant." This recommendation was signed by "Edward Swann, district attorney."

Not long thereafter there is an undated document identified as "File No. 130." It is a secret communication from von Igel to Dr. Albert, and says:

> Memorandum:
>
> On June 30 the case of Koenig was closed in the local courts. Koenig pleaded guilty and because of good behavior was given a suspended sentence. That means he need not undergo any punishment at once, but will be regarded as sentenced in case he commits any other offense. . . .
>
> The settlement of this case in the above manner and without any publicity whatever was undoubtedly due only to the influence of Messrs. Stanchfield & Levy, who used their entire influence with the National City Bank and also with the court, in order to obtain their result.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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"LOOK at me, Mrs. Mother! Dressing myself! I guess I'm a pretty grown-up child!"

Health! Being a few months or a few years ahead of the procession, because you feel well all the time!

Doctors pretty well agree that (barring germ diseases) most illness and headache, most drowsiness, lack of pep and ambition, most cases of seeing the world through blue glasses generally, are due to failure to keep "clean inside." One famous British physician says "auto-intoxication (the self-poisoning that comes when you are not internally clean) is perhaps the most important factor in the production of disease."

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Remember two things if you want to enjoy "Nujol health." One: Don't expect results over night. This is nature's own method, and nature is never violent. Your body will respond gratefully, and day by day you will feel better as this soothing treatment takes effect.

Two: Be on your guard. Don't accept any substitute. Your druggist has Nujol—always in a sealed package—trademarked "Nujol" so you will be sure to get it.

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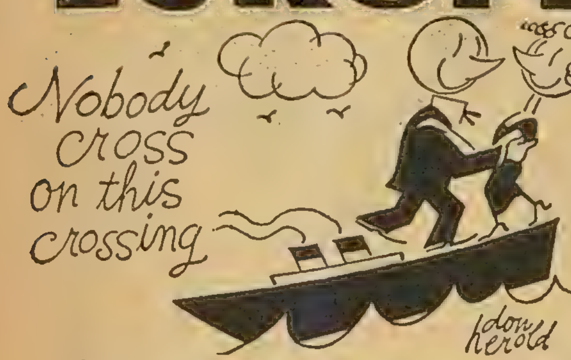
Nobody cross on this crossing
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Boys will be boys, and girls, girls . . . whether they're 16 or 60! They can be themselves in the rollicking, frolicking Tourist third cabin IMM liners. They start having fun in the morning, have fun all day, and laugh themselves to sleep at night. But they do settle down to some serious eating three times a day.

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GERMAN SPIES IN AMERICA
Continued from page fifty-five

The Messrs. Stanchfield & Levy have requested us to make them a further payment of $5,000, so that the cases will cost $10,000 as far as Stanchfield & Levy are concerned.

The sum was paid on the condition that all further costs are included therein, and especially their efforts through their influence with the National City Bank to lighten the punishment of Schleindl, who has already been imprisoned for six months. . . . IGEL.

New York World photo

Hiramba Gupta, Hindu Columbia student, convicted of conspiracy.

Somebody's influence must have been of further value, because in the summer of 1929 Peaslee & Brigham examined the archives in New York City police headquarters and could not find any record of the foregoing case, or any finger-prints, or any other criminal identification records such as ordinarily would be available in those files.

Koenig faded out of the picture after the armistice ended hostilities. The next heard of him was in August, 1930, when he was found to be living in Brooklyn. He had worked for the Century Transportation Company for three years and resigned in 1928. Approached by Peaslee & Brigham for testimony in the Black Tom and Kingsland suits, Koenig denied knowing anything about the activities of any German agents during America's neutrality, and flatly declined to help the American claimants.

Incidentally, Germany never tried to get Koenig as a witness in the Black Tom and Kingsland cases!

ROBERT FAY was born in Cologne in 1881. On April 23, 1915, he arrived in New York City with orders from his superiors in Berlin to commit sabotage and destroy, by fire and bomb, any establishment engaged in supplying the Allies with material and arms. He reported to von Papen and was instructed to begin the manufacture of time bombs of an incendiary character for the purpose of burning ships at sea or firing a factory after it had closed for the night.

Max Breitung, according to Fay's complete confession later, obtained 350 pounds of potassium chlorate for him. Paul Daeche, Dr. Herbert Kienzle of the Kienzle Clock Company of New York and Berlin, and Fay's brother-in-law Walter Scholz were among his associates in this enterprise.

Captain Wolpert, superintendent of the Atlas Line, a Hamburg-American subsidiary, and Captain Eno Bode of the Hamburg-American Line also were involved.

Fay decided to open a small laboratory in Weehawken, and there he set about making his bombs. They contained firing pins, clockwork, cartridges, and fuses, and were covered with rubber gaskets to make them water-tight. Fay had concluded to manufacture a special bomb which was to be attached, under water, to the rudders of munition-laden ships, to explode several days later at sea. The necessary clockwork was furnished by Dr. Kienzle, according to Fay, who added that chemicals could also be obtained from Dr. Karl von Bauer Breitenfeld, a chemist in the Bronx.

THESE bombs were large and rather awkward to handle, but they were to be fastened to the rudders after nightfall by German and other spies planted on the wharves where the munitions were being loaded. Each contained about ninety pounds of TNT, and while Fay said their purpose was only to cripple the ship by disabling the rudder, the power of such a charge would, of course, blow the stern off the vessel.

One day von Papen called Fay in, told him to drop whatever he was doing, and get ready to strike a real blow for the Fatherland. In Kentucky, it seems, there was a factory which concentrated on nitric acid, a base indispensable in the manufacture of practically all explosives. By destruction of this factory every munition maker in America would be handicapped for months, because, von Papen said, most of them bought their nitric acid there.

Von Papen sent Fay to the corner of Broadway and Forty-second Street to meet a chemist known under the code name of South Africa. South Africa said a bomb could be constructed of about 100 pounds of TNT and agreed to furnish the necessary chemicals. Daeche was sent up to Bridgeport to buy the TNT, but a delay of two weeks couldn't be avoided, Daeche reported, so Fay spent the intervening time in studying maps of the United States and of Kentucky, so he wouldn't miss when he went down there.

About the time everything was ready for the Kentucky raid, American federal agents closed in on Fay, and Captain Tunney arrested him and his companions in October, 1915. Fay was frantic, Tunney said, and offered him a $100,000 bribe to let him escape.

In August, 1916, Fay was sentenced to eight years in Atlanta, but he had been there only a short time when he and Walter Knobloch made a sensational escape from the federal prison by forging passes and finding a weak spot in the prison system. Knobloch, an electrician, had tapped the telephone wires in the prison and talked to the German consul in Atlanta, who had the fake passes smuggled in.

Once outside, Knobloch went his way, and Fay hurried to Savannah, got money and clothing from the German consul there, and proceeded to Baltimore. The consulate there wouldn't help him, so he went on to

Philadelphia and met Koenig and Leyendecker. They gave him funds and he went to Chicago, where Koenig met him again and gave him $450 and a ticket to Los Angeles.

From Los Angeles Fay went across the Mexican border at night and reached Guaymas, stayed there a few days, and continued to Mexico City. Minister von Eckhardt put him on a monthly pension of $150. After remaining there eight months he went to Spain and a year or so later walked into the American consulate at Málaga and surrendered. He was returned to the United States, where on September 19, 1918, he made a complete confession to federal agents.

Fay estimated the damages he and Dr. Walter T. Scheele did to shipping at more than $10,000,000.

PROBABLY no individual or series of incidents so sharply exposes von Bernstorff's mendacity and duplicity, as he exercised these arts of diplomacy in his contacts with the State Department, as the case of Walther Sauerback.

Born in Mannheim, Germany, in 1886, Sauerback went into the navy. In 1914 he was navigating officer, second in command, of the German gunboat Geier, then detailed to survey duty off the east African coast. When war was declared the Geier hastened to Honolulu and was there interned.

Simulating illness, Sauerback persuaded the American authorities in Hawaii that he ought to get medical treatment in San Francisco, and he was permitted to visit there. He arrived on November 2, 1914, and at once gave his parole as a gentleman and officer to the United States officials to whom he reported.

And at once he was assigned to a desk in the German consulate by Consul General Franz Bopp, then actively superintending a savage terrorist and sabotage campaign in the Pacific states. Sauerback kept busy. He went to Los Angeles to reorganize the sabotage industry there, took part in the outfitting of the Anne Larsen, and otherwise made himself useful. He managed, however, to escape the secret service dragnet which caught Bopp and his associates and landed them in penitentiaries.

In the spring of 1916 Sauerback again violated his parole by going to New York City and taking over the naval attaché's duties in the intelligence office at 60 Wall Street. His arrival there, and the instructions under which he was operating, constituted another specimen of the direct action which, practiced by the General Staff and Admiralty in Berlin, sometimes left von Bernstorff in the dark. But von Bernstorff wasn't so much in the dark that he could fail to see the trouble that would ensue if Sauerback were detected; so he sent the following cable to Berlin:

June 2, 1916. Kapitan Leutenant Sauerback, interned, states he has received orders from the admiralty staff

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Sleep Tonight!

Sound, Natural, Unbroken Sleep This Drugless Way

YOU don't need to toss and turn and fret before you get to sleep tonight. You don't need to waken in the middle of the night and lose precious hours of rest.

If you want, you can get to sleep tonight almost as soon as you go to bed. And get 8 hours of sound sleep! Deep sleep! Natural sleep that really rests both mind and body!

You can do this without the use of anything remotely resembling a drug or sedative. So you wake up in the morning clear-eyed, fresh, "fit" for anything the day may bring.

A food concentrate called Ovaltine will do this for you, as it has for thousands before you. Produced under license in the United States according to the exact Swiss formula, Ovaltine is a delicious food-drink. You mix it with warm milk—drink it just before going to bed—and go to sleep. Then while you sleep, Ovaltine does several remarkable things for you.

Does Three Things

First, it induces sound, restful sleep by a *natural* process.

Second, it aids digestion, since it contains in high proportion a remarkable food property known as diastase, which is a natural food substance with the power to digest the starch content of other foods in your stomach. Ovaltine, because of its high proportion of diastase, will digest four to five times its own weight of other foods in your stomach, and thus lifts a great burden from your digestive organs.

Third, it rebuilds worn-out nerve cells. Because it contains in concentrated form a nerve restorative called "lecithin" which is taken from eggs. And this rebuilds nerve tissues as you sleep.

During the World War, Ovaltine was used by the Red Cross as a standard ration for invalid, nerve-shattered soldiers.

Try It Tonight

Just try Ovaltine tonight. Note how quickly you go to sleep. See how differently you feel tomorrow. A few weeks' use of Ovaltine will make an amazing difference. Your whole appearance will *show* the result of this restful sleep and new vitality.

Take Ovaltine not only for sleeplessness, but whenever you feel nervous or rundown. Thousands of people, on doctors' advice, take it as a stomach "conditioner".

Whenever you begin to "feel" your stomach, just take 4 teaspoonfuls of Ovaltine in a half glass of milk with your meal. You will be surprised at the way it helps your stomach and rests your stomach. For Ovaltine, when taken with a meal, will digest the major portion of all the starch content of other foods you have eaten. In this way Ovaltine not only relieves distress but *actually helps* the cause of the trouble.

Also this is one of the reasons why Ovaltine helps to put you to sleep at night, for digestive unrest is one of the main causes of sleeplessness.

Start tonight! Just 'phone your druggist or grocer for a tin of Ovaltine. Mix 2 to 4 teaspoonfuls in a glass of warm milk and drink just before you go to bed.

Whatever you think of the claims made for Ovaltine, just try it! It has brought restful sleep and teeming energy to thousands. You'll be surprised at what it does for you.

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When a cold has settled in your joints and every move is painful, take Bayer Aspirin and get relief! Don't limit your use of these tablets to headaches. They are just as effective when you ache all over; when you've rheumatism, neuritis, sciatica, lumbago, or any similar ailment.

There's scarcely ever an ache or pain that Bayer Aspirin won't relieve—and never a time when you can't take it. The tablets with the Bayer cross are always safe. They will not depress the heart, or otherwise harm you. Use them as often as they can spare you any pain or discomfort.

That's the beauty of Bayer Aspirin. It has a reputation. It has medical endorsement. *You know what you are taking.* So, look for Bayer on the package—and the word Genuine printed in red.

After the pain has gone, you are always glad you bought Bayer! At all drugstores.

BAYER ASPIRIN

GERMAN SPIES IN AMERICA
Continued from page fifty-seven

of the navy to take over the Intelligence Section in New York, but nevertheless to keep it secret for the time being.

In my opinion this would be likely to lead to inconveniences. On the other hand, the taking over of the command of the medical ratings from Tsingtau for Staff Surgeon Ballerstedt, who was to receive permission to return home, might furnish a pretext for Sauerback's residence in New York. I urgently request that the instructions to Sauerback may be withdrawn since they might be regarded here as a breach of neutrality as a very close watch is kept on us.

Having thus furnished Berlin with a pretext for keeping Sauerback on a legitimate mission in New York, yet permit him to carry on undetected by the American authorities—his detection would constitute the cardinal sin, not his violation of American laws—von Bernstorff waited for an answer to his cable.

It came on August 14—fifteen days after Black Tom was blown up—from Zimmermann, via Stockholm, and showed that while the Foreign Office could not dissuade the Admiralty from its grim course in America, nevertheless an alibi for von Bernstorff had been arranged:

> According to information Sauerback is in New York to accomplish a military task. He is not to be recognized as a member of the embassy. His activities do not fall under the responsibility of your Excellency. Everything will be done to prevent your position there from becoming more difficult.

BUT events of a dire character were piling up on the political horizon and the harassed ambassador was shouldering a terrific load. From his summer home in Rye, New York, von Bernstorff, on August 19, twenty days after Black Tom, sends this cable to Berlin:

> I consider myself bound to point out the danger that Sauerback is incurring if in spite of the parole he gave local authorities he persists in secretly engaging *in his present activities.* We must assume he is kept permanently under surveillance by secret agents and his actions reported to the American authorities. These will take the first opportunity of raising a further incident between Germany and America, which would give the local press a further occasion for pointing out the breaches of faith on the part of German officers. Press now occupied with this subject in connection with the escape of several officers from the interned auxiliary cruisers Vaterland and Kronprinz Wilhelm. If Sauerback is found out we must expect serious complaints will be made, not only to myself but to the German government.

WHY this apprehension if Sauerback's "military task" and his "secretly engaging in his present activities" comprised, as von Bernstorff and Berlin solemnly maintained, simply the duty of *observing* the situation in America, overt and criminal activities to be undertaken only if and after America entered the war on the side of the Allies?

Sauerback was interned on Alcatraz Island in San Francisco Bay in 1917. What became of him afterward is not known.

The New York Times, in an annual résumé published on December 31, 1916, cast an illuminating spotlight on the result of the *observation* which the German agents and spies in neutral America were conducting: it showed that incendiary losses for 1916 exceeded $25,000,000, which was $15,000,000 above normal figures. These do not include the Black Tom damages.

The stage is now set for the story of the explosions which wrecked the munitions station on Black Tom, the narrow neck of land on the New Jersey side of New York harbor, and took the lives of three men.

In addition to describing the $40,000,000 Black Tom explosion, Mr. Sutherland will reveal in next week's Liberty the results of American detective work in the effort to solve the mystery and collect from Germany.

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Otherwise the customary rules for submitting manuscripts will apply. Use one side of the paper only, and if possible use a typewriter, though legible handwriting will not be barred. All manuscripts are sent at the owners' risk. If you want rejected ones returned, inclose a stamped and addressed envelope—NOT MERELY STAMPS.

And when you send them address them simply to SHORT SHORT STORIES, LIBERTY WEEKLY, 220 EAST 42nd STREET, NEW YORK, N. Y.

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The Hair of the Dog

A Short Short Story

By

ORVILLE WESTON

which is the pen name of a Texan who, after leaving Harvard, was a newspaper reporter for five years, spent a year in France (with the 91st Division and at G. H. Q.), and is now living in New York City, where he is on the editorial staff of a magazine.

(Reading time: 6 min. 8 sec.)

Nolady Junction Wyo
July 3
New York Daily Gazette
New York N Y

Dude Dixon noted killer and Henry Flivvers local janitor fight interesting duel here tomorrow STOP Will battle with shotguns in dark room STOP Do you want story
Wilbur Wanders

New York N Y July 3
Wilbur Wanders Nolady Junction Wyo

Sounds like hot story STOP How do they get that way STOP Shoot us one hundred words now
Garibaldi Goshoon News Editor Gazette

Nolady Junction Wyo July 3
Garibaldi Goshoon News Editor
New York Daily Gazette New York N Y

Dude Dixon dead shot. Has killed nineteen victims including three ambushed, two shot in back, and five plain murdered. Entire community desires his demise. Henry Flivvers popular janitor and prominent socially here. Married Dude's fiancee recently. Dude quite sore. Has challenged Flivvers fight duel. Flivvers amazed and pleased community by accepting challenge. Insists for reasons unknown on conflict with shotguns in dark room. Town sorry lose him. Seconds named and all arrangements made including interment. No other entertainment planned here Fourth of July.
Wanders

New York N Y July 3
Wilbur Wanders Nolady Junction Wyo

Should be nice Fourth. Sorry can't be present. Will need art. Shoot descriptions both contestants.
Goshoon

Nolady Junction Wyo July 3
Garibaldi Goshoon News Editor
New York Daily Gazette New York N Y

Dixon orneryest but best dressed individual this community. Resembles Mussolini plus whiskers and red hair. Thirty-five years old. Six foot three. 212 pounds. Prince Albert coat, striped pants, pink and white vest, Stetson hat, patent leather shoes, wing collar, snappy four in hand with diamond pin attached. Great sport and ladies' man. Only citizen this community who takes bath, shave, shine, and shampoo every morning without fail. Henry Flivvers, opponent, resembles Will Rogers badly shrunk. Forty-five years old. Five foot two. 110 pounds. Sandy hair. Blue eyes. Spectacles. Wrinkled face with freckles. Black suit. Brown derby. Until now generally regarded as sane. All regret his passing. Do you want story?
Wanders

New York N Y July 3
Wilbur Wanders Nolady Junction Wyo

We want story. Wire us dramatic details start to finish. Get Flivvers' last words.
Goshoon

Nolady Junction Wyo July 4
Garibaldi Goshoon News Editor
New York Daily Gazette New York N Y

Duel fought this A. M. Most interesting event ever enjoyed this vicinity. Boys still whooping her up. Dramatic details follow per your instructions.

Shortly before combat your correspondent interviewed principals. Flivvers remarkably calm considering circumstances. Made following statement QUOTES Do not care to be interviewed END QUOTES Dixon absolutely confident of result. When interviewed by your correspondent said QUOTES Am beating it over to Tonsorial Emporium for usual bath, shave, shine, and shampoo. See you after coroner's inquest END QUOTES

Promptly nine-forty-five contestants escorted to basement Opera House. Door each end. No windows. Very dark inside. Huge crowd present. Weather fine.

Two-gun Terry, master of ceremonies, announced rules of contest as follows: QUOTES Entries will remove shoes and hats. Each will then receive twelve-bore double-barreled shotguns with two cartridges. Each will then enter room by opposite doors. Each will then arrange himself while doors are closed and locked. Each will then wait until three shots are fired outside. Each will then get busy. Door will be opened when winner knocks three times. Entry breaking rules will be strung up at once. END QUOTES.

Contestants prepare for action, take guns, and enter room. Much excitement. Doors are closed and locked. Great excitement. Bucktooth Boone, noted gambler, offers 50 to 1 against janitor. No takers. Master of ceremonies fires three shots. Crowd silent. Nothing doing. Crowd gets restless. Sound of shot is heard in room. Tremendous excitement. Three raps on door. Extraordinary excitement. Door is opened. Out comes Flivvers. Crowd goes wild. Interment ceremonies James J. Dixon tomorrow at 4 P. M. Please send check soon as possible.
Wanders

New York N Y July 4
Wilbur Wanders Nolady Junction Wyo

Good boy. Good story. Interview Flivvers at once and secure graphic account how he did impossible, psychological reactions in terrifying darkness, how it feels to face certain death, etc. Five hundred words.
Goshoon

Nolady Junction Wyo July 4
Garibaldi Goshoon News Editor
New York Daily Gazette New York N Y

Flivvers says didn't do impossible, had no psychological reactions in darkness, and does not know how feels face certain death. Says had fine target and plunked it, but will not elucidate.
Wanders

New York N Y July 4
Wilbur Wanders Nolady Junction Wyo

Local scientist says Flivvers may be able see in the dark. Can he?
Goshoon

Nolady Junction Wyo July 4
Garibaldi Goshoon News Editor
New York Daily Gazette New York N Y

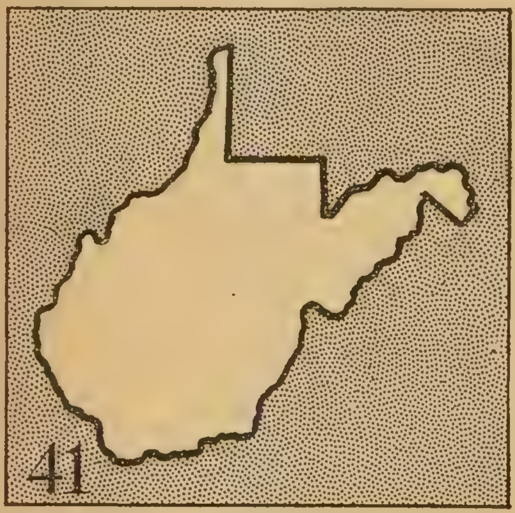
He can't.
Wanders

Nolady Junction Wyo July 4
Garibaldi Goshoon News Editor
New York Daily Gazette New York N Y

Painstaking investigation by your correspondent unearths following: Pinkie O'Sullivan, popular town barber, administered final shampoo Dixon shortly preceding demise. Pinkie and Flivvers close friends. Am reliably informed but slightly libelous that Pinkie rubbed something in deceased's hair. May have been phosphorus. A few leading citizens say luminous paint. Kindly rush check.
Wanders

THE END

Liberty's Patriotic



41

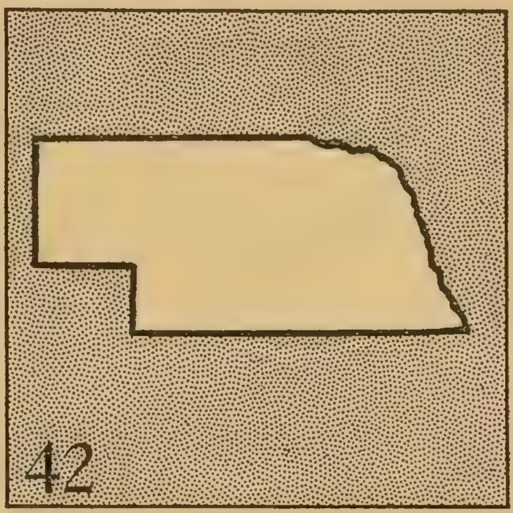
This state is rich in timber and minerals. It was once a part of the state which bounds it on the east and south, having been set apart from it in 1862.

Name of State..........................

Bounded by..........................

....

.... SET NO. 11



42

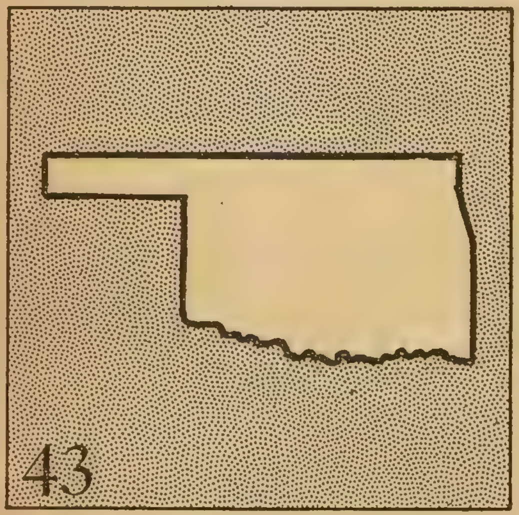
This state produces much of the nation's meat. One of the states which bound it on the west is notable for its production of gold and for its great scenic beauty.

Name of State..........................

Bounded by..........................

....

.... SET NO. 11



43

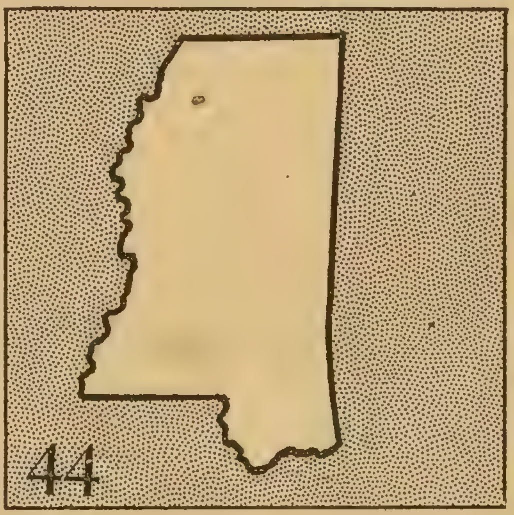
This state was the home of five important Indian tribes. Among the states which bound it are two that contain resorts famous for their mineral springs.

Name of State..........................

Bounded by..........................

....

.... SET NO. 11



44

Agriculture is the chief interest of this state, cotton, rice, and sugar cane being its principal crops. A large body of water touches it on the south.

Name of State..........................

Bounded by..........................

....

.... SET NO. 11

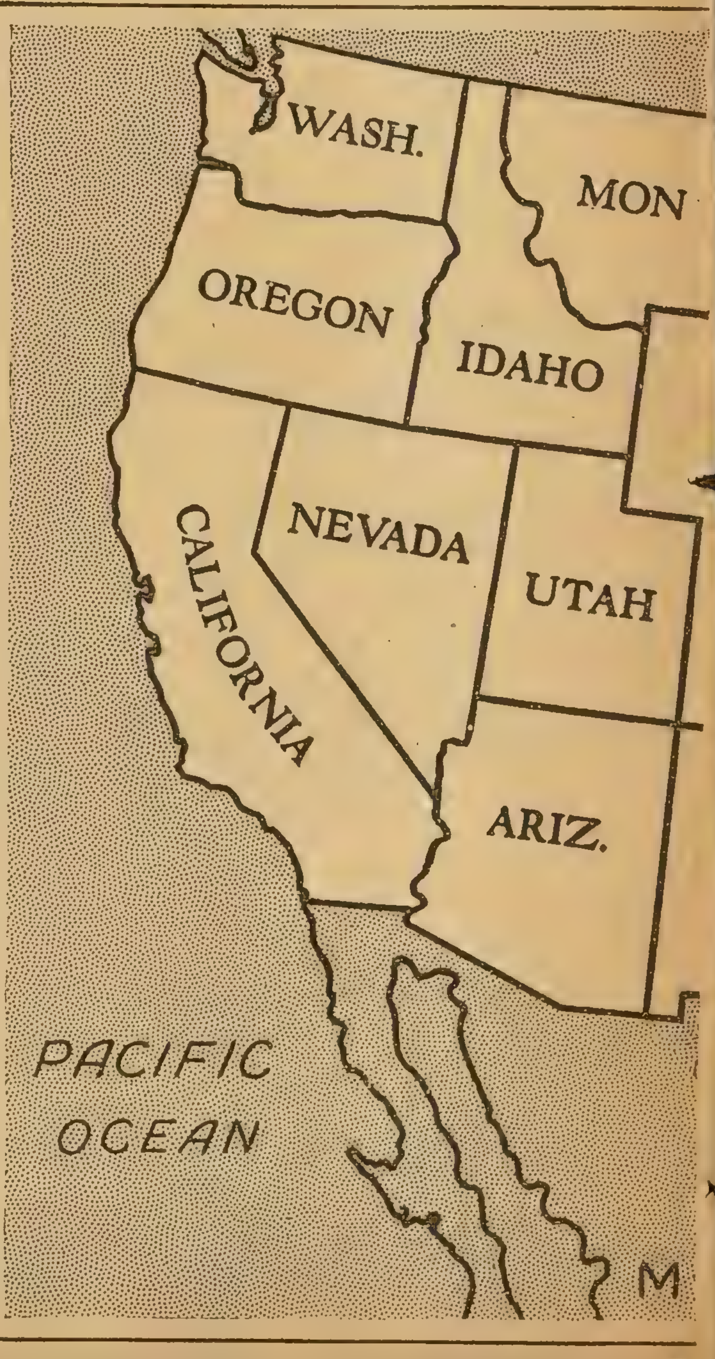
HERE is the eleventh set of maps you need to play Liberty's Patriotic Game of States. The final set will appear in next week's issue of Liberty. When you have that set you'll be ready to try for your share of $25,000! This is a game that teaches you things about the United States—and, best of all, it's a lot of fun. Everybody can play it.

Read the rules carefully, and follow them. A map of the United States is printed herewith, to help you. Remember that you are not to send anything in until you have twelve sets of maps—forty-eight maps in all. And please note that we cannot supply back numbers to contestants in the Game of States. Save the maps, or copy or trace them, NOW!

$25,000 IN CASH PRIZES

divided as follows:

First prize	$5,000
Second prize	1,000
Third prize	500
Fourth prize	250
Fifth prize	200
Next 180 prizes, $25 each	4,500
Next 1,355 prizes, $10 each	13,550
TOTAL (1,540 prizes)	$25,000



GAME of STATES

The Rules

1—Every week for twelve consecutive weeks Liberty will print four outline maps of four different states of the United States: a total of 48 maps—one for each of the 48 states.

2—You are invited to cut out these maps (or, if you prefer, make copies or tracings of them) and write in the state's name and the states, waters, or countries that bound it. You may use the blanks or write on the maps themselves and around them, as you like.

3—When you have done this with all the maps, write an essay of not more than fifty words telling which is your favorite state, and why.

4—Liberty will pay $25,000 in cash prizes to the persons who send in the most nearly correct and neatest sets of state maps, together with the best essays, in accordance with these rules.

5—This contest is open to everybody except employees of Liberty and their families.

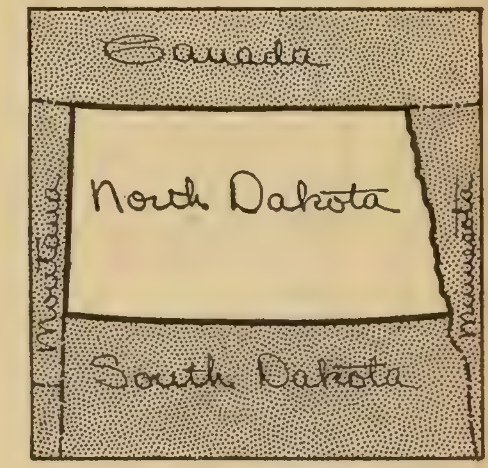
6—Maps are to be submitted only in complete sets. Hold all maps until you have 48 of them. Then send them, with your essay, to STATES, Post Office Box 612, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y. Be sure to write your name and address clearly on your entry. All entries must be in by midnight, 21 days after the final set is published.

7—Each entry should be sent by first-class mail, postage prepaid, to the post office box address as specified. Entries with insufficient postage will be returned by the Post Office Department. **Registered mail will not be received.** Contestants may send in as many sets of maps and as many essays as they wish, but no contestant will be entitled to more than one prize.

8—You need not purchase Liberty to compete. You may copy or trace the maps from the originals and use the copies you have made. Liberty may be examined at any of its offices or at public libraries free of charge.

9—The judges will be a committee appointed by the publishers of Liberty. Their decision will be final. Both accuracy and neatness will count in the award of the prizes. No elaborate treatments are necessary. Simplicity is best. In case of ties a duplicate award will be given each tying contestant. *We cannot undertake to return any entries, or enter into correspondence concerning them.*

EXAMPLE

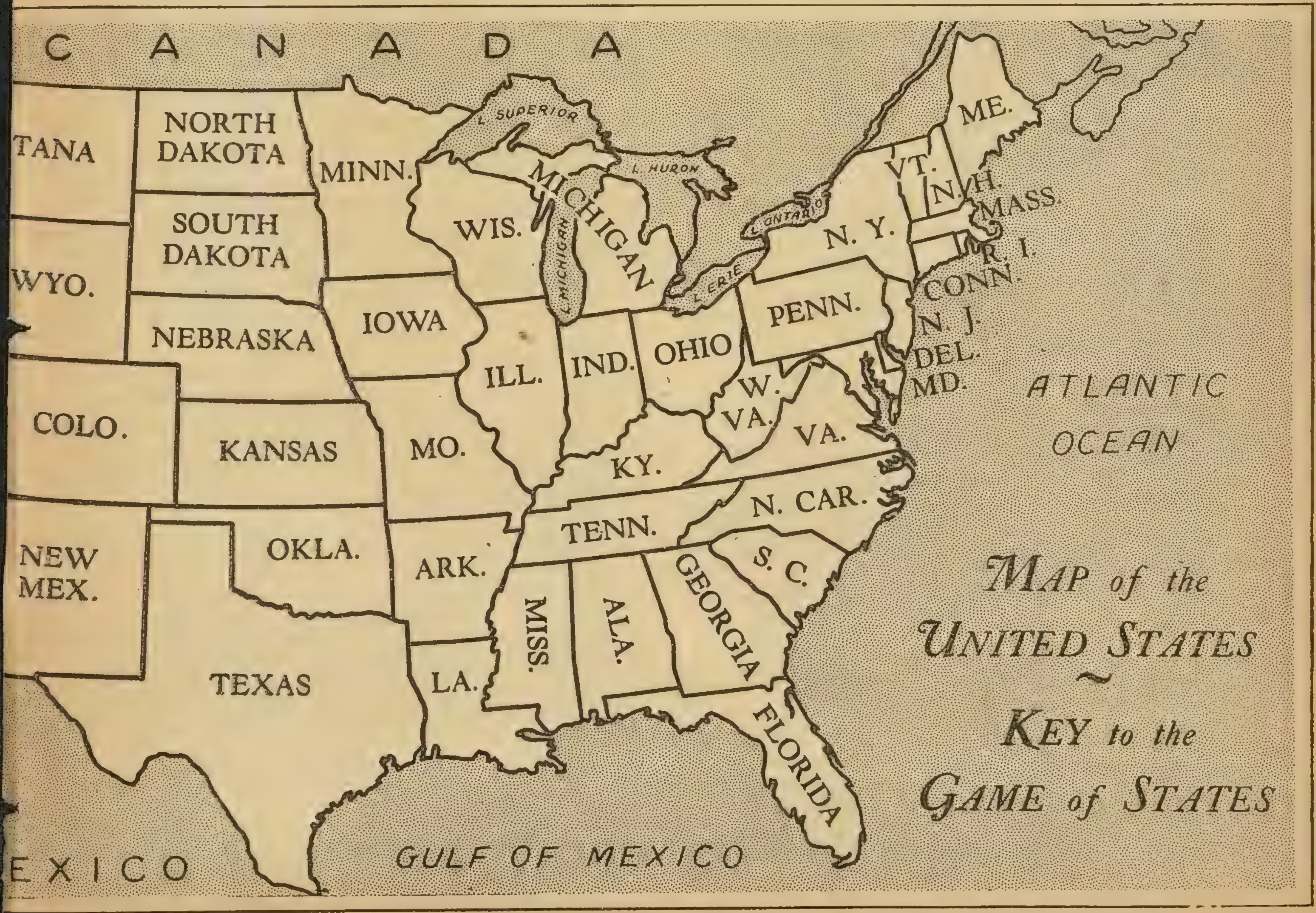

Canada
North Dakota
Montana
Minnesota
South Dakota

You may write on the maps, as above, or fill in the blanks below, like this:

Name of State *North Dakota.*

Bounded by *Canada, Minnesota, South Dakota, and Montana.*

NOTE—To avoid confusion, *don't give rivers as boundaries.* Give states, countries, or such waters as the Great Lakes, the oceans, and the Gulf of Mexico. Thus, in the example above, include Minnesota among your boundaries rather than the Red River.


CANADA
TANA
NORTH DAKOTA
MINN.
L. SUPERIOR
L. HURON
MICHIGAN
L. MICHIGAN
WIS.
ME.
VT.
N. H.
MASS.
L. ONTARIO
N. Y.
R. I.
CONN.
L. ERIE
SOUTH DAKOTA
WYO.
NEBRASKA
IOWA
ILL.
IND.
OHIO
PENN.
N. J.
DEL.
MD.
W. VA.
VA.
COLO.
KANSAS
MO.
KY.
N. CAR.
TENN.
ATLANTIC OCEAN
NEW MEX.
OKLA.
ARK.
MISS.
ALA.
GEORGIA
S. C.
TEXAS
LA.
FLORIDA
EXICO
GULF OF MEXICO

MAP of the UNITED STATES
~
KEY to the GAME of STATES

Dandruff Had Me Frantic!

Dandruff humiliated me terribly. I used all sorts of things but they only matted down my hair and never seemed to wash out. Then I discovered Fitch's Dandruff Remover Shampoo—a marvelous way to remove every particle of dandruff quickly, easily—*as I wash my hair.*

Fitch's dissolves and removes every trace of loose and encrusted dandruff in one application under a money-back guarantee. Rinses clean in hard or soft water. As good for blondes as brunettes. Fitch's has never failed in 37 years of increasing sales.

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Address......................................

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Are No Joke

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FOR ACID STOMACH ALSO

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FULL BOX FREE

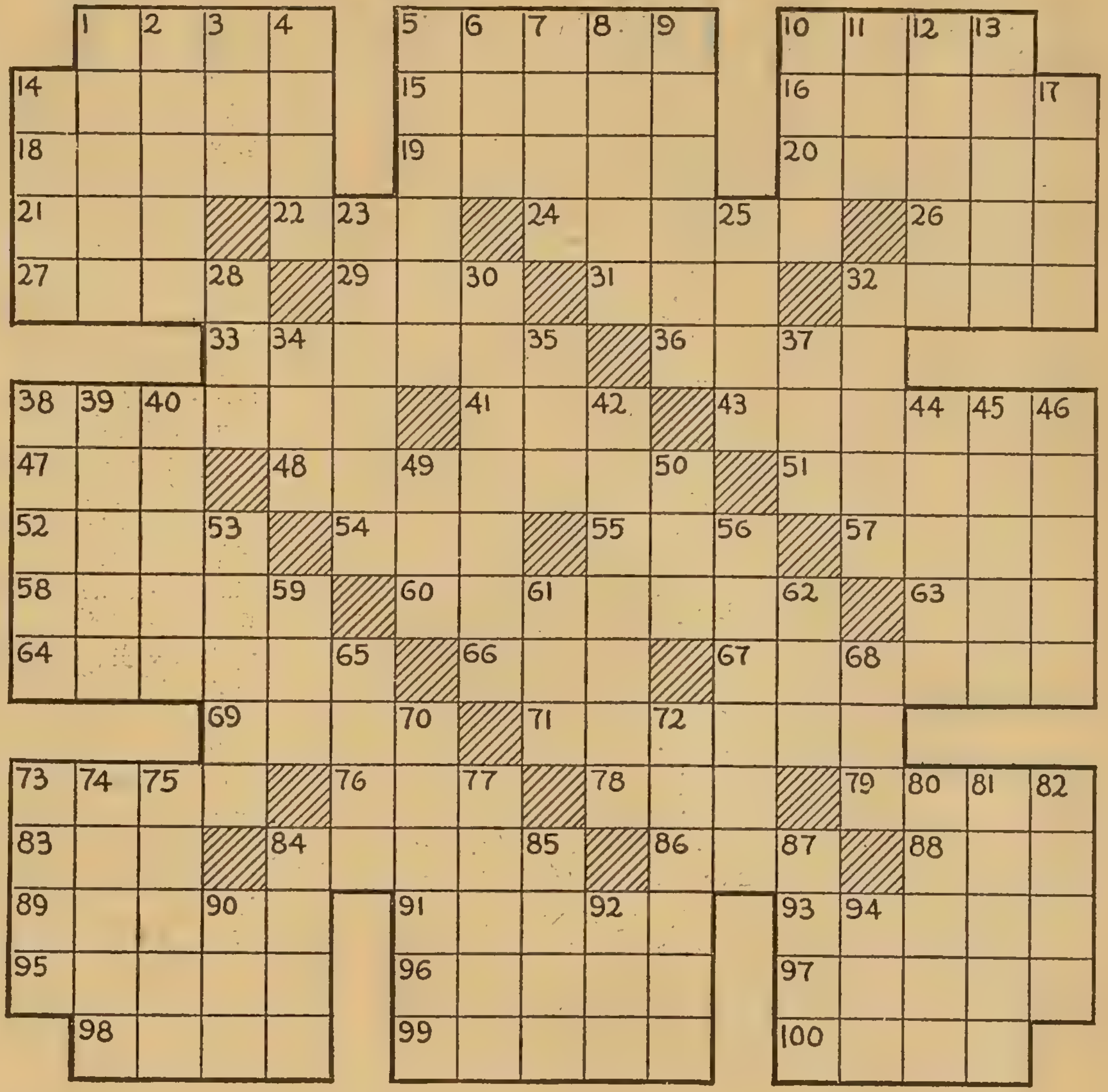
A regular 25c box, pocket size—ample to try thoroughly the benefits of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets—will be sent you free, if you will mail this coupon to the Stuart Co., Dept. 10-F, Marshall, Mich.

Name..

Address..

Town..

Two New Puzzles



HORIZONTAL

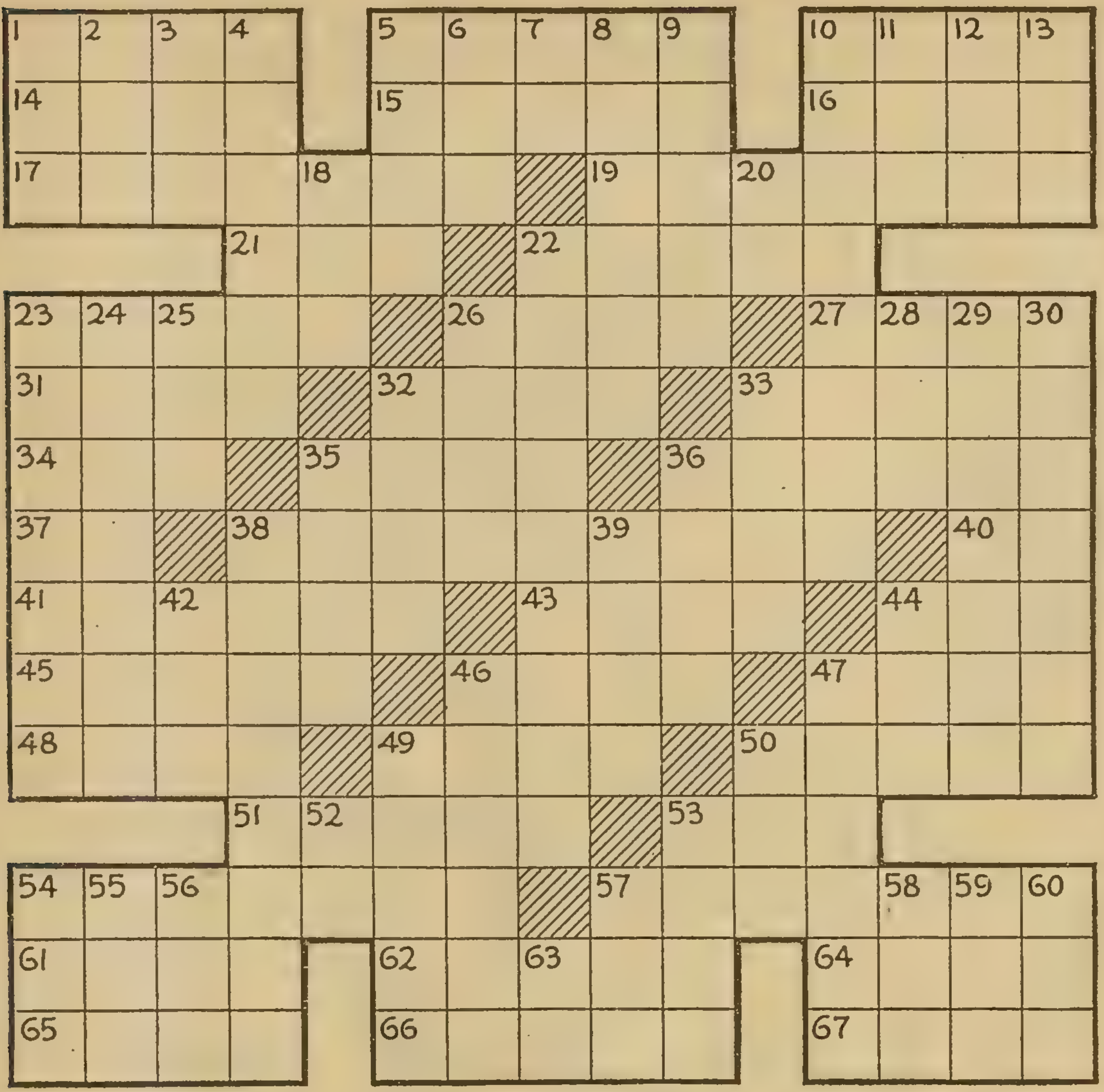
1 A fortified place
5 Genus of European herbs
10 Excludes
14 Serious or subdued in demeanor
15 Solitary
16 A size of type
18 Commonplace
19 Longer delayed
20 Unusual; strange
21 To feign or counterfeit
22 Period
24 Silkworms
26 A fish
27 To conquer
29 Greek letter
31 Spread for drying
32 Mountain range
33 Declare; affirm
36 Cleansing agent
38 Woman's nickname
41 Viper
43 Garden implements
47 A beverage
48 To denominate; style
51 Barter
52 Disencumbers
54 Cardinal number
55 To prepare for resistance
57 Trim; spruce
58 To turn to the advantage of
60 Seeks to attain something
63 Note in Guido's scale
64 A game
66 Small child
67 Peruser
69 Snarl; growl
71 Relinquishes office
73 Apportion
76 Corded fabric
78 Spanish gentleman
79 Steering apparatus
83 A salutation
84 Island of the Philippine group
86 Woman's nickname
88 Regret
89 To imbue slightly with a color
91 Sultan's decree
93 Ill tempered
95 To mark with lines or scratches
96 Large volumes
97 Made an incised mark on
98 Stepped heavily
99 Turn or incline from a right line
100 Sheep

VERTICAL

1 To exert to the utmost
2 Funeral solemnity or office (plural)
3 Steep
4 To put to one's last resource
5 Region of the mouth
6 Wing
7 Mechanical repetition
8 Indisposed to move or act
9 Succession of things
10 Forbids
11 Gone by
12 Unweave
13 Precipitous
14 Puncture
17 Measures of length
23 Cause to be less harsh or severe
25 Commotions
28 Seafaring man
30 Opposed to
32 Separate
34 Recline
35 Adjective suffix
37 Appropriate
38 Measure of weight
39 Sprightly; lively
40 A fortification
42 Braided
44 Defied
45 Urban official of ancient Rome
46 A roll of tobacco (variant)
49 Beverage
50 Mistake
53 Burn superficially
56 Breed of sheep
59 A tree
61 Seed envelope
62 Collection of things belonging together
65 Woman's name
68 A tree
70 Forgives
72 Unassuming
73 Entangles
74 To dispossess through legal process
75 Meaning; import
77 Oral
80 Expunge
81 Stringed instrument (plural)
82 Recompense; reward
84 Ovule
85 One of the incarnations of Vishnu
87 Part of a wheel
90 Twelve dozen (abbr.)
92 Lair
94 Unrefined

If you MUST know the answer, you will find it on page seventy-four

for Agile Minds



HORIZONTAL

1 To develop a head, as the cabbage
5 A mark used by proof readers
10 To deposit, as a ballot
14 A continent
15 Go up
16 Language of Scotch Highlanders
17 Subservient hangers-on of a politician
19 Exhibited bud variation (botany)
21 Control by inspiring dread
22 River in France
23 One of the classes of society in India
26 Disembark
27 In the greatest or highest degree
31 On the ocean
32 Length of a step in walking
33 For the time being; temporarily
34 A Japanese money of account
35 Associate together in couples
36 Diggers
37 One indefinitely of a number
38 Property inherited from an ancestor
40 By
41 Rolls of tobacco
43 Provisions for the table
44 A primate
45 Old-womanish; imbecile
46 Ascend
47 Support for either end of a bridge span
48 A town in Spain
49 Man's nickname
50 Poets
51 Social group
53 Distant
54 Woman's name
57 Boatman
61 Superficial content of a figure
62 Honor and praise accorded in worship
64 To lessen the pressure or tension of
65 The skin or rind of a fruit
66 Moves by little and little
67 Observed or watched narrowly

VERTICAL

1 Exclamation expressive of contempt
2 Utility
3 Position of a golf ball on a course
4 Tree from which chicle gum is obtained
5 To watch, foster, or guard
6 Metric measure of area (plural)
7 Japanese measure of distance
8 One of a Jewish monastic order
9 Warm
10 Formal conventional act of civility
11 Craft
12 Compass point
13 Man's nickname
18 A sheep
20 At the surface of, and supported by
22 Offering made to a deity
23 A lynx of Africa and Asia
24 Stupid; obstinate
25 Siamese measure of length
26 Den
28 A pronoun
29 Rubbed off
30 Canopy over a bed (plural)
32 Small mass, as of butter (plural)
33 Baseball team
35 Peel
36 Greater in quantity
38 Resembling a sovereign's residence
39 Face cover
42 A beverage
44 Melody
46 Coarsely offensive
47 Adherent of the ancient religion of Persia
49 To dent
50 Exclude
52 Egyptian deity
53 Fairies
54 A plan
55 Form of to be
56 Female sandpiper
57 Unrefined metal
58 The hawthorn or its blossoms
59 Character in a dramatic poem by Ibsen
60 Man's nickname
63 King of Bashan

If you MUST know the answer, you will find it on page seventy-four

How To Keep
Your DOG
WELL

GLOVER'S Condition Pills
Liquid Iron Tonic and Laxative Pills
to keep up a good condition.

GLOVER'S Round Worm Vermifuge or Round Worm Capsules. Use either of these regularly to raise thrifty puppies.

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"Last night I came home with *great news!*"

"I'D TELEPHONED Nora that I had a surprise for her and she could hardly wait for me to get home. You should have seen her face when I told her the Boss had given me a $25 increase in salary.

" 'It's wonderful,' she said, 'just wonderful! Now we can pay some of those bills that have been worrying us and even put a little in the bank each week.

" 'Remember the night we saw that coupon and you decided to take up an I. C. S. course? It made a new man of you Bob, and I knew it wouldn't be long before the firm would notice the difference. We certainly owe a lot to the International Correspondence Schools'."

How about you? Are you always going to work for a small salary? Are you going to waste your natural ability all your life? Or are you going to get ahead in a big way?

Don't let another precious hour pass before you find out what the I. C. S. can do for you. It doesn't cost you a penny or obligate you in any way to ask for full particulars, but that one simple little act may be the means of changing your entire life.

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☐ Telegraph Engineer
☐ Telephone Work
☐ Mechanical Engineer
☐ Mechanical Draftsman
☐ Patternmaker ☐ Machinist
☐ Reading Shop Blueprints
☐ Civil Engineer
☐ Highway Engineering
☐ Surveying and Mapping
☐ Gas Engines ☐ Toolmaker
☐ Diesel Engines
☐ Aviation Engines
☐ Bridge Engineer
☐ Automobile Work
☐ Plumbing ☐ Steam Fitting
☐ Heating ☐ Ventilation
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Occupation..................

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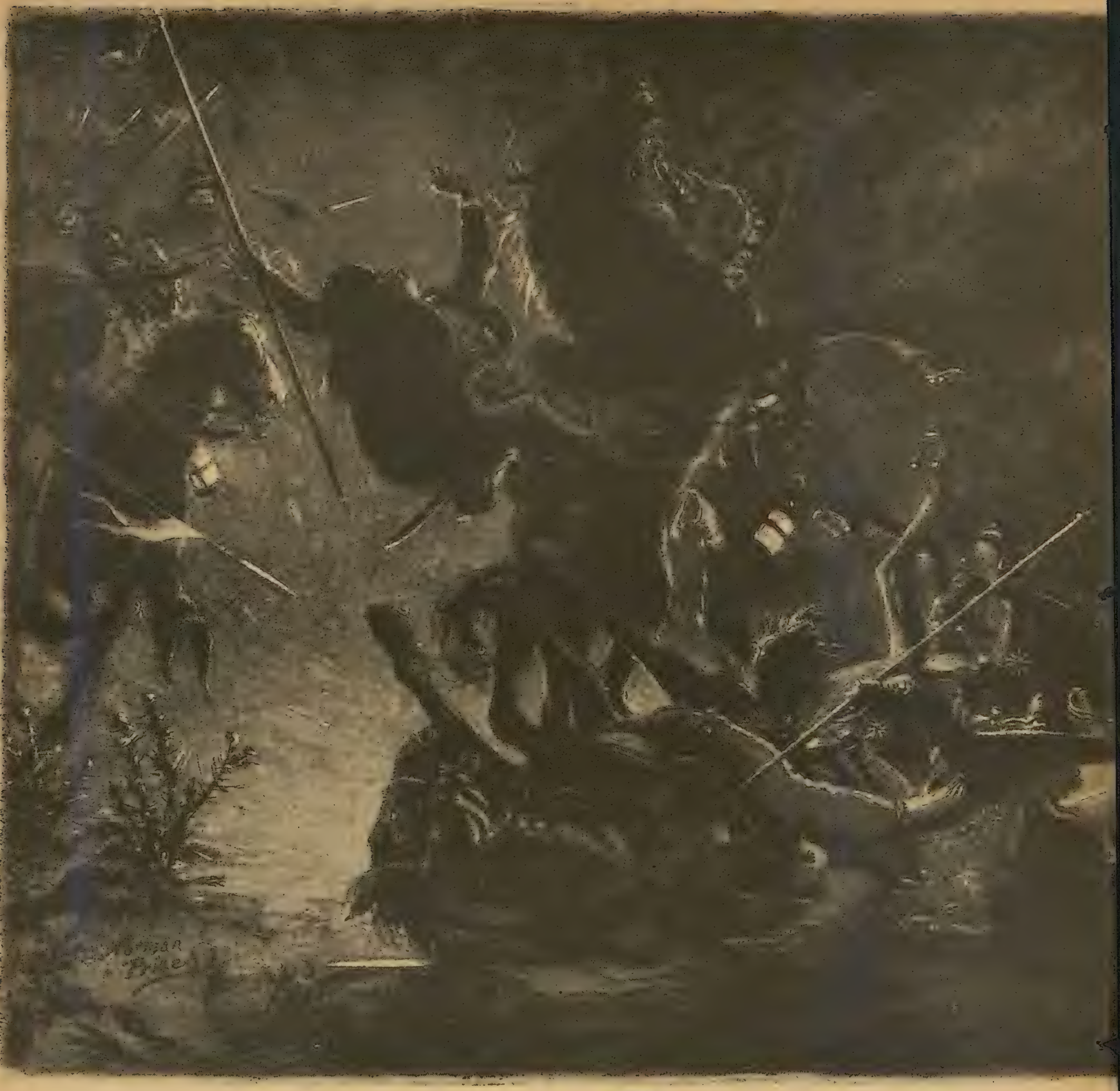


Pictures by
NORMAN PRICE

Silver

A Romance of the Rio Grande

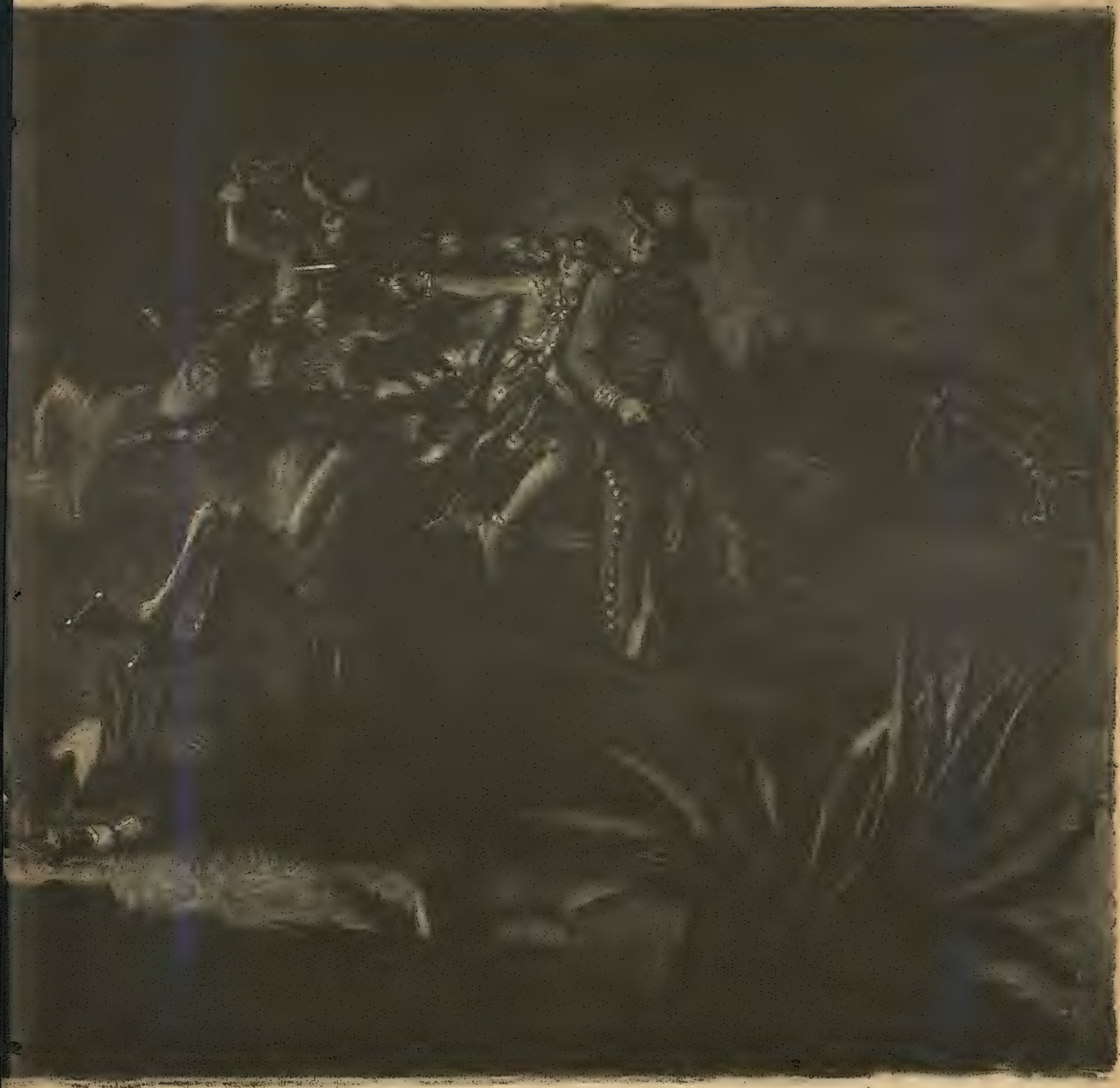
(Reading time: 27 min. 45 sec.)

THIS is the story of Major Maddox, chief of American spies, and the half-Gypsy dancing girl, Silver Knees, during the Mexican War. Having faced dangers together, Maddox took Silver Knees to live under his protection. But jealousy of the beautiful Doña Maria drove her back to the wandering Gypsies.

PART TWELVE—TOGETHER AGAIN

MY department was now working smoothly again. We had a new code key which remained at division headquarters, where I could use it when necessary. I had plenty of native ruffians employed in collecting intelligence, under the particular direction of Pio Pacheco and Emilio Bandara.

As for Dominguez, his scouting services were becoming invaluable to us. And Old Zack knew quite well what



SILVER KNEES, swinging wide from the croup behind me, fired one of my pistols at him, and he let go his lance and bridle and fell back.

Knees

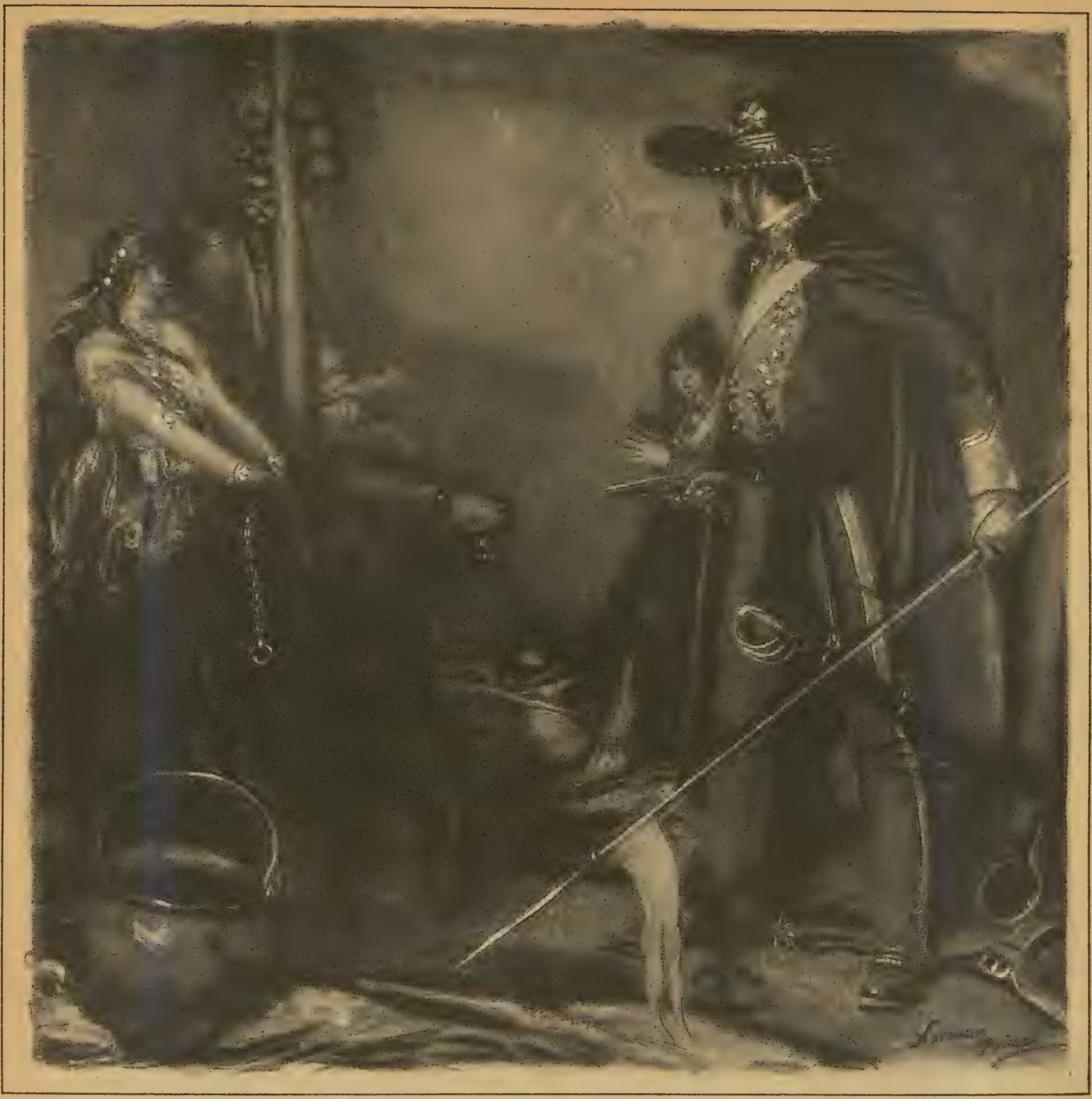
By ROBERT W. CHAMBERS

sort of hornets' nest he was headed for when, on the 20th of February, our drums and fifes and regimental bands struck up Montezuma and we rode out of Monterey with four hundred regulars and five thousand raw volunteer recruits to catch twenty thousand Mexican veteran soldiers composing the redoubtable fighting battalions of the army of Señor General Don Antonio de Santa Anna.

Whether or not the President of the United States really had lost faith in Old Zack's military ability, I don't know. The President, a petty-minded, rather good-looking man, was, first of all, a politician. He wanted to annex all of Mexico that he could slice off without endangering his own popularity with a sanctimonious political party, or adding too much popularity to a victorious general.

He was jealous of General Taylor, and jealous of Gen-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



"Dosta, Bahadar!" she said soothingly. "No insult was meant to thee, Bedrájami the Strong Man!"

SILVER KNEES
Continued from page sixty-five

eral Scott. However, he had to have generals to win victories; and all he could think of was to belittle the generals after the victories were won.

He took away Taylor's veterans and gave them to Scott. He robbed Peter to pay Paul—not liking Paul any the better.

He and his politically smart Secretary of War mourned and complained that Old Zack paid "no regard to the views of Government." Which was true: Marcy frantically begging Old Zack to come back to Monterey and shorten his five-hundred-mile line of communication, and Old Zack—a brave fighter but a poor soldier—doing exactly the opposite. With a grin he wrote to Scott that he had "lost the confidence of the government"—dictating this letter to me with a good-humored wink.

"Maddox," said he, "Winfield Scott has taken the best of my army, and the war will be over before I get 'em back. That means I've pretty near finished my forty-year career as a fighter. So why should I care for this nimble, mincing, pink-and-white dancing master, Marcy? Or for this monkey-minded President who talks in millions and passes the cup for pennies?"

It was a terrible thing to say in the presence of his staff and of other line officers. It was a terrible thing to laugh at, but we all laughed convulsively.

"I'm a-going to Saltillo," he said, looking around him in his genial, bucolic way, "and I don't care a tinker's slut whether Santa Anna's got twenty-five thousand men to my five—as Major Maddox tells me—or how many thousand fancy cavalry are a-riding with General Miñon. All I want is one more good whack at the Mexican army, and by God, gentlemen, I aim to git it!"

II

On the 19th of February, while scouting with Dominguez' spies, in company with Pio Pacheco and Emilio Bandara, some friendly Jicarilla Apaches rode into our camp with news that the Gypsy bear tamers' camp was pitched in a palm grove near the hacienda of Aguanueva, eighteen miles below Saltillo.

It was late in the day, the western cliffs already in shadow where the Saltillo road, which runs by the hacienda of Buena Vista, traverses the deep arroyo between the iron jaws of the mountains.

Out of it had ridden these evil-looking Jicarillas, in their red paint and scarlet rags. I'll say this for them: they did this service for Bandara—an odd loyalty which refused the compensation I offered.

Into the fiery sunset they galloped, flogging their war ponies headlong through the iron maw of the mountain, which sunset kindled to a somber incandescence.

Captain Dominguez, towering in his saddle, and all a-glitter with silver lace on saddle, jacket, and sombrero, gazed absently after the Apaches as one beast of prey watches with detached but respectful interest the operations of others.

"Seño' Major," said he to me, "at your honor's orders I encircle and drive in these Gypsy bear folki for your inspection."

BUT I bade him take his command on toward the Encarnación, from where our advance scouts had brought us strange tales of hostile cavalry: of thousands and thousands of magnificently mounted, armed, and uniformed riders—regiments of hussars, lancers, dragoons, even of cuirassiers in steel helmets and corselets, and all marching straight upon the little army of which we were a part, and for which we now were scouting among the mountains of a ravine-scarred land scarcely known to us.

Bandara went with Dominguez. I motioned to Peep to follow me, and turned toward Aguanueva, along a strange wild trail out of Zacatecas, where, it was said, these Mexican hordes were moving in myriads like a scourge of locusts to devour the land from Querétaro to Chihuahua.

"Prala," said Peep, shaking his head, "it would have been better to do what this big fat grizzly bear, Dominguez, suggested: drive in the bear folki and take your mistress, Silver Knees, by force. . . . A damned good thing is force, prala, and so is a sound beating with a stick—"

"We don't beat our women," said I dryly.

"That's why they don't love you, prala. Had you taken a good stiff whip to your saucy mistress—"

"I've told you a hundred times she never has been my mistress."

"Perhaps that's why she ran away from your honor. Ah, how many times, prala, have I warned you to take her into your honor's bed! But you held her in contempt, Don Juan—"

"I did not. I had honorable plans concerning her. She had become as dear to me as a little sister. . . . I tell you, prala, what she has done has rendered me wretched—"

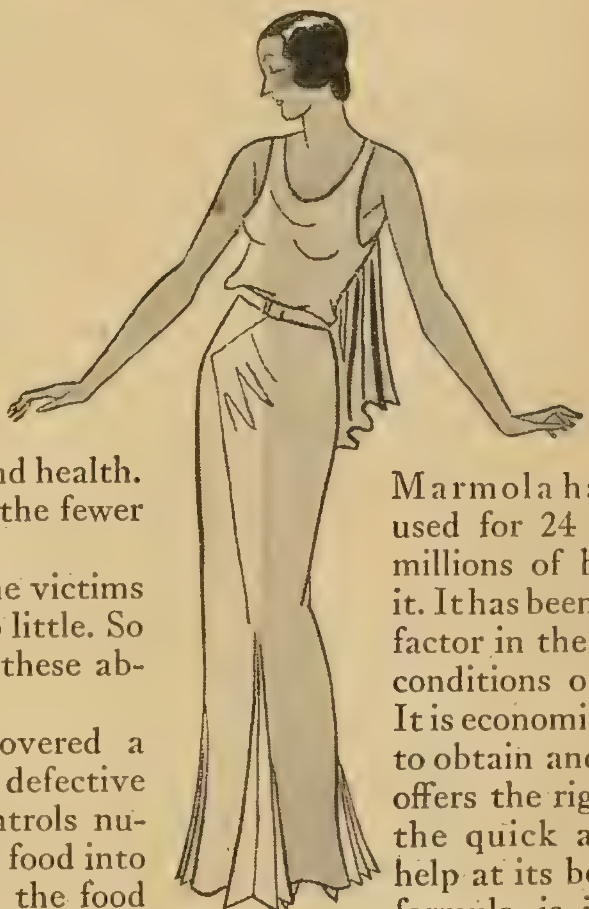
"Ca. Also, seño', your courtship of Doña Maria hurt her. It was more than Silver Knees—or any other Gitana—could tamely endure. . . . Had she been your mistress she would have used her knife . . . on some-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Why Some People Grow TOO FAT

And how modern doctors, the world over, now correct the cause. Millions enjoy the results

The RIGHT, The RAPID WAY



A few years ago, countless people in their prime were over-fat. That excess fat was a blight to beauty, to vitality and health. It shortened lives, and robbed the fewer years of joy.

The general idea was that the victims ate too much and exercised too little. So there was little sympathy for these abnormal figures.

Then medical science discovered a cause—a great cause—in a defective gland. That gland largely controls nutrition. Its secretion helps turn food into fuel and energy. The lack lets the food go to fat.

The whole medical world then gained a new conception in the treatment of obesity. Modern doctors of all nations, since then, have been feeding what that gland failed to supply.

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Now you see the results in every circle. Excess fat has been fast disappearing. Not by starvation, not by abnormal exercise or diet. But by feeding the system what that gland fails to feed.

You see the results all about you. Perhaps your own friends talk about them. They exhibit their new charms, new youth and vivacity, as evidence of what this method does.

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Marmola prescription tablets present this modern method in ideal form. They are compounded by a world-famous medical laboratory, to fit the average case. Not too rapid, not too slow.

Marmola has been used for 24 years—millions of boxes of it. It has been a major factor in the happier conditions of today. It is economical, easy to obtain and use. It offers the right help, the quick and real help at its best. The formula is in every box, so your own doctor may confirm this, if you wish.

Now Fakes Are Few

Not long ago, there were many fake helps for excess fat. They are now either gone or going. But the use of Marmola has grown and grown, and extended to foreign countries.

Now most of the over-fat consult their doctors or use Marmola. In either way, they combat the cause. In a few years more, abnormal figures will be rare indeed.

Try Marmola—do it now. Read the book in the box, to know what to expect and why. Watch how new vitality returns with each pound of reduction. Then please tell others about it, as friendly advice, as others will gladly tell you.

Why wait a day?

MARMOLA Prescription Tablets The Right Way to Reduce

At all Drug Stores—$1. Book and Formula in each box

DANDRUFF
A Sure Way to End It

There is one sure way that never fails to remove dandruff completely, and that is to dissolve it. Then you destroy it entirely. To do this, just apply a little Liquid Arvon at night before retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

By morning, most, if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and two or three more applications will completely dissolve and entirely destroy every single sign and trace of it, no matter how much dandruff you may have.

You will find, too, that all itching of the scalp will stop instantly and your hair will be lustrous, glossy, silky and soft, and look and feel a hundred times better.

You can get Liquid Arvon at any drug store, and a four ounce bottle is all you will need.

This simple remedy has never been known to fail.

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Stoneham P. O.,
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Free Trial

Send free trial size bottle of Nepto Lotion.

Name ....
Address ....
Town .... State ....

SILVER KNEES
Continued from page sixty-seven

body. . . . And who could blame her?”

“Damnation,” said I, “that's what I'd hoped to do—get rid of all this flamenca savagery in her—all this wildness—”

“Only the Zincali can tame their own. Did you hope to make of Silver Knees a Gaja?”

“Yes.”

“Never. She is no busni. No! Nor are you, at heart, other than a brother to the Kalo Rom, and your honor knows it!”

“Ayés.”

“Na, Don Barsalí. It is because she is wild that you notice her at all. Vaya, ‘Loose hair lights the fire!’—‘bedar or Yaque!’ Therefore, prala, I counseled you, taste what jungle fruit you find while the dew remains on it and the tang is still wild—”

“Nothing like that was in my mind, I tell you!”

“Your mind? Mother of God—your *brain?* The heart considers the brain an ignoramus—”

“I HAVE been absolutely honest with her, and she has cheated me,” said I.

“Ei. The honest heart is the easiest to cheat. It even cheats itself when it is too goddam honest. . . . I know more about women than does your honor. Not that I boast of my fortune. God forbid. The only man who can justly brag of his fortune with women is the man whom they never notice. . . . But, prala, I have learned this: that no woman ever yet lived who really felt insulted by a lover's passion. Prala, we are Zincali, thou and I; and therefore am I free to say that my brother has been a fool. . . . But, Mother of God, who is not a fool in this world of asses? Only we don't know when we're fools. It doesn't hurt like a toothache. If it were painful to be a fool there'd be yelling in every home—‘Si la locura fuese dolores, en cada casa habia voces!’—you know the proverb?”

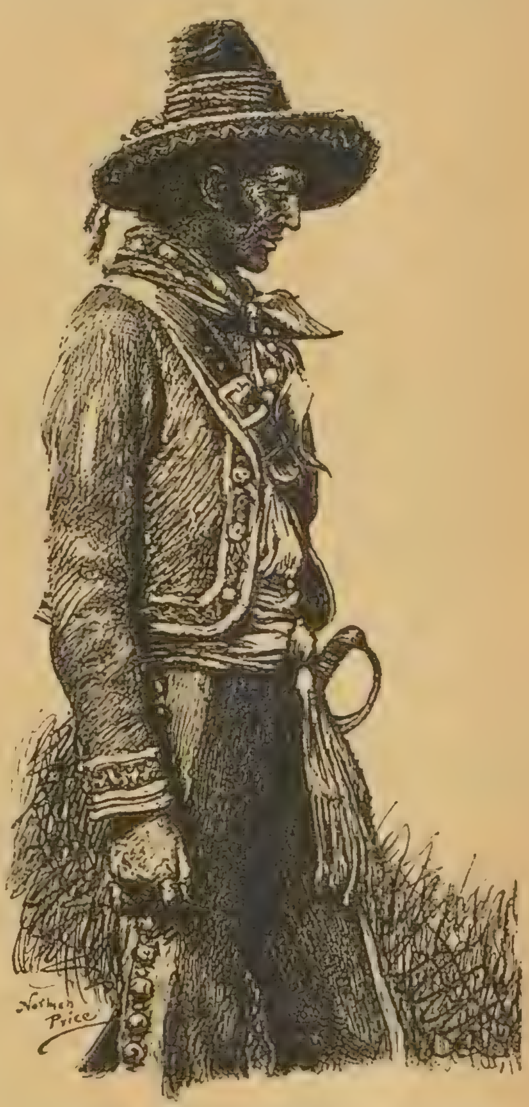
“There is another Gypsy proverb,” said I, “which says, ‘There are schools to teach speech; none to teach silence.’”

We rode on in the kindling light, looking right and left among the desert palms for a sign of the Ursari tents. Now, on the road, we encountered Lieutenant Albert of the topographical engineers, with a cavalry escort, who told us that Mexican Presidiale cavalry in force were leaving San Luis and swarming all over the northern roads and trails, and that it behooved me to be very careful.

“What are you doing out here, anyway, Major?” he asked. And, when I told him: “Oh,” said he, “there's a camp of traveling Gypsies over by that water tank.” He pointed across the mesa, where palms rose stark against the sunset, their foliage as stiff and bristly as though cut out of sheet metal.

As Peep and I rode toward the palms, the shape of the tank became visible in the ruddy dusk.

Here and there a burning lantern hung from a pole. Wagons, horses, the prowling serape-swathed horse guard took form out of obscurity; then shapes of tents became distinguishable; the light of camp fires reddened canvas walls, tent flaps, blankets, and gaudy shawls hanging.



“Come, Silver Knees,” said I.

Dogs ran out through the trampled grass and barked at us—not very fiercely when we spoke to them in Romanis—and the horse guard answered our friendly hail, “Palor?”

“Ava! Odoi!”

“Savó? Caloró?”

“Avali. Shom Kalo Rom.”

Instantly we were beset by shadowy figures crowding about us to hug us, press our arms and hands.

And everywhere I heard excited voices repeating, “Hir mi devlis! It is the Romano Rye come back!”

“Tché drak!” cried a gay young voice I recognized; and my heart leaped up.

“Ava, avella!—yes, he comes!” continued Silver Knees in a bantering way—“the great Captain Major Don Juan—to see, perhaps, whether I yet have become a harlot!”

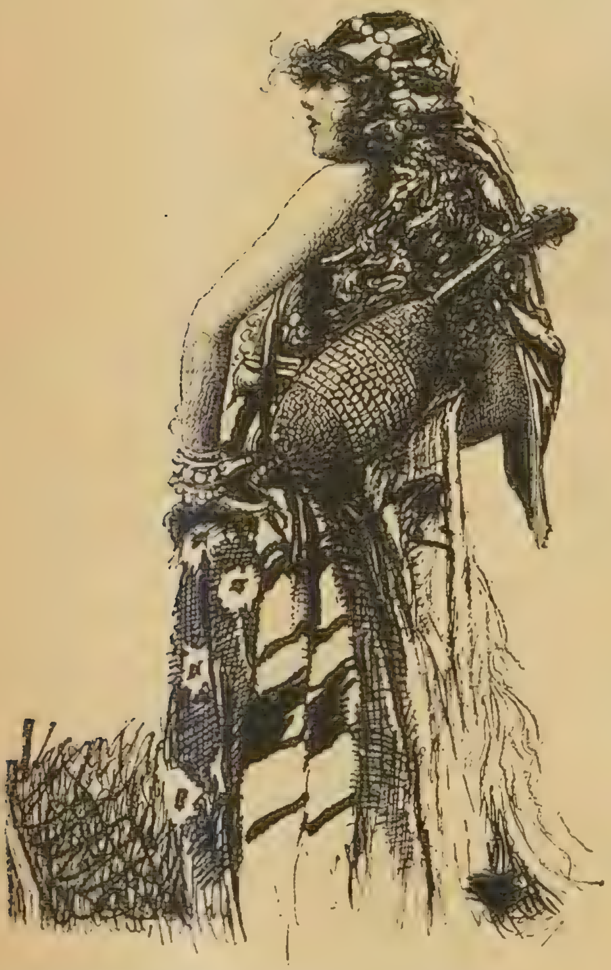
Gracefully, barefooted in her straw sandals, and draped in her gaudy shawl, Silver Knees came sauntering across the firelit space, all suppleness, loveliness, and effrontery, and, spreading her multicolored Gypsy skirt, curtsied to me in the shaking firelight.

Over her shoulder and across her back hung a jarana—a guitar made of an armadillo shell.

"Why have you come, Don Juan?" she repeated impudently. "Tchorava tchumi?—tatcheni tchumi gul eray?—to steal a chaste kiss, my sweet gentleman? And from whom, I pray?"

"I came for a word or two with you, Encarnación—"

"It is not my name, señor."



She came, swinging her hips.

"Come, Silver Knees," said I patiently.

She came, swinging her hips, every lithe undulation of her body an impertinence and a provocation. Together we moved off toward the grove of palms, the jarana swaying across her slender back.

"Why did you run away?" I demanded, taking her by the hand.

"What else was there to do for my sickness, unless I called in old Dr. Skull-face?"

"What do you mean?"

"Death is the doctor of the desperate, seño'—"

"Who calls in death to cure sorrow calls in a quack doctor, Silver Knees."

SHE shrugged her naked shoulder under the gaudy rebozo. "I was in a temper," she admitted. "Anger loosens the Gypsy's garter. . . . So does love."

"I want you to come back to me," I said in a low voice. "I am very unhappy without you."

She touched the strings of her jarana.

"No," said she; "find another girl. All women look alike to you, anyway."

"Silver Knees—"

She interrupted me by striking her jarana and beginning to sing, and at the end of each line of her verse she spun completely around on her toes:

"All cats are gray at night,
And one naked girl like another,
And a kiss may bleed like a bite
When the cat's child hunts like her mother.
In the dark no dagger can know its brother—
So, whether we love or fight,
It's all the same if there be no light—"

And around and around she whirled on the points of her straw sandals till the gaudy, barbaric skirts billowed up shoulder-high and her slim nude body flashed white to the budding breasts.

Breathless at last, she stopped; her skirts collapsed slowly and settled around her limbs like the gorgeous wings of a tropic moth; she looked at me defiantly, hatefully, struck a ringing chord from her jarana, flung it over her shoulder and across her back again with a violent gesture.

"Well," said she, "do you think me a harlot?"

"No. . . . I want you back."

"Hir mi devlis!" she cried, laughing. "He wants me back! But I am wondering what has become of his beautiful Doña Maria."

"I never shall see her again."

"Prala, I thought she had slain you with her eyes!"

I smiled. "All women are not man-killers."

"YOU are wrong! The cat's child kills mice. The last woman will slay."

"Slay what she loves?"

"What does she care for what she loves? Do you know what is the only thing that a woman loves? And prays for to God? Not love. No. But eternal youth."

I said: "The only way to enjoy eternal youth is to die young."

"And meanwhile slay. . . . El hijo de la gata ratones mata. . . . I am the cat's child. . . . Well, do you want me, after all?"

"Yes, I do."

"How do you know I have not taken a Mexican lover? . . . And let me assure your honor that we Ursari have been so close to the cavalry of Colonel López that I have often heard them calling like alley-cats from post to post their eternal, miauling cry of 'Centinela alerta! Sentinel alert!'"

"Silver Knees," said I, "this estrangement between you and me is very foolish and very wrong. I'm sick of all this misunderstanding. I want you back."

I saw her head, dark against the stars, droop a little.

"The fault is yours, Don Juan," she muttered.

I said in a low voice: "The fault is mine, and I am sorry, Silver Knees—"

"The fault is *mine!*" she cried passionately, flinging herself into my arms. "Oh, prala, why did you not beat me with a stick? Oh, my brother—oh, prala—Don Juan, darling of my heart—"

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Turning 50; feeling 20

YOUTH RETURNS

to the man who gets rid of *ACIDITY!*

THAT boundless store of energy you used to know so well. Where is it now? You may blame the years, but what of that occasional headache, heartburn, sour stomach—all those symptoms of *acidity* which result from modern eating and living habits?

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When the system is clogged, milk of magnesia neutralizes acids that often poison and age the body. Mineral oil lubricates the accumulated food waste. The two combined, in Haley's M-O, sweeten and cleanse the digestive tract, restore normal function and give you that years-younger feeling.

Recommended by doctors for all ages. Great for the morning after. Full pint bottle $1. Generous sample sent upon receipt of 10c. in postage stamps. The Haley M-O Co., Inc., Dept. C-3, Geneva, N. Y.

HALEY'S M-O

An emulsion of Milk of Magnesia and Pure Mineral Oil

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When you've had a "tough" night and the next morning your head is bursting and your nerves shrieking, take a couple of Salicon tablets with a swallow of water. Soon you'll be yourself again! Salicon banishes headaches, calms nerves and "picks you up" physically and mentally. It also relieves the pains of neuralgia, neuritis, rheumatism and lumbago. And at night when you're overtired or overwrought it induces relaxation and sound sleep. All without any bad after-effects whatsoever! Salicon does not affect the heart, upset the stomach or establish a habit. A modern pain antidote and sedative. For sale by all good druggists. 25c, 50c and $1.25.

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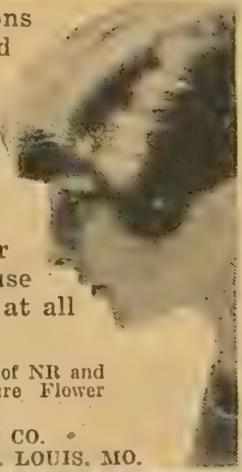

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Absord all blemishes and discoloration by regularly using pure Mercolized Wax. Get an ounce and use as directed. Fine, almost invisible particles of aged skin fleck off until all defects such as pimples, liver spots, tan, freckles and large pores have disappeared. Skin is beautifully clear, soft and velvety and face looks years younger. Mercolized Wax brings out the hidden beauty. **To quickly reduce wrinkles and other age lines,** use this face lotion: 1 ounce Powdered Saxolite and 1 half pint witch-hazel. At Drug and Department Stores Everywhere.

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A few drops of "Outgro" in the crevice of the toe nail stop the pain instantly and so toughen the sensitive skin underneath the nail that it resists the ingrowing nail and forces it to grow naturally outward. Drug stores sell "Outgro" in small bottles. Wyeth Chemical Co., Inc., 578 Madison Ave., N. Y. C.

SILVER KNEES

Continued from page sixty-nine

Her bare arms jingling with sequins, flung around my neck, tightened hysterically as I kissed her tear-wet, quivering face.

"Daia!" she sobbed in Gypsy. "Oh, daia, daia, how I need you to counsel me in this hour!—to teach me wisdom concerning love—concerning my Gypsy love for this young man—this caballero of the Kalo Rom—"

"I will love you, too, Encarnación," said I, "if only you will let me—"

"Let you!" she cried, flinging wide her bangled arms. "I'll let you if you want to! Now! Any time! Always!"

"Little heart of a Gypsy fire," said I, laughing and very happy, "yag flamenca, listen to what I say. All my life I am ready to devote to your happiness, education—to restoring to you all you once lost. Will you come with me?"

"Avava," she sobbed, "—I come. . . . I have not dared ask man's love of you since Monterey, prala—only have I asked that you let me love you. . . . I was very wrong to be jealous of Doña Maria, who is educated and beautiful—"

"—And who loves her country more than she ever could love any man. . . . Vaya, let us think of her, Encarnación, as she was that day, encouraging her bewildered soldiers on the azotea of Monterey, leading them into our terrible rifle fire that swept those flowery parapets."

"Had I a country," said Silver Knees, "I'd die for it, too. But, alas—I have not even a lover to die for—"

"You have one to *live* for."

"A brother—not a lover."

"It is so dark," said I in a low voice, "that it is very hard to see which it really is—brother or lover—"

Silence, broken by the wind on the mesa and the high clatter of burnished palm fronds.

"Mother of God," whispered the girl, "are you going to let me love you like a mistress?"

I BENT over and slowly kissed the tremulous little mouth.

"Yes—with the esmeralda, Silver Knees—if you will come north with me and, in the north, learn to become and to be what you were born to be—half busni, half Gitana—and wholly the loveliest thing ever God created!"

"Diosa!" She fell upon her bare knees in the starlight and clasped mine. There came the old, swift struggle, sudden, familiar—the passionate, breathless difference of opinion concerning the forbidden embracing of hands and knees—her lovely little mouth hot on my palm—my lips crushed between her flowerlike fingers—

Suddenly Pio's sharp whisper, "Alerta!" cut the silence like a sword.

"Ca! The horsemen! L'encurados!" breathed Silver Knees.

"Jesu! What folly!" muttered Peep. "Here is your honor's horse. For God's sake, get upon him and take up your Gitana behind you."

It was too late. The mesa was crawling alive with the lancers of López.

"WE can pass as Gypsies if they don't notice our horses," whispered Peep.

The Cuerados—the leather-clad lancers of Torribio López—were already swarming through the palm trees, poking about with their long lances among the Gypsy tents, wagons, and picketed nags.

Uneasy, timidly defiant, the bear folk—men, women, and children—confronted these Presidiales who rode their little bronchos almost into the tents and probed the tumbled bedding with their long, slender lance points.

They seemed good-natured and without malice—these glittering cavalrymen, whose leather jackets, sombreros, saddles, and bridles glittered with burnished silver as though completely and solidly silver-plated.

Several of them dismounted at the cooking fire and helped themselves to what remained of the savory contents of the kettles.

"Jesus, Mary, and Joseph," said a lieutenant, looking affably around him, "these Gypsies eat well and sleep soft."

A captain, dismounted, rummaging about the nearer tents for a gourd of pulque, stumbled over what he took to be a pile of fur rugs, but, fetching them an ill-tempered kick, stirred up a full-grown bear, which rose, bewildered and resentful and growling.

"Here, you Gypsy folk," shouted the startled captain, "take away your bear or I'll do his business for him with my pistol!"

Before I could prevent her, Silver Knees sprang across the fire circle as the big, shaggy brute reared, swaying on his hind legs, and caught him by his collar chain.

"Dosta, Bahadar!" she said soothingly. "No insult was meant to thee, Bedrájami the Strong Man!"

The cavalryman looked on curiously as Silver Knees coaxed the dangerously disturbed beast to lie down again.

"That's the kind of girl I need," cried the handsome lieutenant, catching Silver Knees by the waist and pulling her toward him. But she twisted out of his embrace, between his arms, with a gay, derisive laugh, bidding him go and embrace the dancing bear if he was seeking excitement.

As Silver Knees forced her way back toward me, Pio called guardedly to us from behind the tent where he had led our horses, saying that the Presidiales were looking over all the Gypsy nags with a view to taking any that might serve as remounts.

Silver Knees caught me by the hand and guided me across the back yard and through a maze of taut guy ropes, to where Peep stood with our horses.

"They'll kill us both," he said cheerily, "if they see our American horses and housings. These fellows are Presidiales of Torribio López from Encarnación hacienda. So mount, Don Juan, and take your little Gypsy sweetheart behind you, and let us sneak off like coyotes before they make porcupines of us with their lances!"

As Pio and I got into our saddles, Silver Knees sprang upon my horse, crouching cross-legged behind me and clasping my body with both her arms.

"Make for the Aguanueva hacienda," said Peep.

Slowly, cautiously, we urged our horses out through the chaparral and across the mesa toward the Saltillo highway—and had nearly reached it when some unseen cavalrymen, riding out of the darkness almost into us, suddenly uncovered a lantern in our very faces, startling us and our horses.

"You," I cried sharply, "l'encurado, there with your lantern, what are you about there, frightening our horses?"

"Hold your tongue, you impudent Gypsy!" came a cold, menacing voice from the shadowy group of cloaked horsemen. The voice seemed unpleasantly familiar to me.

"Mother of God!" blurted out Pio. "It's Red Paws himself! Pull your pistol, prala—"

"It's Torribio López," breathed Silver Knees, close behind my shoulder. "Ride over him! I've pulled your pistol!"

At that instant another lantern gleamed out from beneath a sheltering horseman's cloak, and the yellow beams lighted up the group of restless, half-blinded riders and their milling horses. I saw Colonel López under his dark cloak and sombrero, glittering with silver from head to foot, staring at Silver Knees with the fixed intensity of a snake.

"Seize that Gypsy girl!" he cried, laying a gloved hand heavily on my bridle.

Straight upon him I spurred my horse, knocking him and his Mexican nag clean over. A lancer clutched at me. But Peep launched his big horse at him and tumbled horse and rider over upon the grass.

In the gleam of the wildly tossing lanterns, I saw a lancer trying to disengage his lance and stab me with the counterpoint. But Silver Knees, swinging wide from the croup behind me, fired one of my pistols at him, and he let go his lance and bridle and fell back into the press of rearing, floundering, excited horsemen entangled in the strip of chaparral between the tank trail and highway.

Peep's horse bounded into the highway first. Mine followed, taking the direction of Aguanueva at a terrific pace. And after us galloped a welter of shouting horsemen through the darkness, driving headlong toward our supply post at the hacienda Aguanueva.

III

WITH our horses still at a heavy gallop—mine carrying double burden—and still chased by the hard-riding encurados on their tireless little Mexican horses, we rode into the hacienda of Aguanueva. Here the lancers left us, sheering off and, sweeping to the westward, thundering away into the starry darkness of the Sierra Madre toward the highway from La Encarnación to the well and tanks at Santa Elena and the Capulin Pass.

A lieutenant of Arkansas cavalry rode out to receive us. He told us that Old Zack's army had quit the hacienda and gone eighteen miles north to the hacienda of San Juan de la Buena Vista; that Miñon's cavalry were already in the eastern mountains, threatening Saltillo, which now was our base of supplies. Further, he told us that, all day long, Mexican Presidiale cavalry had been capering around Aguanueva and firing on our Kentucky and Arkansas troops, who were still trying to get the stores into Buena Vista by wagon train.

He seemed to be a nice lad. He was gentle and courteous to Silver Knees, politely accepting the social situation, whatever it might be; and he found a hut for us and sent us blankets from the stores, and hot food from the kitchen of the handsome residence so soon to be abandoned and probably destroyed.

Even while he was talking to us, and while Peep, squatting by the hearth, was laying a fire of dry palm fronds and tabago shrub, the Mexican mamúchas—or short carbines—began to bang and spit fire all around us in the darkness, and the big, copper-sheathed bullets pelted the narrow streets of the hacienda, peppering walls, towers, the belfry, the corral gates, and tiled roofs of houses and stores.

The sonorous, rolling volleys of our heavy Kentucky and Arkansas rifles replied to the Mexican fire from every alley and street and plazuela.

Silver Knees, Pio, and I ate our belated supper—which was, more properly, a breakfast—behind the bullet-swept walls of the main street. Then, using no ceremony, but with rough tenderness, I rolled Silver Knees into an army blanket, and left Peep to watch over her while I went out to learn more about the noisy situation in this doomed hacienda around which quantities of our stores still remained, and which already was being menaced by the cavalry vanguard of the entire Mexican army in its march from La Encarnación upon Saltillo.

OUR last wagon train had been loaded and was just leaving, the wagons departing at top speed, all horses and mules flogged to a gallop, and an escort of regular dragoons urging them ruthlessly across the rocky way and through the arroyo into the Buena Vista road.

I went out to our firing line across the street, where our dismounted cavalry, with their bridles looped over their arms, were shooting from behind every wall and every ranch building at the flashes of the Mexican carbines which sparkled and winked like fireflies all around the hacienda.

Somebody said pleasantly to me, "How are you, Major Maddox?" And I recognized, in the lanternlight, the amiable features of Colonel Clay of the Kentucky cavalry—the second son of the distinguished Henry Clay—with whom I had a very agreeable acquaintance.

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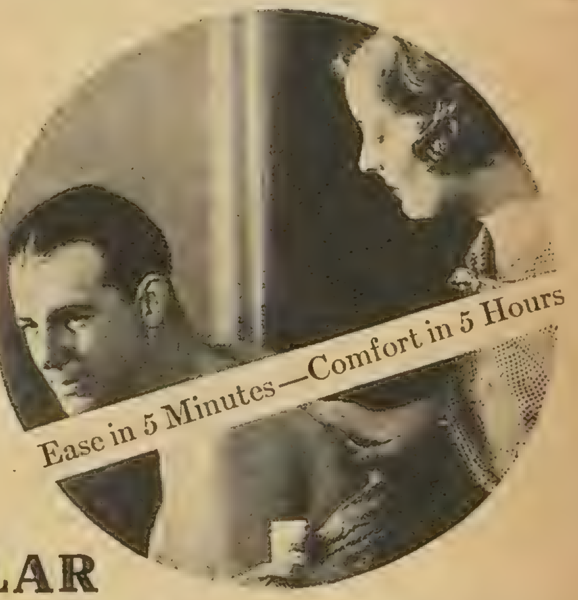
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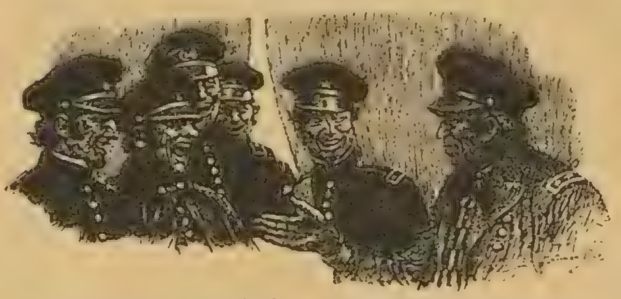
SILVER KNEES
Continued from page seventy-one

His adjutant, Lieutenant Vaughan, also came up to salute me with much politeness.

"I understood from General Taylor," said I, "that this post and its supplies were to be defended to the last man. In fact, I took down and dispatched those very orders, Colonel."

"All I know, sir," replied Clay, "is that we have had orders to save what stores we could, burn the place, and get back to the Buena Vista hacienda as soon as the Mexican cavalry advance shows up in force."



It was a terrible thing to laugh at, but we all laughed convulsively.

"Have you saved much of our supplies, sir?"

"Not very much, sir. Our last wagons have just gone to Saltillo with the regular dragoons."

There was a silence. We walked slowly along under the lanternlight, where the Kentucky dragoons, dismounted, were firing at the carbine flashes.

As we passed the angle of a flanking wall connecting two large storehouses with one of the smaller corrals, there came a clatter of hoofs out of the darkness, and Captain Willis of the Kentucky dragoons galloped into the street with a squadron of Texan cavalry of McCulloch's battalion and another squadron of Arkansas mounted rifles.

"What's the matter, Willis?" inquired Colonel Clay, as the cavalcade came trampling through the corral gate where resinous torches were burning redly above the stockade.

Captain Willis reined in and turned his heavily breathing horse toward us. "They are driving in the Arkansas troopers, sir," said the veteran calmly, "and these Texans, who belong to McCulloch's Rangers, are just arrived from the Encarnación to warn us to get out of Aguanueva as soon as possible."

"WELL, I'll be damned!" said Vaughan under his breath. "Are we taking orders from Mexico and Texas?"

Clay said to me: "I've got to burn this beautiful place, and I hate to do it, Maddox. But I think we'd better be about it," he added, as the Mexican volley firing broke out with a startling crash from a group of ranch buildings in a palm grove which the Arkansas volunteers had just abandoned.

Willis gave his orders in a gloomy voice; a somber trumpet call pealed from the Kentucky corral; another from the Arkansas stables. The Texans, unslinging their heavy rifles, began to fire from their saddles, while dismounted men set fire to bundles of straw, fodder, and fuel which already had been placed in a score of handsome farm buildings for just such an emergency.

McCulloch, jingling and jangling like a Mexican, came galloping up, his pistol swinging in his left hand.

He saluted us in his reckless, happy fashion.

"There are some four thousand enemy cavalry coming, sir," he said to Colonel Clay, "not counting two thousand regular lancers of Miñon's division that have ridden around us. . . . Are we to stay and fight, sir?"

"No," said Colonel Clay dryly; "we're to cut and run, Major. . . . And you'd better start the ceremony with your Texans."

Flames were already darting out from the windows of several of the ranch buildings, and the Arkansas troopers, in column of fours, were riding into the Buena Vista road when I arrived at our hut and found three saddled horses there. Silver Knees and Peep, already mounted, were looking about very anxiously for me.

SILVER KNEES, swathed to her feet, wearing my horseman's cloak, and my gilded regimental cap strapped under her chin, hailed me excitedly: "Here you come, then, Don Juan, darling of my soul! What is happening, my angel cavalier?"

"What horse is that?" I asked. "Where did you find this animal which belongs to the Arkansas cavalry?"

Pio gave me a pious smirk. "How should she know where a strange horse comes from, or why it followed me about, already saddled and bridled—"

"So you stole it!" I said. "Shame on you, Peep! Look at the saddle cloth—an Arkansas troop horse!"

"Well, prala," he retorted impudently, "one is not born Gypsy for nothing, and the Gaja ought to pay for it!"

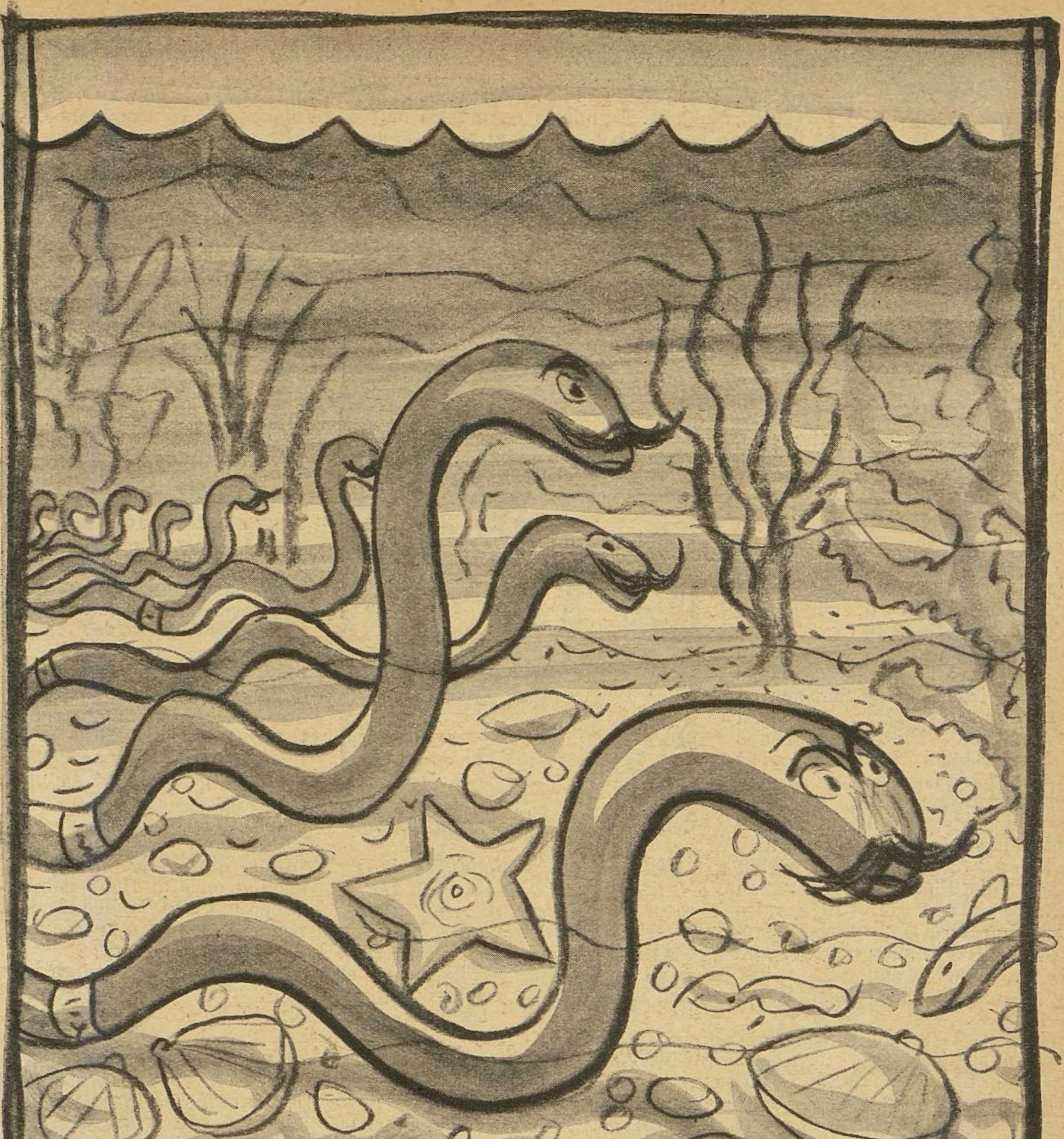
Major McCulloch, trotting past at the head of his Texans, shouted to me: "Better get out of this village, Major! The Arkansas volunteers have taken the arroyo road and the Kentucky cavalry are moving up toward the Encantada."

"Silver Knees, come on!" I said.

The girl, who rode like an Indian, launched her big American dragoon's horse forward, followed by Pio Pacheco.

"Be careful not to become separated from us in the darkness," I warned her, as our three horses, taking the direct road from Aguanueva to Saltillo, cantered forward toward the foothills of the Sierra Madre ahead.

Maddox's and Silver Knees' most thrilling and tender adventures lie before them, as you'll discover when you follow them into next week's installment of the story.



He might even have put false mustaches on those eels he particularly wanted to keep track of.

The Eel-Snooper

By

ROBERT BENCHLEY

Pictures by PETER ARNO

(Reading time: 5 min. 45 sec.)

COME, come! What's all this we hear about eels? Some Danish ichthyologist (look it up yourself—I had to) named Schmidt comes back from a scientific cruise and says that every single one of the eels on the eastern coast of the United States and the western coast of Europe came originally from the Sargasso Sea (the Sargasso Sea being that small area of the Atlantic Ocean down around the Antilles which is always full of tea leaves and old bits of grass). He says that whenever our eels get to feeling sappy and

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

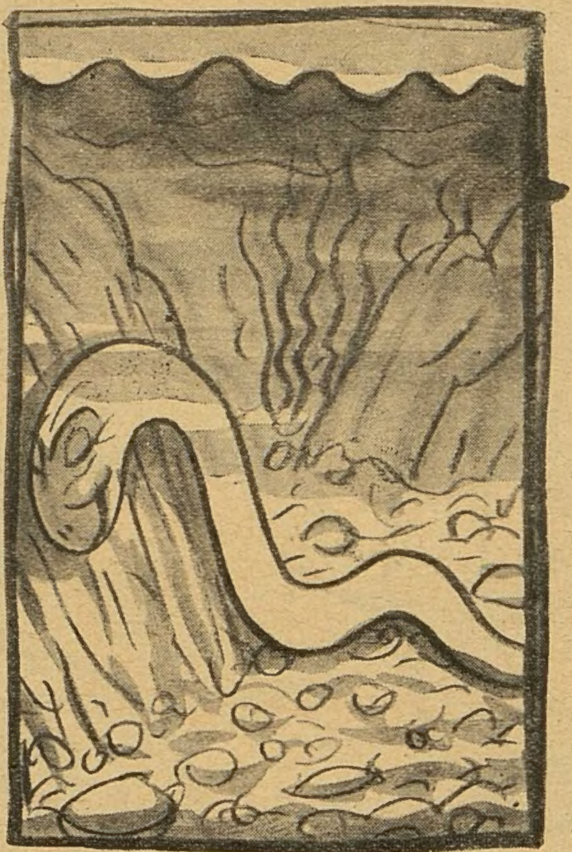
[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SEVENTY-THREE]

foolish and want to become parents, they pack up and leave the fresh waters of New England or Virginia or wherever they happen to be living at the time, and glide all the way south to the Sargasso Sea. Here the eggs are deposited and (pardon me) fertilized, and here the happy event takes place. Or perhaps it should be happy events, since they hatch out in litters of ten million per mother.

At this point, according to the Danish Dr. Schmidt, the parents die, evidently disgusted at the prospect of cutting up food and picking up toys for ten million babies. The offspring, finding themselves orphans, immediately turn tail and wriggle north, where they, too, stay until Joe feels that he is earning enough to have kiddies. Then the whole rather silly procedure takes place all over again.

At least, this is what the Danish Dr. Schmidt says. Just what anyone named Schmidt is doing in Denmark (unless his parents, like the eels, went somewhere else for the time being) is beside the point. What I want to know is how does he know that our eels all come from, and go back to, the Sargasso Sea? How do you keep track of an eel?

According to the story told by the ichthyologist (don't tell me you haven't looked that up *yet!*), he "banded" thousands of eels and then followed them all over the various seas. I take this to mean that he tied little markers on each eel, labeled "Georgie" and "Fred" or perhaps just "No. 113,539." While he was at it, it would have been just as easy to have the plate engraved "This is Rover, and belongs to Dr. Johannes Schmidt, 114 Nvjeltidg Boulevard, Copenhagen," or "Please put me off at Jacksonville, Fla." He might even have gone so far as to put little false mustaches on those eels which he particularly wanted to keep track of and to give them each seventy-five cents to spend for candy on the trip south. The whole thing sounds just a little bit fishy to me.



The rest are probably saying: "Whatever became of that pansy who used to wear a tin ring on his tail?"

An eel must be an awful sap to let himself be caught just for the sake of being tagged and thrown back into the water again. My experience with eels is rather limited, having got hold of one for only a few seconds once and then decided that it wasn't worth the struggle. But I should think that any self-respecting eel would resent being caught and "banded" and then tossed back, making him a figure of fun among the other eels, and perhaps laying himself open to the charge of being a sissy. For a breed of fish (or are they fish?) which has gone proudly through the centuries without ornamentation of any kind, it must be very humiliating for one particular member to find himself wearing a shiny new band around his tail reading "Prince."

NO wonder those eels who have been subjected to this indignity rush off to the Sargasso Sea. They probably can't bear to stay around the home town with all the kidding they must get. I shouldn't be surprised to find that it was *only* those eels who wore bands that fled to the south. The rest are probably still in the northern fresh waters, laughing their heads off and saying: "Whatever became of that pansy who used to wear a tin ring on his tail?"

And from then on, just what is Dr. Schmidt's course of action? Does he follow the eels down the coast, fishing them out every few days to see if their bands are on tight? Or does he rush right off by airplane to the Sargasso Sea in order to be there when his pets arrive? It must be rather confusing for a bunch, or covey, or flock of eels to leave New England after their distressing experience with Dr. Schmidt, and swim all the way down to Central America only to be fished out by the same Dr. Schmidt at the other end and made mock of all over again. If eels figure out anything at all, they must have evolved the theory that there are two Schmidt brothers who look exactly alike.

"For the love of Mike," they must say, "didn't we just *leave* this guy? What is this—a racket? Can't we *ever* shake him?" The twin-brother theory would be the only one that would satisfy a clear-headed eel, especially when he finds out that the name is Schmidt again. The wonder is that they have enough patience left to go ahead with the breeding.

THE behavior of the young eels on the return trip is even more extraordinary, according to the Doc. They start out for the north just as soon as they are born (which is not surprising when you consider that the Sargasso Sea is full of pretty unpleasant stuff, even for an eel) and, if they don't swim fast enough, or, as Dr. Schmidt phrases it, "are dilatory," they outgrow their salt-water days and perish before they reach fresh water. I am not so sure that the ones who are "dilatory" are not the smart ones, for at least they have had the pleasure of being dilatory, than which there is no greater pleasure in the world.

The rest, who rush along to fresh water, have only just time to swim around once at their destination, be fished out and banded, and then rush right back again to die in the Sargasso Sea.

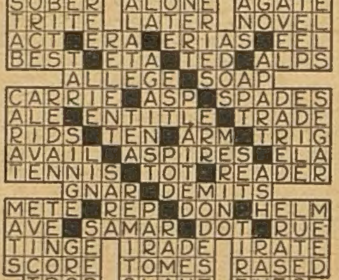
The little ones who are aggressive enough to make the grade northward sound very unattractive. They are "transparent, gelatinous creatures of which the only substantial parts are two disembodied eel eyes like mother-of-pearl." This presents a rather horrid picture, I am sure. I am just as glad that my bailiwick does not include the swarming grounds of these young eels, for coming home late at night and seeing a group of disembodied eyes with nothing to back them up must be a pretty trying experience. I still don't understand how a fish can have nothing but eyes, but there are a lot of things in this world that I don't understand.

When this unprepossessing-looking crowd of larvæ reach a point about the latitude of Bermuda, they split up into east-bound and west-bound parties, those who are more sober-minded going up to the New England territory and the gayer ones heading for the coast of France. I doubt if many of those who go to France ever bother about coming back to the Sargasso Sea to have children. They probably go up a river to some nice, rich, farming territory and settle down to salt away their money, or swim down the Seine to Paris and drink themselves to death.

Dr. Schmidt will only be wasting his time to band any of these.

In fact, I wonder if Dr. Schmidt isn't wasting his time anyway. Suppose it *is* proven that all eels come from, and go back to, the Sargasso Sea. What then?

Some further observations by Mr. Benchley will appear in an early issue.



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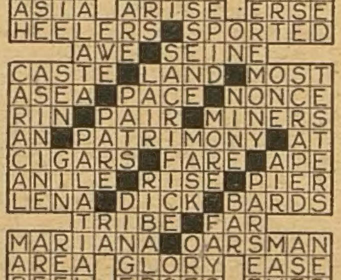
Answer to the puzzle on page 62



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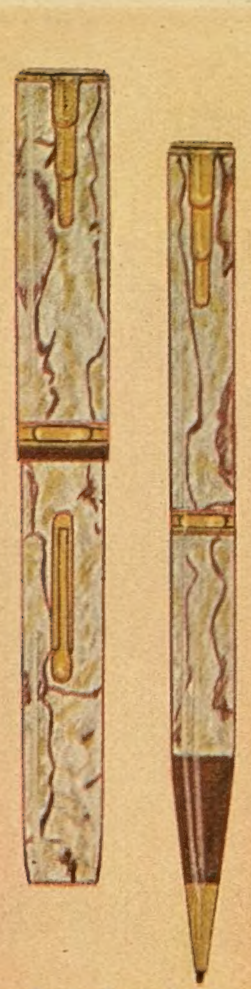

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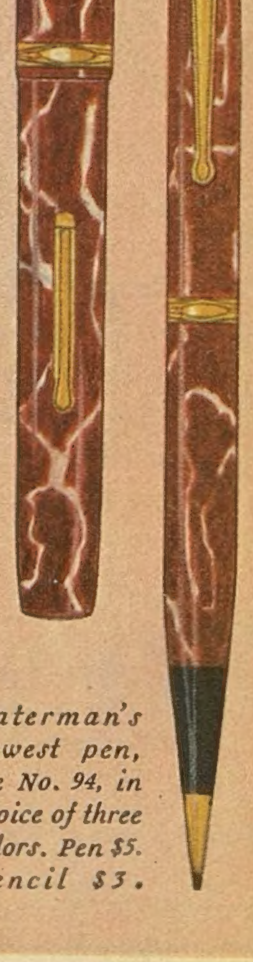

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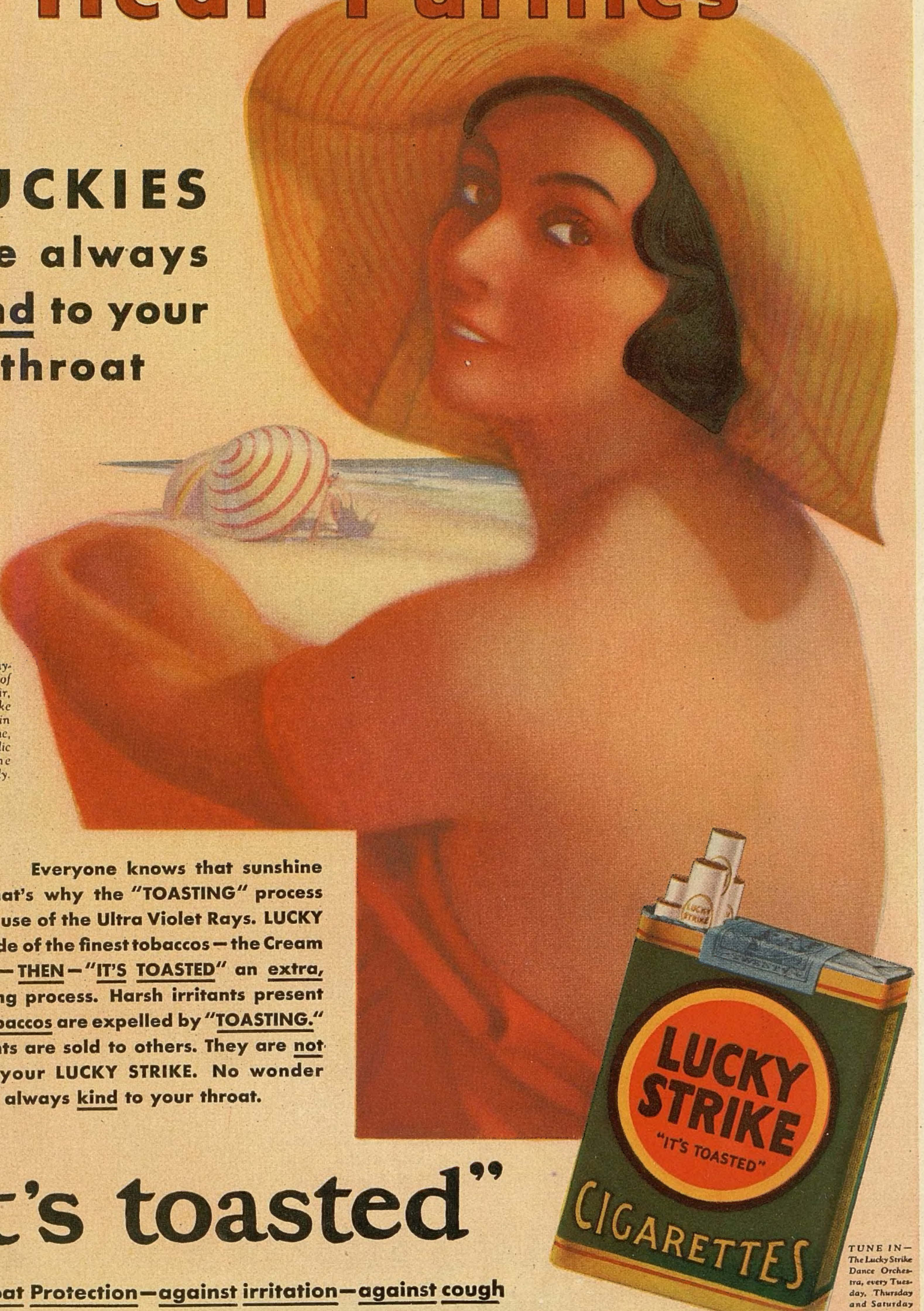

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